# THE GLEANER;

A SERIES OF

# PERIODICAL ESSAYS;

SELECTED AND ARRANGED FROM

SCARCE OR NEGLECTED VOLUMES,

WITH

AN INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES,

BY

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—— apis Matinæ
More modoque,
Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
Plurimum. HOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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TO

## VOL. IV.




THE

# GLEANER.

## No. CXLIV.

——Goodness wounds itself,
And sweet affection proves the spring of woe.

SHAKSPEARE.

The character of Timon of Athens presents a delineation of sudden change in the principles of human action, which, though drawn by the pen of Shakspeare himself, whose knowledge of the heart appears almost intuitive, has been censured as extravagant and unnatural. The glowing generosity, the indefatigable friendship, the expansive openness of soul, which mark the earlier features of the character of Timon, are suddenly, on a change of fortune which discovers treachery in his supposed friends, subverted to their foundation. The whole mental scene, shifting with rapidity and violence, presents in their room the most inveterate and ferocious

detestation directed against all mankind. In my mind, the poet has here only afforded another proof of the keenness of that penetration which, glancing through all the springs and movers of the human soul, fixes the changing features of the mental portrait, and holds a mirror to nature herself. He perceived, that on the ruins of our best feelings the temple of misanthropy is ever erected. The force of this truth he has exemplified by characters, stamped with the kindliest affections of nature, containing those propensities on which the fairest structure of human happiness is raised, in which those benefits, so far from tending to their proper end, ill managed and abused, involve their possessors in delusion and misery, and naturally end in a frame of mind inimical to mankind, and incapable of felicity. Of these Timon is one; although inconsiderate ostentation forms a striking feature in the delineation of Shakspeare, the violence of misanthropy is to be traced to other causes; and we are led to exclaim from a thorough knowledge of his character, with the faithful Flavius,

> Poor, honest lord, brought low by his own heart,
> Undone by goodness.

To follow the general idea of the poet more

closely, to apply it more generally to human nature at large, will probably reward our labour. For this purpose we may call up before our eyes the painful, though too common picture, which the mind, where the glow of fancy triumphs over reason, and the mere impulse of sensibility supersedes reflection and settled principle, exhibits in its progress through the world.

To the mind of high-wrought feelings, and heated imagination, the entrance of life is fairy ground. The objects which solicit her attention, viewed through the medium of that elevated hope which youth alone inspires, shine with a brilliancy of tint not their own. The face of universal nature impresses the soul with a secret influence, a delicious rapture, which gives a new charm to being; and the heart, intoxicated with its own sensations, expands with an unbounded warmth to all existence. The desert of the world is decorated with the fleeting visions of a raised and glowing fancy, while the eye rests with unsuspicious wonder, on the splendid prospects which the magic of earlier expectation calls up on every side. Filled with that strong enthusiasm which elevates while it deludes, the mind soon is taught to feel, that in the crowd of pleasures, which court her acceptance, something is still deficient. The finer and more

exalted ideas, which stimulate incessantly to action, are still without an object worthy of all their energy. The powers of the soul languish and are depressed, from the narrowness of the sphere in which they have yet moved; the master-strings of the heart are yet untouched, the higher, stronger, passions of the breast are to be roused, before the keenness of expectation can be gratified. The charms of friendship, the delicate and intoxicating sensations which attend the first delicious emotions of the tender passion, rush on the imagination with violence, to which even the energy of youthful ambition is feeble and impotent in comparison. It seems that but a dream of pleasure, a prospect of bliss, has been presented to the view, which friendship and love alone can realise and render perfect. The enthusiast now looks eagerly round for the objects, which a heart, yet unacquainted with the realities of things, and wound up to its highest pitch, tells him are alone able to fill that void which still akes within the bosom. In the moment of delusion, the connexions are formed which are to stamp existence with happiness or misery in the extreme. A blind impulse overpowers deliberation, and the heart expands itself for the reception of inmates, whose value it has not for a moment paused to ascertain.

The measure of happiness is now, for a moment full. The mind, conscious that the energy of sentiment no longer languishes in inaction, feels those wishes completed which the vividity of imagination had before but imperfectly suggested, and yields without reserve to the novel emotions which begin to make a part of its existence. On every side the heart is cheered with the smile of affection, on every side the arms of friendship are expanded with inviting openness. The want of deception creates a little world around, where nothing meets the eye but the mutual efforts of emulative exertion, and the smile of beneficence exulting over its own work. And love, sacred love, who that has truly felt thy first pure and delicious influence, but learns, even if the object be delusion, that the few moments which thy power can confer, are of more value than whole existences, unanimated by thy holy and vital flame.

But this rapture is not to last. The time is to come when the prospect which depended on the influence of passion, however noble, and prejudice, however honest, shall melt away from the view. The mind, raised to a pitch of enjoyment above the reality of sublunary happiness, is in danger, when the face of things at once appears in proper colours, of sinking to a

degree equally below it. He, who in the glow of his earlier feelings feasted his eye with increasing transport, on the gay and captivating scenery, with which the creative power of an ardent imagination had overspread the barrenness of reality, now begins to find a thousand little deceptions wear away. The insipidity and nakedness of many an object, which at a distance had attracted his eagerness, and roused the keenness of his passions, press so close upon him, that even prejudice and enthusiasm fail to operate the accustomed delusion. The little vanity, so often interwoven with the best natures, receives a variety of unexpected and grievous wounds. As the mists which clouded the exertions of its better judgment retire on every side, he discovers with astonishment that, a dupe to self-deception, he has, like a blind idolater, fallen prostrate before the gaudy images his own hands have formed and decorated. He perceives that he has walked in a world of his own creation, that life and man are still before him to study, and only recovers his cooler senses to feel the loss of that mental elevation, that brilliant perception of things, which, though ideal, were so dear to him. But perhaps this is not all; nor does the discovery which scourges vanity, and detects the harmless fallacies of judgment, alone

await him. Perhaps the hour of deception has treasured up disappointment more heavy and intolerable. What are his sensations, if the truth, he now begins anxiously and fearfully to learn, is brought immediately home to his own bosom, and he is doomed to feel, that the exalted and glowing ideas of friendship, which first expanded his soul, shrink even in his view and leave his breast void and desolate; when in the heart which his earliest ideas had imaged as the residence of that sacred passion, the trial of experience detects hollowness and falsehood; when it is his bitter lot to mark the progress of alienated affection, to watch the subsidence of cooling attachment, to feel the ties connected in an honest and unsuspicious bosom with all his first enjoyments of happiness, beginning one by one to untwine; when he is to groan under the pang of the heart which accompanies the tearing out of the thousand little habits of confidence, the innumerable kindly affections which long custom had rooted in the soul, and made a part of the pleasantness of existence; or when he is to experience the agony of the moment, when he in whom the bosom fondly trusted, insults the confidence he has cruelly violated, and aggravates, by unfeeling mockery, the distress his perfidy has excited!

But if this can be borne, perhaps the last and most fearful shock awaits him; the tenderest strings of his soul are to be still more cruelly rent, and the wound, which before smarted almost to madness, rendered at once incurable. There are finer and more exalted ties, comprehending the best feelings, the dearest relations of which our natures are capable. Their severing is accompanied by sensations to which the wound of violated friendship itself is feeble, and, to minds of a certain frame, communicates that deadly stroke to which the power of all other human evils would have been inadequate. Such are those which unexpected treachery, from that quarter where the soul had gathered up its best and tenderest hope, must call forth; and few are the hearts round the ruggedness of whose nature so little of the softer feelings are entwined, as not to feel the full keenness of that wound which the tearing of the ties of love inflicts, though its firmness had been inaccessible to the force of common calamities. The distress is more complicate and hopeless, from its nature, than any other; and the pangs of a thousand discordant passions are crowded and concentrated into that terrible moment which discovers infidelity, where the confiding heart had fondly rested all its prospects of happiness. Under other strokes of

calamity, the soul gains force and dignity from the greatness of unmerited misfortunes, and rouses every latent power to combat against evil fate. In the school of distress, the energies of the mind are disclosed; and, learning our own powers, we combat against the oppression of adversity till we are able to contemn it. But here the sufferer finds himself as it were waked suddenly from a dream of happiness to intolerable misery; with his mind unnerved and weakened by passion, all the resources of fortitude lying dormant, every tender sensation doubly acute, every softening feeling alive. From the object of tenderness and idolatry of one who was the world to him, he at once finds himself a deserted and despised being; he sees his best and finest feelings blasted for ever, his honest sources of pleasure and peace cut off at one stroke; with the terrible aggravation, that the hand to which alone he could look for comfort and healing under the wound of calamity, instead of being stretched out to save him, itself lodges the dagger in his breast.

He is now alone. The ties which bound him to existence, cruelly loosened before, are torn for ever by this last, worst stroke. The prospect which before warmed his heart, is narrowed and darkened on every side. The journey of

life is before him, dreary and comfortless. The weary path of rugged labour remains to be trodden, when the motives of activity and the rewards of exertion have ceased to exist; when the keenness of expectation can no longer be stimulated, and the spirit of enterprise has subsided into sullen indifference. While he ruminates with agony on the past, he cheerlessly looks forward into a gloomy futurity; and his foreboding mind sees, in the ruin of his first and fondest hopes, the nothingness of the visions of imagination, the destruction of the thousand little schemes and prospects suggested by an honest ambition, which the exultation of a heart untouched by calamity had fondly and fearlessly indulged. The recollection of those delusions which cheated his unsuspecting youth, whispers for ever that safety is alone compatible with apathy, and cases his heart in impenetrable suspicion. A line of separation is drawn between him and his species. Deceived, insulted, wounded, from that quarter where his heart had treasured up all hope, where his ideas of human excellence had all concentered, confidence in mankind is, in his eyes, the weakness of despicable folly, or the extreme of desperate madness. The principles of the soul, already unsettled, are soon shaken to their foundation. The milk of

human kindness turns fast to gall. While those very passions, that frame of mind, which operated the first delusion, which stamped the features of unbounded friendship, of enthusiastic beneficence, now all subverted, are applied to exalt the violence of the opposite character. Under this stroke, the self-love, which might bear up against the common weight of calamity, receives an incurable and rankling wound, over which the soul gloomily broods. The passions of the misanthrope, still flaming with violence, tend, as to a centre, to the aggravation of abhorrence and distrust of his species; and he hates, with a keenness and acrimony proportioned to the strength of disappointed feeling which marked his entrance into life.

THE SPECULATOR, No. 14, May 11, 1790.

## No. CXLV.

O, Fear, I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inspi.'d each mournful line;
Though gentle pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

COLLINS.

THE passions which the German tragedy is, in general, most calculated to excite, are those in which terror predominates. The tenderer strokes of pure pathos which soften the heart with the melting emotions of pity, though sometimes intermingled in a manner the most touching, are diffused with a more sparing hand. The writer who now claims our attention, though possessed of powers to move the softer, finer feelings of the soul, has delighted to exert the energy of his genius in that province of the drama where the great and terrible bear sway. Schiller, the subject of the present paper, is one of the modern tragic writers of Germany, and commenced his dramatic career with a piece called "the Robbers." At a later period the famous conspiracy of "Fiesko" against the government of Genoa, furnished him with the groundwork of a second tragedy. A story of domestic calamity worked into a drama called "Cabal

and Love," and another piece founded on the romantic misfortunes of "Carlos, prince of Spain," are the two last theatrical productions of his pen. In Don Carlos, Schiller has made use of blank verse; his former tragedies, like those of most other German writers, were all in prose, but that of a kind possessing merits peculiar and appropriated. In the four tragic dramas of Schiller the greater part of those faults, as well as beauties, with which the genius of the German stage appears so strongly marked, are abundantly exemplified.

The examination of those compositions, in which regularity and artificial labour are the most obvious merits, where neither the imagination is suddenly dazzled by great and elevated excellence, nor the understanding shocked by striking and unexpected imperfections, affords a task to criticism, involving only few difficulties.

But when, as it so often happens in works of genius, defects and graces are closely interwoven, and the highest beauties usher in the grossest faults, the impartiality of cool and candid investigation is not easily preserved. On one side the warmth and sensibility of keen admiration is apt to dictate the language of indefinite panegyric; while on the other, the rigour

of colder judgment, disgusted by imperfections and absurdities, overlooks real merit in one general sentence of condemnation. This difficulty strongly applies to the critical examination of German tragedy in general, or, at least, the greater part of it, and the pieces of Schiller in particular; which, to different inquirers, may thus suggest opinions of their merit, different almost in the extreme.

The beauties of Schiller are those belonging to original genius. Neglecting that negative merit which is attained by a tame and faultless character of tragedy, he hazards every thing in pursuit of strength, elevation, and novelty of thought. Imagery the most vivid and daring, situations singular and impressive, the verbum ardens pushed almost to rashness, a structure of language full of nerve, rich and dignified, mark every page of the writings of Schiller. Like our own Shakspeare, he sometimes delights and affects, even while he violates every rule, and leaves far behind him the decorum of the scene and the strictness of propriety; satisfied to bid the human heart glow with the fire of communicated passion, or the imagination expand to the grandeur of conception. In the characters of Schiller traces of high originality are abundant. Those of the Marquis Posa, in Don Car-

los; Lady Milford, Verrina, and some others, are marked by features equally new and striking. As a delineator of character, Schiller, however, is rather distinguished by a strong and bold outline, than by the little nicer and more delicate touches of discrimination, which mark the pictures of Shakspeare, and stamp the personages drawn by his poetic fancy with the truth and reality of nature herself.

The spirit of Schiller is marked and peculiar: he is the Æschylus of the German drama. He seems, by a native impulse, to have felt his daring pencil directed to those scenes of horror and affright from the contemplation of which, minds less energetic have shrunk in dismay. Fiery and unfettered, his genius has delighted to seek the loftier and more inaccessible regions of tragic poetry; to expand, as in its native element, amidst the shock and tempest of the fiercer passions, which convulse the soul and lay desolate the breast of man; descending little to the lower provinces of dramatic effect, or the minutiæ of the scene. In the hands of Schiller, the strings of the human heart are struck with a boldness approaching to temerity. On the milder passions, by which, in the scenes of other dramatists, the soul is gently moved, and the bosom taught to vibrate with soft and de-

licious sorrow, he has disdained to fix his hold. It is not the tear, which, in the tender distress, the languishments of disappointed passion, suffuses the melting eye of sensibility, that his poetic fictions are to call forth; but the gush of heart-felt anguish, sympathising with the last worst strokes of man's misery, shuddering at the view of calamity, hopeless and irremediable. It is to astonish, to terrify, to shake the soul, that in the construction of his dramas the grander efforts of his genius are directed. In the agonies of despairing love, in situations where man is bowed to the grave with irretrievable woe, in the dreadful councils of banditti, and the horror of conspiracies and plots, he has sought for scenes alone congenial to the wildness of his fancy.

The faults of Schiller are closely interwoven with his highest excellencies, and may often be traced to the same source. Some of these are too prominent to be passed over by candid criticism, and claim more attention as having not a little reference to our own drama. In the first tragedy of Schiller, the plot is marked with wildness and irregularity, which shock the judgment, and almost annihilate probability. The stage too often streams with blood, and the representation is connected with circumstances

from which the mind recoils in horror. The extravagance of fancy is sometimes, in the construction of character, pushed beyond the simple modesty of nature. Of this Franz is an example; the impression which the vices of such a personage would leave on the mind, and the interest of the character, degenerate from excessive deformity into incredulity and aversion. The effort so constantly exerted to stamp conception with fire and energy is liable to be overstrained, and not unfrequently produces images, too near the brink of horror and disgust to operate the effects of pleasure or admiration. From a similar cause, expression is often rendered harsh, and metaphor carried to obscurity; while, in the more forcible painting of passion, a roughness is apt to interweave itself, against which the polish of modern manners may revolt as coarse and indelicate. Such are the defects which principally occur in Schiller's first dramatic efforts, though even his latest are not perfectly exempt from them, and which abound in the earlier part of the present era of the German stage. It is with such as these that genius is debased in the tragedy of Klinger. The example of Lessing, however, has pointed out an exception to the general wildness and irregularity of structure in the German drama, and proved

that chastity of composition and adherence to rule are not incompatible with the spirit of the tragedy of his country.

A progression, of a nature the most marked and obvious, is to be noted in the regularity and polish of Schiller's dramatic writings. In his first production, the Robbers, unfettered by established laws, unrestrained by the sober dictates of judgment, he gave full scope to the irregular workings of an imagination which glowed to excess with the wild and terrific. In the Conspiracy of Fiesko, a warmth of fancy, equally vivid, animates the scene, but with much of the original wildness and extravagance of genius brought into subjection, the exuberance of untutored powers repressed, and the horrors which breathed throughout the former piece somewhat softened down. The painting of female character, which, in the Robbers, is little definite or attractive, forms in Fiesko a prominent and pleasing feature of the drama, and assumes a shape highly interesting in the subsequent tragedies, Cabal and Love, and Don Carlos. In these, the lawless energy of that imagination, which, at first, bore down all before it, and mocked the bounds which were to confine its wanderings, is still farther submitted to the guidance of cool reason, and has not disdained

the alliance of art and regularity. The plot of Cabal and Love is happily contrived to excite curiosity and fix attention, which is not suspended till the end; and all its distinct parts are contrived with much art, while they connect with each other to contribute to the general catastrophe. In the last pieces of Schiller, the power of swaying the tenderer emotions, which amidst the terrible graces of his first drama was little to be traced, is often happily exerted.

THE SPECULATOR, No. 19, May 29, 1790.

I consider this paper, independent of its critical merit, as highly valuable for the elegance and energy of its composition.

# No. CXLVI.

L'amante per haver, quel che desia
Senza guardar che Dio tutt' ode, et vede,
Avvilappa promesse, e giuramente
Che tutti spargor poi per l'aria i venti.

ARIOSTO.

——— The victim of unhallow'd love,
Of faithless promises, and perjur'd vows,
Forgot as soon as made! ———

## EPISTLE.

### *Argument.*

"HAVING, by every insidious art, overcome her virtue, he persuaded her to leave her father's house; and soon after, sated with possession, deserted her in the midst of poverty and every species of human distress. After a variety of fruitless appeals to the humanity of her seducer, she sunk under the complicated horror of her situation, and dying addressed him in a letter replete with the agitation and changes of passion inspired by such an awful moment."

ANON.

HOPELESS and lost, by wounding anguish torn,
Dead to each joy, of every tie forlorn,

Here as awhile, in struggling Nature's strife,
I linger trembling on the brink of life,
To thee, whose specious guile, whose cruel art,
First wrung with sorrow's pang a peaceful heart,
First taught these grief-worn eyes with tears to flow,
And dash'd my cup with bitterness and woe,
Whose guilt a fond confiding breast betray'd,
Then triumph'd o'er the wretch itself had made,
Ah! vainly once believ'd my love, my friend,
To thee these last sad faltering lines I send,
Nor start that hand, so valued once, to view;
I come not scorn'd entreaties to renew;
With fruitless agony to sue again,
Again to shrink beneath thy cold disdain;
Ah no! by anguish, shame, and grief o'ercome,
At last I sink; I hasten to the tomb.
In still despair death's dread approach I wait,
Nor vainly struggle to avert my fate.
Alas! when each returning day supplies
But lengthen'd woe, and change of miseries;
When each sad night in horrors arm'd appears,
And steeps my thorny couch in burning tears;
While on my fame the fangs of slander prey,
And malice hunts me from the face of day,
While keen remorse with aggravated smart,
Wounds all within, and gnaws upon my heart;
Can hope's own smile one cheering moment give,
Or rouse the lingering coward wish to live?
The thought is agony; the shadowy gloom
Of death alone can shroud my shame; the tomb,
That last sad harbour, waits me; there my woes
Shall rest in awful night, and drear repose.
That heart condemn'd so long to pine forlorn,
To dread thy frown, and sicken at thy scorn;

The lingering pang of cheated hope to prove,
To agonise with rage, and melt with love;
No more with passion's burning throb shall glow,
No more shall wither in corroding woe;
But cold in dust, from wounding anguish free,
At last in death forget to doat on thee.
And when a victim thus, before my time,
I sink in blushing youth's luxuriant prime.
When lost, unknown, without a friend to save,
These once-lov'd beauties glut the yawning grave;
Perhaps one sigh may burst, though now too late,
In vain regret for my untimely fate;
Thy hate appeas'd, may mourn my early doom,
Nor wound my dust forgotten in the tomb.
Relenting heaven itself my tears may move,
And pangs like mine atone one crime of love.
Yet ere the grasp of death my limbs invade,
And my eyes darken in eternal shade;
Ere from my view life's fading vision flee,
I pour my soul in bitterness to thee.
Source of my woes, and author of my fall,
In this tremendous hour on thee I call;
If pity yet survive, here turn thine eye,
Survey the scene, behold thy victim die.
Here, while oppress'd by fury, love, despair,
My breast a thousand mad'ning passions tear,
While sunk aghast at death's involving gloom,
The trembling spirit deprecates her doom;
Struggling too late with guilt's o'erwhelming force,
By fruitless penitence and vain remorse;
In horror waits that last convulsive sigh,
That one dread pang which rends each earthly tie.
Alas, in this sad hour, the prospect drear
What joy can brighten, or what comfort cheer?

O'er the black scene shall saintly Innocence
Her light display, and peaceful calms dispense?
On hov'ring wing shall soothing Hope be near;
And sounds celestial bless my closing ear?
Shall Virtue point to opening bliss above?
No, thankless traitor, these I lost for love.
For love and thee I lost them; thee, whose hate
Now scorns my mem'ry, and insults my fate:
Thy crimes, which first, so angry Heav'n ordain'd,
With guilt a breast once pure and spotless stain'd,
Blasted the promise of my opening bloom,
And crush'd these fatal beauties to the tomb,
Pursue me even here, my parting breath
Embitter, strew with thorns the bed of death,
Blot out the prospect of the realms of day,
And tear the last sad lingering hopes away.
What pitying breast shall lenient aid impart,
To sooth the pangs that tear this breaking heart!
What anxious friend shall watch the bed of death,
Or fondly catch the last expiring breath,
The struggling soul with fond compassion cheer,
Or grace my parting spirit with a tear?
What pious hand compose with tender care
My cold remains, and decent rites prepare?
Alas, of every tie by thee bereft,
For me no home, no friends, no parents left;
On every hand, despair alone I see,
And the throng'd world a wilderness to me.
Curs'd be the hour when, by that tongue betray'd,
I left the refuge of the rural shade,
And scorn'd (a victim to thy fatal charms)
The peaceful circle of a parent's arms.
Ah! cheering beams of innocence and truth,
How bright ye dawn'd upon my rising youth,

In the mild lustre of your cloudless ray,
How sweet my early moments pass'd away,
While, as I raptur'd trod the fairy ground,
Hope's brilliant landscape opened all around;
Till, rising like a noxious mist unseen,
Guilt dimm'd your light and darken'd all the scene.
Then no fierce passion shook my placid breast,
No gnawing care depriv'd my soul of rest,
No sorrow then could dim my sparkling eye,
Or force the roses of my cheeks to fly;
From every balmy breeze, I courted health,
While sweet contentment held the place of wealth.
Joy crown'd the day, soft slumbers blest the night,
For virtue wing'd each moment with delight.
Alas, thrice happy! had the pitying skies
Conceal'd that form for ever from my eyes;
The worm of grief had spar'd my opening bloom,
Nor sunk my youth to wither in the tomb.
Oh love! when first thy roses wreath'd my head,
And each gay hour transported pleasure led,
When fancy's magic to my cheated view
Drew scenes of bliss and raptures ever new,
Could my fond soul in that ecstatic hour,
Blest as I thought beyond misfortune's power,
Expect for these the sad reverse to prove
Of wounding scorn and unrequited love?
Ah no! deluded wretch, I thought too sure
My joys unfading, and my bliss secure.
Ev'n now, in all their former warmth confest
The long-lost visions fill my glowing breast;
With every charm that form again appears,
Thy soft vows vibrate on my ravish'd ears;
Again thy swimming eyes thy passion tell,
Again enraptured on thy lips I dwell;

Again,—Ah fleeting rapture! short-liv'd joy!
Far other scenes my wretched soul employ:
Rous'd from my dream of bliss, I keener know
The sad reality of waking woe.
Could this dread hour, by thy false eyes survey'd,
Present the havoc thy dark guilt has made,
Remorse and shame might wring that stony heart,
And save some other victim from thy art.
Behold my parents, how with gestures wild,
Frantic with grief, they mourn their ruin'd child;
See crush'd with sorrow, prostrate on the earth,
The venerable forms that gave me birth?
See stung by rankling woe too keen to bear,
They rend their silver locks in fierce despair;
Hark! while the drops of agony they shed,
They weary heaven with curses on thy head;
Hark, those long groans, those deep convulsive sighs,
Groans from a bursting heart, a parent dies
Behold me, helpless, wretched, and forlorn,
The mark of infamy, the sport of scorn.
See how, by misery's with'ring grasp o'ercome,
My fading beauties hasten to the tomb;
How lost to all, no friendly aid to save,
I sink unpitied to an early grave.
Here, while deserted and unwept I die,
Here, cruel spoiler, glut thy savage eye;
Go, triumph o'er a heart by love betray'd,
And crush to dust a father's reverend head:
Go, while thy crime unpunished heaven allows,
Laugh truth to scorn, and mock thy broken vows;
And, while my breast remorse and anguish tear,
To that false bosom strain some happier fair,
Who, while her flushing cheek with rapture glows,
Enjoys my tortures and insults my woes;

But yet exult not, traitor! if the smile
Of fortune still is thine, if, for a while,
The stern unerring eye of justice sleep,
'Tis but the measure of thy crimes to heap.
Ev'n while my rival with triumphant charms
Beholds thee circled in her glowing arms,
O'er all thy soul while boundless pleasure reigns,
Thy heart beats quick, and rapture thrills thy veins,
Stern conscience may uprear her snaky crest,
And dead'ning terrors chill thy perjured breast;
Ev'n then, with horrors arm'd, remorse may stand
To dash the cup of transport from thy hand.
Insulted heaven! why sleeps the blasting storm,
Why lingers justice on that impious form!
O, great Avenger! pour thy wrath divine,
And mix his lot with bitterness like mine:
At last awak'd to rage, O haste to shed
Thy choicest, fiercest vengeance on his head;
In his own fate my suff'rings let him see,
And learn from torture how to feel for me.
Ah! idle rage, in vain my soul I arm
With all her wrongs to break the fatal charm;
While stung by poignant grief beyond controul,
In agony of woe I pour my soul,
And my wild lips the words of madness show'r,
I feel this rebel bosom own thy pow'r.
Ev'n while the ebbing springs of life decay,
Still lingering passion keeps her wonted sway;
Still, in the arms of death, that once-lov'd name
Thrills every nerve, and wakes the fatal flame;
Shrin'd in my soul, thy image still I see,
And this deluded heart still beats for thee.
O come, ere life's expiring lamp decay,
While yet the hov'ring soul her flight delay;

Ere death's dull hand forbid my closing ear
Once more the music of that voice to hear;
O come, while yet these dying eyes can gaze,
And my arms strain thee in a last embrace;
With lenient accents mitigate my doom,
Cheer the sad prospect of the dreary tomb.
And when sustain'd by thee, content with death,
In those lov'd arms I yield my struggling breath,
And darkness tears thee from my gazing eye,
Let thy dear hands the decent rites supply,
And thou in pity, bending o'er my bier,
Grace my cold relics with a tender tear.

THE SPECULATOR, No. 8, April 20, 1790.

## No. CXLVII.

——In some "dogs there" are found—
Attachment never to be wean'd, or chang'd
By any change of fortune;———
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude
——lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.
COWPER.

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THE destruction of the images among the Greeks of the middle empire, was a stroke which the art of statuary, however flourishing before, was never able entirely to recover. Painting was now the only ornament of their palaces and temples; a hundred pictures of unexceptionable beauty were more easily to be met with, than a single tolerable statue; and those who were descended from Phidias, and Scopas, were as totally unacquainted with the art of their ancestors, as they were with the bravery of Miltiades and Themistocles.

The reign, however, of Constantine X. promised to this art a more favourable destiny. Having visited Italy, before he mounted the throne, and acquired a fondness for the remains of Roman magnificence, he embraced every

opportunity of encouraging his subjects in attempting to imitate the models of antiquity.

Nor did he fail in his design. No sooner was it known, that in his court genius was sure of being protected and rewarded, than the artists repaired to it from every quarter, embellished with their performances the place of his residence, and exerted their talents in obedience to his will.

Among all these labourers in brass and marble, the most fortunate, and, at the same time, the most deserving, was Melonion; a man whose reputation for integrity and virtue was not inferior to his professional abilities, and whose sensibility of taste, however exquisite, was fully equalled by the benevolence of his heart.

One evening at sunset, as he was about to give over his labours for the day, there came into his work-shop a very old man, and begged the permission to examine his performances. The white hair of this venerable figure; a certain brilliancy and animation in his eyes, which age had lessened, but had not been able to extinguish; his habit, which, though coarse, was yet neat and becoming; the look which he threw upon the master-pieces before him,—a look which betokened both intelligence and feeling; and the few, but pertinent remarks

which he made, all united to raise the artist's curiosity, and to render him more attentive to his present visitor, than he was accustomed to be to those who usually intruded.

The stranger had now taken a deliberate view of the works which were at present in the artist's possession; and it happened by a chance, which was rather unusual, that most of them were engrossed in the celebration of victories. The continual wars between the Greeks and the Arabs, which were never interrupted but by a temporary truce, could not fail of interesting the contemporaries of Melonion; and the grateful Constantine had, by the assistance of sculpture, endeavoured to immortalise his most illustrious commanders. This striking similarity in the performances before him did not escape the observation of the stranger, who, immediately after having finished his circuit, turned about, and addressed himself to Melonion:

"I see (said he), that these excellent performances of yours represent none but conquerors and heroes; have you consecrated your talents entirely to their service?"

*Mel.* "Far from it. I am too great a friend to the interests of mankind, to behold their destroyers with a favourable eye. That my work-shop should, at present, be so full of their

images, is a circumstance, I assure you, merely accidental; a circumstance, to speak freely, which I feel rather disagreeable. When I was occupied in commemorating these destructive achievements, I could not help frequently regretting my employment, and dropping my chissel with vexation and disgust."

*Old Man.* "Deserved indeed is the reputation of the artist, who thus unites sensibility to genius. You would not then, I imagine, be unwilling to be employed in celebrating fidelity and affection, under whatever shape these virtues might appear?"

*Mel.* "Surely not, provided they were really displayed."

*Old Man.* "That they were, and in so high a degree, that neither of us could display them more conspicuously."

While the stranger spoke thus, a tear stood in his eye; and his tone was altered from the sobriety of age, to all the fervour and animation of youth. He proceeded:

"But what price do you demand for a monument of your handy-work?"

*Mel.* "Two thousand golden byzantines."

*Old Man.* "A large sum, yet not more than he deserves."

"And of whom do you speak?" asked Melonion, somewhat surprised.

"Before I can tell that, you must answer me once more. You say you have no intention of confining yourself to heroes. Would you then consider your art as degraded, if it were to be employed on an animal of another species, whose life was deserving of admiration and praise?"

Every word which the stranger uttered, contributed to increase the perplexity of Melonion. "An animal of another species! what canst thou mean?"

*Old Man.* "I see you are already sufficiently astonished; but your surprise will be still greater, when I tell you it is my dog."

The old man was in the right. Melonion, on hearing these words, stood aghast. He examined the stranger's countenance, and his habit by turns; and, unable to reconcile such apparent contradiction, fixed his eyes upon the ground in perplexity and amazement. The wildness and extravagance of such a proposal made him imagine, that either his visitor was mad, or that he was a person employed by his enemies, to turn both him and his art into ridicule. The first of these suppositions was how-

ever contradicted by his sensible conversation at his first coming in; and the second by his serious and animated tone. It was not till after the artist had bewildered himself for some minutes in fruitless conjectures, that he so far recovered himself as to be able to speak.

"I must confess to you, reverend old man, that your present proposal surprises me not a little; for it is the first of the kind which I have ever received; permit me then to ask, if you are jesting, or serious?"

*Old Man.* "Serious, indeed."

*Mel.* "Have you deliberately considered the matter?"

*Old Man.* "Deliberately."

*Mel.* "And what it will cost you? two thousand byzantines."

*Old Man.* "That also I have thought on."

*Mel.* "And if I were prevailed upon to undertake what you wish for, what certainty could you give me that I should not labour in vain."

*Old Man.* "This stone should be your security."

While he said this, he drew a ring from his finger, which, exclusive of all that had hitherto passed between them, would alone have been sufficient to strike the artist with astonishment.

It could not, indeed, now be called a ring, with propriety, as it was only the socket of what had formerly been one; in which, however, there still continued some remains of its ancient splendour. The size of the spaces, which were now empty, testified sufficiently of what value it had been; and this was still more strongly confirmed by the two stones which were now left. The artist, who was no stranger to the value of jewels, estimated one of them at about four thousand ducats, and the other about half as much.

He could no longer restrain his curiosity and astonishment.—"Old man (said he, springing up and carefully shutting the door), old man, I entreat thee to tell me immediately who thou art, and what is thy desire?"

"What I desire, you know already;—but to discover who I am, requires some deliberation. —I must first have an oath of inviolable secresy."

*Mel.* "That you shall have.—I am not, indeed, much accustomed to swearing, unless upon matters of the highest importance; and I should even imagine, that my unblemished reputation would of itself be sufficient to prevent any suspicion."

*Old Man.* "It is not your reputation, however unquestionable, but that voice of integrity

with which you appeal to it, which has already persuaded me that an oath is unnecessary.—If you have an apartment where we can be more private, and less exposed to the danger of interruption, lead me to it, and your curiosity shall be satisfied."

Melonion immediately complied with his request; and, after they were seated, the stranger began thus:

"My father was sovereign of the greatest part of Indostan; I, Melai, was his eldest son, and, of consequence, the peaceful inheritor of his throne."

The artist was confounded, and started from his seat to testify his respect for a visitor so illustrious; but the old man took him by the hand, and, with a friendly smile, obliged him to resume it. "I entreat you (said he) to let ceremony alone. It is the fate of princes to be flattered in prosperity; but when, at any time, by the vicissitude of human affairs, they are reduced to the level of ordinary mortals, thousands are ready to censure and despise them; but few, very few, either to comfort or to pity. Be you but one of these, and I am more than contented."—Then, after pausing a few moments, the king of Indostan proceeded as follows:—

"My father was a prince who delighted in

war.—His neighbours trembled at the terror of his name; and even his subjects looked up to him with fear.—My disposition was totally different; my chief wish, even from my youth, was to secure tranquillity, and the affection of my people. He was grown old amid the tumult of war, and looked upon his arms with as much satisfaction, as the bridegroom contemplates his nuptial attire. I, on the contrary, put them on with reluctance, and never without offering a fervent supplication, that I might soon be able to lay them aside for ever.

A few minutes before the death of my father, he called me for the last time to his bed-side; when, taking this ring from his finger, and putting it upon mine, he spoke with difficulty the following words:—'With this I bequeath to you the government of my kingdom: may you never be in danger of losing it. But the softness of your temper, and your aversion to war, embitters with anxiety these last moments of my life. I see, that the eminence to which you will soon be exalted, is a station you was never intended to fill; and I tremble with apprehension for what may be the consequence, when your subjects become acquainted with your unmanly disposition. I beseech you, at least, as long as you are a monarch, never

to let that ring part from your finger. A time may perhaps come, in which it will be useful.' I promised it, and he expired.

" The beginning of my government was employed in benefactions, which were amply requited with acclamation and praise. The deity and I were always mentioned together, in those flattering panegyrics which I daily received; and even in many of them, I was impiously preferred. I lightened as much as possible the burdens of the state; I concluded a peace with all my neighbours; and can say with truth, that I was often sleepless myself, in order that my subjects might rest in tranquillity.

" I had already a son born to me in the lifetime of my father; but his mother died a few minutes after his birth: I had lamented her sincerely, and buried her magnificently; and the whole of my affection now centred in her child. Although, in consequence of my accession to the throne, I became the sole master of innumerable beauties, the possession of them occupied but very little of my attention; I looked upon my kingdom, and upon the welfare of my people, to be the noblest object of my affection and care.

" But love had quitted me only for a season; I was yet in possession, at my forty-eighth year,

of all my health, the vigour and the cheerfulness of youth.—At this period, I beheld a virgin throw herself prostrate upon the steps of my throne; a virgin whose equal I had never yet seen. An eye of more sweetness, a shape of more elegance, and a bosom of more allurement, it was impossible to conceive; and when she began to speak, the tones of her voice must have prepossessed in her favour, even those who were ignorant of the language which she used. Long before the cause of her affliction was known, every one present was eager to redress it; and had her suit been as totally inconsistent with justice, as it was in reality conformable to it, I am very much afraid that it would not have been denied.

"Her complaint was against an avaricious uncle, who wanted to sell her to a superannuated wretch, equally deformed both in body and in mind, who intended that she should serve as the slave of his pleasures, or rather as a provocative to his impotent desires. What was my sentence, you may easily suppose.

"But you will not, I imagine, so readily conjecture with what uneasiness and melancholy I was seized, when she was about to retire from my presence. The feelings of a youth of sixteen, when deprived of the object of his first

love, were only a jest in comparison of mine. Had I not been restrained by the dignity of my station, I would have willingly run after her, and discovered my passion, by throwing my arms about her delicate neck, and printing a thousand kisses upon her coral lips.

"I ordered her, however, to be called back. —She turned about, and it was like the appearance of the sun, when, in the midst of some day of darkness and of gloom, he breaks forth in his beauty, and the clouds fly before him.

"'I have set thee at liberty, fair Gulmanac (said I); and, as a proof of thy freedom, it is now in thy option to give to thy sovereign, before all this assembly, either a favourable or unfavourable reply.—Could you condescend to accept of a place among my women?'

"She blushed.——

"'My monarch commands me.'

"'But what if he is not inclined to command?'

"'It must always afford the highest happiness to his slave, to be able to gratify the least of his wishes.'

"From that moment she alone was the mistress of my heart. The whole women of my haram were immediately dismissed; for I thought it was injustice to deprive others, from

a vain affectation of magnificence and parade, of that which I myself could no longer enjoy. Gulmanac's power over me, was from henceforth as unlimited, as that which I exercised over any of my subjects.

" A man was soon afterwards brought before me, accused of an intention to murder his nephew; and what made the affair peculiarly remarkable, this very nephew appeared as his defender. He contradicted the accusers with warmth and with eagerness; related the many good offices his uncle had done him; and pleaded his cause in a much more powerful manner, than it was possible the accused person could have done it himself. He delivered this defence with such eloquence and grace, and displayed, in the course of it, so much knowledge of mankind, and such an uncommon attachment to humanity and virtue, that he gained at once both my affection and esteem. I raised him immediately from the mediocrity of his station; gave him one post of honour after another; and found him in each of them so useful and incorruptible, that I at last declared him my grand Visier, and gave him the name of Ebu Mahmud.

" My son, in the mean time, grew up. He was the most beautiful youth in the whole kingdom,

and by far the most expert in every manly accomplishment; nor did his soul appear unworthy of the body which it inhabited. He had already distinguished himself in two successful expeditions against some of my neighbours who had taken up arms; and, amid all the fame and triumph which attended his return, he forgot not that modesty which is becoming in a youth, nor that respect and obedience which is proper for a son.

" Where is the person, who, at this season, would not have esteemed me the happiest of mortals; and not only concluded, that my happiness was complete, but even considered it as beyond the reach of alteration.—A wife of such beauty and worth; a visier of such experience and fidelity; and both of them the more closely attached to my interest, the more intimately I knew, and the higher I raised them: A successor, who appeared rather to dread than to wish for my death; a nation which adored me; blest with peace abroad, and prosperity at home; and, though now arrived at the middle period of life, still enjoying all the health and vigour of youth. To all this was added another blessing, which is seldom found in a cottage, and scarcely ever on a throne, but that which of all others is the most valuable; the blessing

of a conscience without reproach. How enviable was then my situation; how unnecessary appeared to me the warning of my father; and how superfluous the present with which it was accompanied! But, alas! it was not long afterwards, before I discovered the utility of both.

THE BEE, Vol. iii, p. 32, May 11, 1791.

## No. CXLVIII.

——In some "dogs there" are found—
Attachment never to be wean'd or chang'd
By any change of fortune;——
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move or warp; and gratitude
—— lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye.
COWPER.

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"In spite of the ardour of my attachment to Gulmanac, I was almost, if not wholly, a stranger to jealousy, that fury with which love is so frequently attended. She was not only the mistress of my heart, but also the mistress of her own freedom, as far, at least, as the customs of the country, and the dignity of her exalted station, would allow: I frequently permitted some of my courtiers to wait upon us at our little suppers, and thus gave them an opportunity of seeing my wife: nay, so far did I forget the pride of a sovereign, that I more than once suffered Ebu Mahmud to sit beside us, and to share in our repast. Fool that I was for so doing; did I not know how impossible it was to behold Gulmanac and not to love her?

"I have never discovered, whether Ebu Mahmud, out of some remains of gratitude and fide-

lity, might not, at first, have endeavoured to stifle those passions which soon after took possession of his soul. But I discovered, alas, too soon, that a rival is formidable even to a prince. My visier, who saw no hopes, during my reign, of being able to pilfer the fairest jewel of my crown, began therefore to meditate the treacherous design of raising himself to the throne of Indostan. Perhaps he saw somewhat in the eyes of Gulmanac, which intimated too plainly, that she would not be averse to exchange a husband of my years for one who was still in the bloom of youth; or, perhaps, he was too well acquainted with the female disposition, not to be sensible, that their inclinations follow, for the most part, the favourites of fortune.

"The whole of his abilities were now exerted to secure to himself the affections of the people; and his attempt succeeded but too well; for, when I told you just now that I was adored by my subjects, I spoke only of the greater part of them. The vain expectation of being universally beloved, which, in any situation, is sufficiently ridiculous, would be the height of absurdity in that of a monarch. The party, which in my case were the most discontented, consisted chiefly of the military profession, which, although the least in number, was the most for-

midable in power. My peaceful government gave them no opportunity of enriching their rapacity with the spoils of war, which they had so frequently done under the reign of my father; and they beheld with an indignation which they could not conceal, that it was possible to protect by political wisdom, what they imagined could be defended only by the sword. My treacherous visier, perceiving their discontent persuaded them secretly to petition for war, and to demand at the same time an addition to their pay. Both of these requests, by his advice, I refused; but scarcely had I uttered the unfortunate denial, when he stood forth at their head in his native colours, and spoke to his sovereign in the tone of a rebel.

"I was now forced by necessity, however reluctant, to try the most dreadful of all expedients, the uncertain issue of a civil war. Those of my subjects who remained faithful, assembled around me in a numerous body, the command of which I entrusted to my son. Twice was he victorious; but in the third engagement he fell. When his body was brought to me, I threw myself upon it, and indulged in all the extravagance of grief, till one of his slaves, who was the most in his confidence, endeavoured to comfort me by discovering a circumstance, which

added new horror to my unhappy situation. He brought me some papers which shewed but too clearly, that Ebu Mahmud had alienated the affections of my son, by representing the dangers to which he was exposed from the influence of Gulmanac over his father, and that nothing but their disagreement about the partition of the provinces had hitherto prevented his open revolt. He had been compelled by his own troops to this last engagement, and had fallen by the ignorance of one of the enemies, in spite of the caution of his treacherous accomplice, who had expressly forbidden his life to be taken.

"If the perfidy of my favourite had wounded me deeply, what must I have suffered, from the fate of my son, and from the reflection that his fate was no more than he deserved. I now at last took up arms myself. My people appeared transported to see me at their head. My forces were far superior to those of the rebels, and the next engagement promised to be decisive.

"As I was inflamed with rage, and Ebu Mahmud with love, our armies were not long in being brought to action. The right wing, which I led, was already victorious, and the left was commanded by Mir Narkuli, an officer illustrious for his military achievements, whom my father had once reluctantly sentenced to death,

and who had obtained his pardon at my intercession. Whom could I have trusted with more confidence, than a man who was indebted to me for his life; and yet he betrayed me. In the heat of the engagement, he went over to the enemy, accompanied by the greatest part of his troops. The rest of that division naturally fled; my victorious band fell into disorder, and I was thrown, in the space of a few minutes, from power and greatness, down to misery and flight.

"I flew in distraction to the tent of Gulmanac, and entreated her to set herself upon the swiftest of my horses, and follow me immediately to the next fortress. 'I know (said I) that captivity and death must be our fate; but let us, at least, die as we have lived.' The traitress advised me to submit to the conqueror, promised, herself, to supplicate his mercy; promised,—but why should I repeat what she promised? it is enough that I clearly saw her infidelity. And now my rage could no longer be restrained. I drew forth my dagger, and would have pierced her to the heart; but her shrieks brought some of my officers to her assistance, and I saw, for the first time, that I was no longer the monarch, before whom all was obedience and submission. He who the day before had incurred my displeasure, and against whom I had raised my arm,

would have received his fate from ten daggers at once; but now my hand was seized, and the weapon was forced from it, while the infamous woman escaped with impunity. All was concealed under the mask of persuasion; every thing wore as yet the appearance of subjection; but I saw too clearly through the thin disguise, and confided no longer in any one around me.

"Messenger after messenger arrived to inform me of the complete flight of my army, and of Ebu Mahmud's approach. I threw myself immediately upon the swiftest of my horses, and commanded those who still loved me to follow. Out of a hundred thousand, scarcely fifty obeyed. The fortress into which I intended to throw myself was distant more than a day's journey; a forest lay between, and night was approaching. We rode as if death had pursued us: we reached the forest, and it was now midnight; our horses failed us, and we were obliged to stop. I now reckoned the number of my companions, and the fifty had dwindled into ten. The others had either been kept back by fatigue, or had altered their minds, and thought it better to return. I smiled severely, but said not a word; I threw myself on the grass, and my attendants around me: my bosom was filled with rage and vexation, with resentment,

jealousy and hatred of life. But fatigue was stronger than all my passions; and I had not lain long till I fell asleep. When I awaked after a few hours, by the glimmering of the moon I perceived that I was alone; how my attendants stole away I know not; at a little distance grazed my horse, and at my feet lay my dog.

"It is now too long since I have entertained you with nothing but the baseness and treachery of unworthy creatures; I rejoice that it is now at last in my power to mention one of a different kind; but in order that you may better understand what follows, I must first give you the history of my dog.

"Of all the different sorts of hunting I had hitherto encouraged only that of the tiger, because I esteemed it the most useful to my subjects. I observed in one of these expeditions, a very young, but valiant dog, who was torn, and lying in his own blood, and I slew the tiger at the very moment in which he was about to finish his foe. The poor animal howled in my face; I ordered him immediately to be taken up; and as I was always accustomed, on such occasions, to carry about with me an admirable balsam, I poured a few drops of it into the wounds of the dog: the alleviation of pain

which followed in consequence, made him change his howl into a gentle whimper, during which he gratefully licked my hand.

" I repeated my orders that he should be particularly taken care of: the dog, accordingly, recovered; and as I had often inquired after him, they brought him to me as soon as he was healed. He knew me immediately; and as if he had been sensible that I alone was the preserver of his life, he fawned upon me with so much affection, that from that moment he became my favourite. It would, indeed, have been next to impossible to take him again from me while he was alive, so great was the zeal and attachment which he shewed for me. By day he was my companion, and at night my guard. He had followed me every where both to the battle and in my flight; and him I found still beside me, when all the world had betrayed and forsaken me.

" Whatever you may think of it, I blush not to acknowledge, that he who was formerly the monarch of Indostan, now kissed and embraced his only faithful friend with more real affection, than he could possibly have done to him who should have restored him to his kingdom and his throne. I then sprung to my horse, and pursued my flight; but it was no longer direct-

ed to the fortress, the gates of which would have been shut against me.

"It may perhaps appear incredible, that a single fugitive should be able to escape, unknown and undiscovered, in the midst of a land full of commotion and disquiet. But I had chosen, when I first determined upon flight, an attire and a turban of the meanest appearance; my horse, though deficient neither in strength nor swiftness, was far from being remarkable for the beauty of his form; and, above all, I was protected by Him, whose power, wherever it is inclined to save, can strike with blindness the hostile eye, and wither into weakness the hostile arm.

"My intention was to escape into Persia; and I was now about twenty miles from the borders, when I reached at night-fall a farm-house, and begged for lodging, which was immediately granted. I sat down to table and pretended to eat; but there entered soon after a young soldier who was just returned home from the army, and, as I learned soon after, was the son of my host. He was naturally received with the highest exultation, and asked immediately how every thing went, how he had fared, and what party he had taken; what the new monarch was doing, and what was become

of his unhappy predecessor. These and a thousand other questions, crowded upon him before he had time to reply. He was one of those who, in the midst of the battle, had gone over to Ebu Mahmud; he extolled to the utmost the clemency of the conqueror, and said that a province would be the reward of my head. I was sitting by chance in such a situation, that he could not, at first, get a view of my face; of this he appeared to be very desirous; and after he had succeeded, he and his father whispered together for some minutes.

"I heard indeed but a few words; but of these few 'suspicious' was one; and soon after he went away. This, you may suppose, was sufficient to alarm me. I pretended to be drowsy, and seized on some pretext to get out once more before I went to bed. I hastened into the garden, which was behind the house, where I found my horse fastened to a tree. I loosed him immediately, set myself upon him, jumped in a moment over the little hedge, and sprung forward with the swiftness of an arrow.

"I had scarcely proceeded a hundred steps, when I heard somebody calling me back; and after I had run about a quarter of an hour, I saw behind me, by the light of the moon, something at a distance which appeared to me in

motion. I could no longer doubt that I was pursued; but I trusted to my horse, and I was not deceived, for I soon after lost sight of my pursuers. I rode, or rather flew, the whole night, avoiding always the public ways: but I soon discovered that I had avoided them too much; for I found myself at the return of day-light, in the midst of an extensive field of sand. I was concerned for my horse, but still more so for my life; and therefore continued to spur him forward till about noon, when the heat was most powerful; he sunk down exhausted with weariness and hunger, without a possibility of rising again.

" 'Thou, too (I exclaimed), hast forsaken me (while I untied the girt and the reins of the bridle): poor creature, at least thy inclinations did not fail sooner than thy strength: Oh! that the infamous wretches who surrounded me, had fulfilled their duty but half so well.' I quitted him with tears; and if it could have helped him, I willingly would have parted with one of my arms. For myself, there was now no where either hope or consolation.

" I now continued my flight on foot; but was constrained by the craving call of necessity to stop at the next village that I saw. Here I purchased some provisions, gave myself out for a

merchant who had been pillaged by robbers, and inquired which was the road to Persia. The answer was, that there were two ways; one of them public and well-frequented, the other much nearer, but lonesome and dangerous, because it was easy to wander into the deserts, a small part of which I had already gone over. I chose, as you may imagine, the latter way, and found myself at the close of the third day, in the very situation of which I had been warned.

"Sufficiently dreadful must be the condition of any man in a desert, far from human habitation; without a guide, and without provisions; without knowledge, and without hope; what then must be that of a prince, brought up with delicacy, and softened by good fortune, accustomed never to think of misery, and never accustomed to hear of want? I continued, however, my tiresome journey for the space of a day and a night longer. Then, indeed, my strength was at an end; but the end of the desert was far distant.

"The sun was now setting; his retreat was accompanied by no music of the birds, for nothing near me was alive but my dog. It was followed by the falling of no dew, for all around me was burning sand. I threw myself in despair upon one of the hillocks: 'Here will I lie, for why should I go farther? Here will I slum-

ber the sleep eternal.' My dog now crawled toward me, looked in my face, and began to whimper. He had eat nothing since the day before, when I had faithfully shared with him the last of my provision. I now hung over him and wept, stroking him tenderly, and crying out, 'How willingly would I feed thee, had I but only a morsel to myself.' As if he had understood the words which I uttered, as if he could interpret the tear in my eye, he looked at me steadily, licked me once more, then suddenly sprung up, and disappeared.

"It may, perhaps, seem incredible, that of all the trials which I suffered either before or since, this was one which affected me most deeply; this was the only one which totally overwhelmed me. 'He, too, at last!' I exclaimed in an agony; my feelings overpowered me, and I sunk under them, and lost at once both sensibility and speech. How long I lay in this situation, is not possible precisely to say. It must, however, have continued for some hours; for day-light was again beginning to appear, when a whimpering, a tugging, and a scratching awakened me. I opened, with difficulty, my heavy eyes, and beheld again my returned friend. His mouth was bloody, and at my feet lay an animal of a species with which I was entirely unac-

quainted: which, however, a good deal resembled a coney. When he saw me awake, he whimpered softly once more, and taking it up, laid it in my bosom. I shall not here say a word of my feelings; I speak at present to a man, whose eye testifies sufficiently how his heart is affected.

"This which he offered me was no royal banquet; but none of those which I had formerly tasted amid all the pomp and splendour of luxury, appeared to me so excellent, or refreshed me so much, as this small morsel of raw flesh. I continued my pilgrimage; and in the afternoon found myself on a road which was somewhat frequented; at the end of the day, I was on Persian ground, and early next morning entered a small town, where a hospitable old man gave me entertainment. The money which I had would have only been sufficient to bear my expenses for two days; I therefore embraced the first opportunity to retire into the remotest corner of the house, and there, although not without reluctance and regret, broke the least of the jewels from my father's ring. The price which I received for it, carried me to Ispahan. I travelled thither in company with a caravan, or rather indeed under their protection; for such was my melancholy, that, during the

whole journey, I scarcely uttered a hundred words, answered only in monosyllables, and never asked a question myself.

"When, at last, we reached Ispahan, we found the streets crowded and full of confusion; my companions inquired into the cause of the tumult; but before they had time to be informed of the matter, I saw it too clearly; with my own eyes I saw it, and had occasion for all my resolution, to prevent the emotion I felt from betraying me. The cause of the tumult was nothing more than the entrance of the ambassador of the usurper of my throne. He rode on the elephant which I had been accustomed to use, and he himself had been one of my favourites. How often had he sworn to me inviolable fidelity; and now he came to solicit my death.

"What I suspected came to pass. Contrary to the common policy of princes, I had formerly supported the king of Persia, when in imminent danger of being driven from his throne. This, however, was now forgotten, and the demands of the conqueror readily complied with. It was intimated immediately by public proclamation, that an immense sum of money would be the price of my head; and a description of my person was added, so particular, that every one must have known me at first sight, provided my ap-

pearance had continued the same. But, however exactly my picture had been drawn, there was one circumstance, of no small importance, which luckily was not, nor could not, be attended to; the alteration which, in this interval, my misfortunes had occasioned. The man, whose necessities had reduced him so low, that he was supported only by his faithful dog, could resemble but little the vanquished monarch. I remained, therefore, at Ispahan a whole month in security, and from thence continued my journey at leisure, until at last I reached Constantinople. Here I purchased a solitary mansion, and have now lived for sixteen years, far from the dangerous society of men. My parsimonious way of living required but little, and that little my ring has supplied. I have never demeaned myself by asking assistance, nor have I ever regretted the loss of my crown. I never complained of my present situation, nor did I ever again shed a single tear, till yesterday, that my companion, my friend, and my preserver, my faithful Murckim, at last forsook me. I was robbed of him by age; and such was his affection, that even to the last he licked my hand, and it seemed as if he expired with reluctance, only because he was parted from me.

"My history now approaches to a close; out

of eleven stones which were once in my ring, two of the most valuable yet remain. For the few days which I have now to live, the least of these two will be more than sufficient. Take then the other; and let your chisel be employed in commemorating the virtues of a faithful creature, who, though only a dog, you will surely acknowledge to be more worthy of that honour than many conquerors and heroes."

During this relation, which the tone of the speaker made much more interesting than it can be rendered to a reader, the eyes of the artist melting into tears, more than once testified what were his emotions. When Melai had now finished, Melonion began,—"Oh monarch!"

*Melai.* "Monarch no more; I am only an old man."

*Melonion.* "Noble, generous, godlike old man, how deeply has thy fate affected me; with what warmth and sincerity do I thank you, for resolving to intrust to my slender abilities, a task, which, at first indeed, appeared to be degrading, but which I now consider as of more dignity, than that of commemorating many princes! Two requests you must, however, grant me."

*Melai* (smiling). "Two for one: well, what are they?"

*Melonion.* "Keep your jewel. Fortune has

alr dy sufficiently enriched me; and I can easily afford to spend some of my time, in working entirely for my own satisfaction. This was my first request, and here is my second; however well grounded may be your hatred of mank n' carry it not, I beseech you, so far, as to disbelieve entirely in human virtue. What instinct, without the assistance of reason, so frequently produces among the inferior animals, reflection and feeling, however seldom, will su ely sometimes effect among ourselves. I have, indeed, no crown to offer you, as an atonement for the one which you have lost; but the last and severest of all your losses, the loss of a friend, I may be able to supply."

*Melai.* "You?"

*Melonion.* "Yes; abandon your solitude, and trust yourself to me. In my house you shall always be master; nay more, you shall be my father and my king; and then you can behold with your own eyes, the gradual progress of that monument, from which your favourite is to receive immortality."

The source from which this history was drawn begins here, unfortunately, to fail. It is only added in a few words, that the old man, after many denials, at last resolved to pass his life with Melonion; that he never had any reason to re-

pent his resolution; and that a beautiful monument of the finest alabaster, was erected to the memory of his faithful dog. To most of those, however, by whom it was beheld, the meaning and intention of it must have been totally a secret; although, after the death of the venerable monarch, we may suppose that this history would no longer be concealed.

It is more than probable, that this monument was remaining at the time that Constantinople was taken by the Turks. What might afterwards become of it I know not, although I would not absolutely discourage my readers from hoping, that so precious a specimen of sculpture may still exist in some neglected corner, where some future traveller may perhaps light upon it, and restore it to the curiosity of the admirers of art, and to the tears and enthusiasm of the lovers of virtue.

THE BEE, vol. iii. p. 69, May 18, 1791.

# No. CXLIX.

Quòm Pan,
Pinea semiferi capitis vallamina quassans,
Unco sæpe labro calamos percurrit hianteis,
Fistula sylvestrem ne cesset pondere musam.
LUCRETIUS.

Led on by Pan, with pine-leave garland crown'd,
And seven-mouth'd reed his labouring lip beneath,
Waking the Woodland Muse with ceaseless song.
GOOD.

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IF the difficulty of an art is to be estimated by the many attempts that have been unsuccessfully made to succeed in it, then we should be induced to conclude, that a talent for pastoral poetry is one of the rarest endowments conferred upon man. Among a few hundreds who have attempted epic poetry, a Homer and an Ossian, and in the drama, an Euripides, a Sophocles, and a Shakspeare, will be admired while the languages in which they wrote are known; but among the myriads who have attempted to write pastorals, if Theocritus alone be excepted (and it is even doubtful how far he will be allowed to be a fair exception), there is not, perhaps, another name that can be held up to the world as a model to be admired in this species of composition.

Yet nothing seems to be more natural to man, than a taste for pastoral poetry. In every nation, where letters are known, poems of this sort abound, and they are read with avidity by the natives; they are read with avidity, but they are soon forgotten. Like leaves of trees, a new crop is annually produced, which are admired for the day, but quickly fade, and are swept into the devouring gulf of oblivion. Whence, it is natural to ask, proceeds this fluctuation of taste? and how does it happen, that it should be so difficult to satisfy a desire that is so universal, and an appetite which is so keen, that it must have food of one sort or other? To answer this question may lead to interesting discussions.

Nature seems to be the same in all ages. The same passions and ruling affections that actuated the human mind from the earliest period of man's existence, continue to affect it at the present hour: an exact delineation, therefore, of those objects that are fitted to affect these passions at one time, should, it would seem, be capable of affecting them at every other time: but poetic descriptions do not produce these effects; hence we are led to conclude, that the error must lie in the poets departing from nature in their descriptions, and in nothing else.

But how should it happen that poets should so universally depart from nature, as we find they do, since it is admitted, that the human mind is still, in real life, as powerfully affected by those incidents that tend to rouse the passions, and awaken the sympathetic affections, as at any former period? The answer to this question, respecting our own times at least, is not difficult to be given. Virgil, who wrote pastorals in a quaint and unnatural manner, though in smooth and beautiful versification, is put into the hands of every boy at school, before the passions have acquired force, or the finer feelings of the mind have been fully expanded. His unnatural flights are not then perceived.—The beauty of the verses are fascinating.—The taste for this kind of composition thus becomes corrupted at its source, and a fondness for unnatural conceits and disgusting affectation in this species of poetry, ever afterwards are necessary consequences. That this is the real source of modern degeneracy, needs little proof. Pope is a professed imitator of Virgil, with additional defects; and Pope's writings are among the first of our English poems that are put into the hands of boys; and, as this writer is generally praised, whatsoever is found in his compositions, is deemed, by in-

experienced readers, worthy of admiration. Thus are we taught to study these authors, and their numerous imitators, instead of consulting the book of nature, which lies open before our eyes, but unobserved;—and the only aim of these imitators, is to devise some novel conceit of their own, to discriminate, in some measure, their own writings, from those that belong to others. Is it surprising, that while this plan of study is adhered to, men should continue to write affected verses, where the language of nature alone can ever be deemed excellent; or that those beauties, whose excellence consists alone in their novelty, should quickly fall into oblivion?.

If these observations be just, we ought to expect that pastoral poetry, in the pure language of nature and simplicity, can only be expected to be found among those unlettered bards, whom nature, without instruction, sometimes produces in every region of the globe. To such persons the only interesting objects are those that affect the heart; and the only incidents that can serve for embellishment, are the objects in nature which first present themselves as connected with these. Nor ought we to look with a fastidious eye upon the unlettered muse, or think his poetical efforts beneath our notice,

because we meet with little of that sort among the inferior ranks of people who fall under our observation, in that stage of civil society in which we are placed. Nature has been equally liberal of her gifts to all ranks of men; and it is only education or accidental circumstances that tend to call them forth to action, or to suppress them entirely. Every circumstance that occurs in civilised societies, as we are pleased to call them, tends to pervert the taste of the lower classes of men, and to render their minds dead to the more tender impressions of nature; among such persons, therefore, no poetry but that of the rudest and most barbarous sort is ever to be expected: but in an earlier stage of civil society, while the manners are more simple, and the occupations of mankind such as tend to encourage meditation and social converse, much greater scope is given to mental exertions, and the developement of the natural feelings of the heart.—The pastoral life alone is favourable to this species of poetry—and so generally has this idea prevailed, that in all attempts of this sort, it is thought necessary to lay the scenes in pastoral society; and this very circumstance has become one copious source of affectation and unnatural conceit, that has tended very much to corrupt our taste, and to

produce monstrous compositions. But among rural swains, whose ideas had never been able to stretch beyond the simple scenes they had been accustomed to contemplate, such corruptions were not to be expected. The objects that presented themselves to the imagination of the poet, would be only such as the strong feelings of his mind brought forward at the time; for it would be only while under the influence of very strong impressions, that his mind would acquire such energy as to burst forth in unpremeditated song;—every object, therefore, that did not perfectly accord with the temper and colour of the mind, at the time, would be neglected. They would not be rejected, for they never would once occur to it: hence we might expect in these pictures a harmony of tint, and a rich glow of nature, that can never be found in more studied efforts; and whether the subject was sportive or grave, joyous or melancholy, the same kind of harmony among all its parts would be observable, and none of those heterogeneous objects be introduced, which serve only to crowd the picture with tawdry ornaments, and to weaken the general effect.

From this mode of reasoning, we would be led to expect, that the best specimens of ge-

nuine pastoral poetry, may be looked for among all nations, during the prevalence of that state of society in which the milder occupations of the pastoral life obtained, and before a taste for general literature had got firm footing. Among such a people, the native effusions of the bard would only be communicated to his neighbours by his simple recital; these would affect them only in proportion to the simplicity and truth of the picture: those pieces, therefore, that strongly affected the heart, and those alone, would be learned by others, and transmitted to future generations by memory, before the use of writing was known. How many excellent things may have been lost, as men gradually emerged from the pastoral state, and entered upon the agricultural and manufacturing life, it is impossible to tell, and painful to think upon: it is easy to see that they must have been numerous. A few, however, may have been preserved; and though probably corrupted and adulterated by the change of ideas that may have taken place among the people before they were committed to writing, yet it is, perhaps, among the few remains of these ancient, and now in a great measure obsolete, songs and ballads of every nation, that we are to search for genuine models of the truly simple and pathetic

pastoral poetry. Something of this practice still, I believe, prevails among the highlands of Scotland, where many a poem is composed by persons who cannot write a letter. The natives of the mountains of Calabria, and the improvisatori of Italy and Spain, are, to this day, examples of the prevalence of this taste among a people not initiated into the practice of arts, or trained to laborious employment; and may easily serve to convince us of the universality of such a practice among all mankind, when in similar circumstances.

The question then naturally occurs,—Are any of the remains of the extemporaneous effusions of such bards still preserved, in any language that is intelligible at this day?—for it would be an agreeable exercise, to contrast these simple effusions with the ornamented and highly polished compositions of the learned. That some such effusions do exist in all languages, I have no doubt, were they carefully searched for; but, unfortunately, the languages of most countries are so changed, that, when found, they cannot be understood, but through the medium of translations, in making of which the simple beauties of the original must be, in a great measure, obliterated. A few of these, however, remain in our own language (the

Scotch), which are still understood by almost every Scotsman; and these are so very excellent, that they must tend, in a great measure, to preserve the language from being lost. The English dialect has been so much changed, that few, if any, of their compositions, which come under this class, can be at all understood by the natives. Even Shakspeare, notwithstanding all his excellence and celebrity, is in a great measure obsolete among them; and some old effusions of this kind, which he has happily introduced into his works, are now so little understood, as to have their beauties relished only by a very few of his readers.

Many Scotch songs and ballads, which may be referred to this class, are, however, still preserved; but, as was naturally to be expected, the persons who wrote them, and the times when they were written, are not known; though, from the simplicity of their style, the circumstances that gave rise to them are often very distinctly specified. We are often even at a loss to know, to whom we are indebted for first having reduced them to writing; and from this circumstance, and others that shall be afterwards noticed, many persons have supposed, that all of these are modern compositions, that have been ushered into the world under an an-

tiquated dress, merely to procure for them a certain kind of celebrity. But if we are to judge from the success of several attempts of this kind that are known to have been made with the same view, we shall have no reason to suspect, from this circumstance, that the hypothesis above given is erroneous. This is the age of literary scepticism; and so much are the literati in general persuaded, that to believe in commonly received opinions, discovers a weakness of intellect, that, to shun this error, they run to extravagant lengths in the opposite extreme; and to avoid the imputation of credulity, they give faith to arguments that have not one hundredth part of the probability to recommend them, that those possess which they so fastidiously reject. I shall here consider a few of the strongest of these arguments that have been in general urged against the authenticity of those poetical compositions, that the vulgar in general have been disposed to account of a more ancient date than the learned are willing to admit.

One of the most powerful arguments that have been laid hold of as decisive proofs of the spuriousness of such compositions, and their vain pretensions to that high antiquity we contend for, is, that in most of these compositions

some modern words are found, that are said not to have been known at the time these effusions are supposed to have been composed. But this argument I consider as of no avail. It is admitted, that the words were allowed to float a long while upon the memory, and were not committed to writing for many years after their first production; the repeaters, therefore, would naturally vary the words that became obsolete, to others of synonymous import that came into fashion, when the measure admitted of it, as we ourselves still do with these very poems; and those who first put them into writing would naturally take the same liberty; they might even perhaps interpolate whole lines, as we know has been done by many compositions that had been before reduced to writing. Such alterations, or even interpolations, are not therefore any proof that these poems were not composed at a period when such words as have been foisted into them were not known. By this mode of reasoning we might prove that Virgil never wrote a line, for there are evident interpolations in some copies of his works; and that the Gentle Shepherd was not written by a Scotsman, for we have now an edition of it, in which whole passages are purely in the English idiom. Was it not possible, that such an alter-

ation of a poem could be made before it had been committed to writing? and was it not also possible that the original might be lost, and the copy preserved?

Another strong hold that the sceptical critic has taken possession of, to deprive these poems of all pretension to antiquity, is the great difference between the whole strain of the language and style that is observed to prevail in these compositions, and that language and style which is known to have been written in this country at the time that they are thought to have been composed. For example, the Flowers of the Forest, which I would rank in this class of compositions, is written in a style and manner extremely unlike to that of Gawen Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, who is known to have translated Virgil with great spirit, and to have written some original poems that are well entitled to a high degree of applause. That the language of the bishop of Dunkeld, and other learned courtly writers his cotemporaries, is very different from that of these simple rustic effusions, is undeniable; and that the difference between them ought to be very great, will likewise be admitted by every impartial person. The rustics were totally unacquainted with any other language than their own: the names of every object they

had occasion to mention, were given, purely and without disguise, in that language; but was this so with the learned bishop, or the courtiers at the time, whose highest ambition was to be distinguished as scholars, that is, as men acquainted with the Latin and Greek tongues, and with the rhetorical figures and mythology of the ancients? You cannot read two lines of Gawen Douglas, without seeing, that his affectation of Greek and Latin words was extreme; and his allusions to classical ideas are infinite. The names of almost every object he has occasion to mention, are borrowed from the heathen mythology. In these circumstances, his language must have been entirely unintelligible to the vulgar, at the time it was written; as it is even now to us, in a much greater degree, than that of the simple swains who dictated the effusions of which I treat. Should the Rasselas of Johnson, and the Comparative View of Man and Animals of Dr. John Gregory, be preserved till future times, as justly might they say that this last could not have been written during the same age as the first; for it will doubtless be then much more easily understood, and will perhaps appear to be a full century later; nay, let Addison, who wrote more than half a century before Johnson, be compared with him, it

might be as fairly inferred that Johnson lived a century before Addison. Such kinds of proof are not sufficient to ground any general conclusions upon.

Objections have also been started to particular pieces, because of allusions that occur in them to local customs and, national manners, which the critic contends were not known at the time the pieces are supposed to have been composed. But this, at the best, can be only allowed to be an argument of a very fallacious nature. If it be admitted, that alterations from the original, or interpolations that cannot be traced, might have taken place, the passages where such allusions occur might have been of that number. But independent of this, there is another source of fallacy that may here mislead. Few persons are sufficiently acquainted with the manners that prevailed in former times, and the practices that were in use, to be able to speak with certainty on these heads. The common sources of information respecting these particulars, historical dissertations by men in modern times, are wonderfully fallacious, as might be proved by thousands of instances; and I should consider an allusion to a particular practice in some old poem, a much stronger proof of its existence, than many assertions

founded on such doubtful authority, as proofs of the contrary. Allow me to give an example. A learned critic has endeavoured to reject the antiquity of the poem, called the Flowers of the Forest, partly on this ground, that the word "preachings" occurs in it; contending that the practice of field-preaching did not come into use, till long after the period of the battle of Flodden. Here, however, the critic is evidently in a mistake; for, that the practice of preaching was at all times common in the church of Rome, is well known; and that there were popular preachings on particular occasions, in almost every age, is certain. Witness the preachings of Peter the hermit, to induce the people of Europe to undertake the crusade, and the famous field-preaching of Saint Anthony of Padua, who, not being able to command the attention of a sufficient number of human beings, summoned the fishes of the sea to attend to his divine admonitions, who reverently lifted up their heads, and lent a willing ear to his discourses: also the preaching up of indulgences, which gave offence to Luther, because the order of monks to which he belonged was not employed on this lucrative business, &c. And that the catholics in Scotland were not insensible of the benefit their cause might derive

from popular discourses from the pulpit, is clearly evinced by the sermon delivered at Saint Andrews, by a priest, at the burning of Mr. Wishart, whose text was from the parable of the sower, in the 13th chapter of Matthew. Many other proofs might be adduced of the practice prior to this date, were it judged necessary.

It is by similar arguments to these, that our fastidious critics, and sceptics, in religion, endeavour to support their opinions. To proceed farther in a refutation of such kind of arguments, could prove only tiresome and uninteresting to the reader. I shall leave this branch of the subject, therefore, without loading it with farther remarks,—trusting that what has been said will be sufficient to show, that no conclusive arguments have yet been adduced, that tend to detract from the antiquity of those simple and natural compositions of the pastoral sort, that are still preserved in the Scotch dialect, or to invalidate the hypothesis above given, respecting their origin; which so perfectly corresponds with all the accounts that are preserved, respecting the first discovery of any of those poems that were not known till a late date.

THE BEE, vol. iv. p. 57, July 20, 1791.

In this, and the subsequent critical papers, taken from the Bee, some little allowance must be made for national partiality and national resentment; feelings which have occasioned the elevation of Ossian to a level with Homer, and a frequent and unmerited depreciation of the writings of Johnson. The argument of this paper is ingenious, but rather pushed too far.

## No. CL.

Dulcis, et candidus, et fusus Herodotus.
QUINTILIAN.

Herodotus is sweet, perspicuous, and diffuse.

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HISTORY is a species of composition, at the same time the most popular and the most dignified. To excel in it, requires imagination with all its splendour, and judgment with all its knowledge; it therefore includes almost every denomination of readers: it particularly interests the poet, the philosopher, and the politician; and is also accessible to the common herd of mankind, who are content with the amusement of general and superficial knowledge.

The actions of men, and, if we may so speak, the actions of nations, are the two great subjects of history; the one exhibiting human nature as it actually exists, the other government, with all its political consequences. The first has been more attended to by the ancients, the last by the moderns.

Herodotus was the first of historians; and, therefore, little acquaintance with political es-

tablishments is to be expected in his works: he lived in that state of society, in which the love of the marvellous far exceeds that of philosophical truth, and in which the mind must be gratified with extraordinary events, and uncommon adventures, with what will rouse the imagination, and what will interest the heart. Incapable, as yet, strictly to discern all the possibilities of nature's operations; and unwilling to substitute general and abstract ideas, in place of those pleasing and wonderful transactions, which take possession of the mind without the labour of inquiry, or tedious investigation; indulging these incredible fictions, they often allow themselves to be carried along with them through the course of ages, notwithstanding the counteracting tendency of reason and nature.

In the writings, however, of Herodotus, we discover the first dawnings of historical truth. He drew the attention of his countrymen from the remote regions of mythological obscurity, in which their minds had been wholly involved, to more recent actions, and to scenes which had a greater coincidence with those with which they were conversant. He gradually taught them to contemplate human affairs with a more sober eye, by relating those revolutions in king-

doms, and those incidents in life, which either their own experience could attest, or which had no very distant analogy to their experience.

In this state of society, then, among a people so prone to fable as the Greeks, and with the romantic imagination of Herodotus, we are not to be surprised, though, in his works, some intermixture of legendary story should be found; on the contrary, it might have been expected, that he would have given way, in a greater degree, to the natural bias of his genius, and related with indiscriminate ardour, every thing that would most readily please those for whom he wrote. Perhaps it was impossible for any man in his circumstances to set himself up against the common belief of the times, and discredit more than what the limited philosophy of that age would countenance. Upon these principles, the objection of credulity which has been so often made against Herodotus, may be much alleviated, if not wholly wiped off.

Herodotus presents us with history in its simplest form. He brings facts before us without any labour of selection, and yet with much propriety; and characters who act without seeming to have any assistance from the historian. They appear in review, as if upon the

stage; and act and speak in a manner which immediately commands attention. The dramatic form in which he writes, though not so comprehensive as the plan adopted by after historians, is, however, more natural and more pleasing; it animates the whole, and we see before us a picture of men and things, such as they exist in nature. It is the first and most artless kind of narration, and is to be found in all early poets and historians.

Herodotus possesses all the qualities which are requisite for historical composition, in an eminent degree. He gives a complete view of his subject; he is copious, and at the same time pure, perspicuous, and elegant; he relates with a facility, with an unaffected grace and simplicity, which never fail to charm and interest every reader; nothing rugged or obscure, nothing embarrassed or laboured, is to be found in his writings. Upon whatever subject he touches, he diffuses that luminousness, and that splendour, which is the best criterion of original genius. We are never at a loss to apprehend his meaning, or follow the train of incidents; every thing is set in a full, a distinct, and marked point of view. He is the reverse of what is said of Thucydides; he delights to tell of what is agreeable and pleasant; he has

more of the airiness and gaiety of Anacreon, than of the ardent and serious sensibility of Tacitus.

THE BEE, vol. iii. p. 326, July 6, 1791.

Of Herodotus, the following pleasing and poetically-drawn character has been given by Mr. Hayley;

———Behold the historic sire!
Ionic roses mark his soft attire;
Bold in his air, but graceful in his mien
As the fair figure of his favoured queen,*
When her proud galley sham'd the Persian van,
And grateful Xerxes own'd her more than man!
Soft as the stream, whose dimpling waters play,
And wind in lucid lapse their pleasurable way,
His rich, Homeric elocution flows;
For all the Muses modulate his prose:
Though blind credulity his step misleads
Through the dark mist of her Egyptian meads,
Yet when return'd, with patriot passions warm,
He paints the progress of the Persian storm,
In truth's illumin'd field, his labours rear
A trophy worthy of the Spartan spear:
His eager country, in th' Olympic vale,
Throngs with proud joy to catch the martial tale.
Behold! where Valour, resting on his lance,
Drinks the sweet sound in rapture's silent trance,
Then with a grateful shout of fond acclaim,
Hails the just herald of his country's fame!

Dionysius affirms of this great Historian, that "he is one of those enchanting writers whom you peruse to the last syllable with pleasure, and still wish for more."

* Artemisia of Halicarnassus.

## *On the state of Scotland with regard to Letters.*

> O Caledonia! stern and wild,
> Meet nurse for a poetic child!
>
> WALTER SCOTT.

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As to the state of Scotland with regard to letters, surely no country, either ancient or modern, ever boasted a more brilliant groupe of classical authors than it does at the present period. The works of Robertson, Hume, Dalrymple, Henry, Gillies, Ferguson, Watson, Thomson, Guthrie, Stewart, Pinkerton, in the highest walk of literature, would have done honour to the Augustan age of Rome, or of any other country; and it may be said with truth, that, independent of their superior style of composition, and philosophical view of their subjects, they have made a new epoch in history, by their uncommon attention to authorities, and their research into the archives of Europe, where much important information was reserved for the enlarged views and liberality of the eighteenth century. Possibly, this general remark on the veracity of modern history may suffer an exception in the elegant, philosophic, but sceptic Hume, who had none of those ties

upon him which give law to the conscience and veracity of the Christian historian; as he has shewn in his controversy with the respectable and able champion * of an unfortunate queen, whom he had too harshly treated. † In the line of ethics, surely, the names of Smith, Hutchison, Ferguson, Reid, Campbell, Blair, Beattie, &c. do equal honour to Caledonia; ‡ nay, it is hard to say what walk of literature has been neglected.

Criticism of late years, and classical learning § in all times, distinguished the north of Tweed; and as to the sciences, the reputation and crowded classics of the Edinburgh university (were there not others in the country) are strong evidences of their flourishing, equal, at least, to any other branch of learning. Even the claim to poetry, to which the genius of the country has been sarcastically supposed not very favourable, is supported by some illus-

* William Tyler, esq. of Woodhouselee.

† Perhaps our ingenious correspondent goes too far here; but every one should judge for himself. EDIT.

‡ In political economy, Smith and Stewart will long occupy a conspicuous place.

§ Perhaps Scotland is distinguished from other nations, more by the general knowledge of letters among the lower ranks of her people, than by the depth of her classical learning. There is not a person here, among ten thousand, who cannot read, and very few who cannot write and cipher.

trious names. The noble translator of Virgil (Gawen Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld) was unrivalled in the day he wrote; and Buchanan has had no equal since the Augustan age. The Scotch Virgil, too, Thomson, is a phalanx of himself; nor has the modest bard reason to shun competition with his more affluent southern contemporary,* shining in all the splendour of borrowed metaphysics and original caustic wit, whilst poetic imagery, lively description, and painting after nature, shall be held the criterions of that art; nor will I give up our favourite, Allan Ramsay, at the frown of a commercial dictator † (whose censure, by the by, would equally affect Theocritus, the model and father of pastoral); especially as a friend of that truly great man assures us, "that he had neither an ear for music, nor any perception of the sublime and beautiful, in either poetry or prose." Is it possible to pass this subject, without feeling for the hard fate of our great writers, who, after saying so many fine things in their life, are doomed to say so many silly things in their graves. It is a pity Adam Smith's friend had not extended his remark to another talking spirit, who has filled two quarto

* Pope.

† Adam Smith, author of the Wealth of Nations.

volumes in his tomb, as it would have accounted for his amazing severity on the northern Homer, Gray, and some other of the most beautiful English poets. Humour, the Scotch have been thought still more destitute of than poetry; but surely no man since the days of the English Cervantes, Hudibras, has been so distinguished for it as Smollet.*

It appears then pretty evident, Mr. Editor, that it is not in letters Scotland is deficient; on the contrary, I have always heard her sister kingdom comment on the general diffusion of learning and morality, in a greater or lesser degree, through all ranks of people; which they attribute to the cheapness of schools, with the constant residence and assiduity of a class of men who do much honour to their cloth and holy mission. I wish we could say as much for the state of commerce, agriculture, and the useful arts in Scotland; † for I am afraid it is

* Nor will Arbuthnot be forgotten so long as the Memoirs of Scriblerus shall be read.

† My ingenious correspondent will be glad to be told, that in respect to agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, Scotland has advanced more within these last twenty years, than it had done for a century before that; and were those bars removed which impolitic laws have thrown in the way of her industry, this little country bids fair to advance in improvements with a rapidity that has been hitherto equalled, perhaps, in no age or country.

in those that it does or ought to feel its inferiority to England, and some countries on the continent, more than in learning, morals, manners, and taste.

THE BEE, vol. viii. May 2, 1792.

Scotland has, for the last ten years, been truly prolific in the production of first rate poetic genius; in confirmation of this remark, I need only mention the names of Campbell, Baillie, and Scott.

## No. CLI.

Quando leggete—non vi sentite voi liquefare il cuore di dolcezza?

FLAMINIO.

When you read him—do you not feel that he melts the very heart itself with sweetness?



Sir,

PINKERTON, a man whom the Scots are pleased to dislike because he tells them truths disagreeably, has judiciously proposed, that the poems of Hawthornden should be reprinted with due selections.

I beg leave to second Mr. Pinkerton's motion. I greatly and fondly cherish the memory of Hawthornden. I like his character, his muse, and his residence; moreover I like his companions; for I doat upon Ben Jonson, and I esteem Drayton. There are few lords now like lord Sterling. He admired and honoured Drummond, and cherished his friendship and correspondence in the depth of retirement, when the peer was basking in the sun-shine of Whitehall, and warm in the prosecution of his trans-Atlantic projects.

Among all the poets of the beginning of the

last century (writes the author of the Cursory Remarks on some of the ancient English Poets, said to be Mr. Le Neve), there is not one, after Shakspeare, whom a general reader of the English poetry of that age will regard with so much and so deserved attention as William Drummond. He was born at Hawthornden, near Edinburgh, in 1585, and was the son of sir John Drummond, descended of the family of Stobhall, who, for ten or twelve years, was usher, and afterwards knight of the black rod to king James I. of England. The poet was educated at Edinburgh, where he took the degree of master of arts in the year 1606, and was afterwards sent by his father to study civil law at Bourges in France; but, having no taste for the profession of a lawyer, he returned to Hawthornden, and there applied himself with great assiduity to classical learning and poetry.

Having courted a daughter of Cunningham of Barnes, whom he celebrates in his poems, and to whom her accomplishments, congeniality of taste, and propensity to retirement, had strongly attached him,—he was successful in his addresses, and a day was fixed for their marriage. Soon after she was seized by an illness, which proved fatal, upon which Drummond again quitted his native country, and resided eight

years on the continent; chiefly at Rome and Paris.

In the year 1630 he married Margaret Logan of Restalrig, by whom he had several children; the eldest of whom, William, was knighted by king Charles II.* He spent very little time in England, though he corresponded frequently with Drayton and Ben Jonson; the latter of whom had so great a respect for his abilities, and so ardent a desire to see him, that at the age of forty-five he walked to Hawthornden to visit him.

The favourite seat of Ben Jonson, in the sequestered wood of Hawthornden, is yet known, and pointed out to visitors, where a bust of Jonson ought to be placed, to gratify the sentimental devotion of the admirers of exalted merit.

This would add something spiritual to the strawberry feasts of Roslin, and be worthy of a precious few in that wonderful little country that produced a Drummond and a Thomson.

Ben Jonson's father too was a Scot; and it is

* The heiress-general of Hawthornden was married to Dr. Abernethy, a nonjuring bishop in Scotland, of the ancient family of Abernethy of Saltoun, who presented the whole remaining manuscripts of the poet to the earl of Buchan, who deposited them in the museum of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburgh.

fit that he should be honoured in the land of his fathers.

Hawthornden is a lovely spot. The house hangs, like an eagle's nest, on the romantic banks of Esk. The ground is classic. The genius of his plaintive sonnets meets the fancy of the congenial soul. Here he addresses his Alexis (lord Sterling):

Though I have twice been at the doors of death,
And twice found shut those gates which ever mourn;
This but a light'ning is,—a truce to breathe;
For late-born sorrows augur fleet return.
Amid thy sacred cares, and courtly toils,
Alexis! when thou shalt hear wandering fame
Tell, death hath triumph'd o'er my mortal spoils,
And that on earth I am but a sad name;
If thou e'er held me dear, by all our love,
By all that bliss, those joys heav'n here us gave,
I conjure you, and by the maids of Jove,
To grave this short remembrance on my grave:—
Here Damon lies whose songs did sometimes grace
The murmuring Esk.—May roses shade the place!

Let us inquire for the venerable spot in which were placed the ashes of Hawthornden, and let these lines be sculptured on the belly of a lyre, that they may meet the eye of the traveller. Why should not this little speck of earth of ours, so near to Ireland, be warmed with something that may supply the want of better skies!

Ben Jonson, too, ought to be characterised by a suitable inscription on his seat, that the offended dignity of his name in Westminster abbey may be worthily retrieved. O rare Ben Jonson! is an exclamation that admits too much an application to him who could only set the table in a roar, and too little to the superior merit of Ben Jonson. Hear what the great lord Clarendon says of him: "Ben Jonson's name can never be forgotten, having, by his very good learning and the severity of his nature and manners, reformed the stage, and, indeed, the English poetry itself. His natural advantages were, judgment to order and govern fancy, rather than excess of fancy,—his productions being slow, and upon deliberation, yet then abounding with great wit and fancy; and they will live accordingly. And, surely, as he did exceedingly exalt the English language in eloquence, propriety, and masculine expressions, so he was the best judge of, and fittest to prescribe rules to, poetry and poets, of any man who had lived with, or before him, or since, if Mr. Cowley had not made a flight beyond all men, with that modesty, however, as to ascribe much of this to the example and learning of Ben Jonson." His conversation was very good, and with men of most note; and he had for many years an

extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde,* till he found he betook himself to business, which he thought ought never to be preferred before his company.

Drummond loved Drayton, and a great and continued friendship subsisted between them, fanned by frequent letters, as appears by his papers, which were presented to the earl of Buchan by the reverend Dr. Abernethy Drummond, already mentioned.

Drayton, sweet ancient bard! his Albion sung,
With their own praise her echoing vallies rung;
His bounding muse o'er ev'ry mountain rode,
And ev'ry river warbled where he flow'd.

SEA PIECES, canto 2, by Mr. John Kirkpatrick.

I have a copy of Latin verses addressed, as I suppose, to Drayton by Hawthornden, as it is in the hand-writing of the latter, and was found in a bundle of Drayton's letters to Drummond:

Dum tua mellifiui specto pigmenta libelli,
Pendet ab eloquio mens mei rapta tuo;
At sensum expendens tumque altæ pondera mentis
Sensus ab eximio me rapit eloquio;
Sed mage Dædaleo miror te pectore qui sic
Cogis ad Italicos Anglica verba modos.
Eloquium, sensus, mentis vis Dædala longe
Tollit humo ad superos te super astra Deo.

* Earl of Clarendon.

Drummond's family having been grafted as it were on the royal family of Scotland, by the marriage of king Robert III. and upheld by them, he was a steady royalist during the troubles of Charles I. but does not appear ever to have armed for him. Yet it seems he had been much employed by the king in his uttermost distress, or by those immediately about his person; as among his papers I found a prima cura of king Charles I.'s last appeal to the people of England, with corrections and marginal notes, in his own hand-writing. As Drummond had always been a laborious student, and had applied himself equally to history and politics, as to classical learning, his services were frequently rendered by occasional publications; in which it must be confessed, he was not so happy as in the flights of his muse, which, as Pinkerton justly observes, amply establish his fame. Phillips (adds he), who compiled his Theatrum Poetarum under Milton's own eye, and may be supposed to express that great writer's opinion upon many occasions, observes with regret, "the strange neglect into which Drummond's poems had even then fallen." But this was no wonder, when Milton's smaller poems met with the same fate. Now it may be safely said, that if any

poems possess a very high degree of that exquisite Doric delicacy, which we so much admire in Comus, and Lycidas, those of Drummond's do. Milton seems to have imitated him, and certainly he had read and admired his works. Drummond was the first who introduced into English that fine Italian vein; and if we had had no Drummond, perhaps we should never have seen the delicacies of Comus, Lycidas, Il Penseroso, L'Allegro. Milton has happened to have justice done him by posterity, while Drummond has been neglected.

From the familiar letters of Drummond, printed in his works, and from those unpublished, it appears, that his most intimate and frequent correspondents and friends, besides those already mentioned, were Arabella, or Annabella, countess of Lothian, daughter of Archibald, earl of Argyll, the earl and countess of Perth, Robert Carre earl of Ancram, Dr. Arthur Johnstone, physician to the king, author of that admirable piece of humour "Parerga," a sketch of whose life and writings I hope may sometime or other make its appearance, Mr. Cunningham of Barnes, and a few other relations.

In a survey of Drummond's poems two con-

siderations must be had—the nation in which he lived, and the times in which he wrote. Yet these will be found, not offered to extenuate faults, but to increase admiration. His thoughts are generally bold and highly poetical; he follows nature, and his verses are delicately harmonious. On the death of Henry prince of Wales in 1612, he wrote an elegy entitled "Tears on the death of Moeliades," a name which that prince had used in all his challenges of martial sport, as the anagram of "Miles a Deo."—In this piece, according to Denham's epithets to the Thames, are thoughts as strong, as deep, as gentle, and as full, as any of his or Waller's.

When king James, after his accession to the English throne, returned to Scotland in the year 1617, his arrival was celebrated by every effort of poetical congratulation. Upon this occasion, Drummond composed a panegyric entitled the Wandering Muses, in which are found four lines apparently imitated by Pope,—"To virgins flowery, &c." Of these two poems, it is observable, that they date earlier than any of Waller's, whose first was that to the king on his navy, in 1625. The piece in which Denham's greatest powers are exerted, his Cooper's Hill, was not written till the year 1640. The har-

mony of Drummond, therefore, at a time when those who are usually called the first introducers of a smooth and polished versification, had not begun to write, is an honour to Hawthornden that should never be forgotten. His excellence, hardly known, cannot be enough acknowledged or praised.

Drummond and Petrarcha had this in their fate alike, that each lamented first the cruelty and then the loss of their mistresses; so that their sonnets are alike naturally divided into two classes, those after, and those before the deaths of their respective sweet-hearts. Drummond, in several of those compositions, has shewn much of the genius and spirit of the Italian poet. The seventh sonnet of the first part is much resembled by sir Henry Wotton's elegant little poem on the queen of Bohemia:

Ye meaner beauties, &c.

And among Drummond's Flowers of Zion, the poem which begins,

Amidst the azure clear of Jordan's sacred streams,

eminently distinguishes him, whether he be considered as a philosopher, or as a poet.

His Polemo Meddinia, a burlesque poem, founded on a ridiculous fray in Fife, is written

with more than the humour of a Swift or Peter Pindar; and may afford an excellent modern classical amusement to our nobility and gentry, who cannot bear the monstrous bore of turning over an Ainsworth's dictionary, and may still have retained enough of the charming language of the Scipios, to be able to taste the beauties of the dunghill-fight. These slight notices and extracts, I have scattered, in the fond hope that they may draw forth the quill of an abler eulogist.

Ille ego qui quondam patriæ perculsus amore,
Civibus oppressis, libertati succurrere ausim;
Nunc arva paterna colo, fugioque limina regum.

ALBANICUS.

POSTSCRIPT.

What has been written concerning the person, family, and residence of Drummond, in the account of his writings, may be thought sufficient for Scotland, where such particulars are well known by the public; but considering the deserved celebrity of the poet, I have thought proper to set down as briefly as possible some circumstances that may deserve the attention of the people of taste who visit Scotland, to contemplate its picturesque beauties, and to meditate on the classic footsteps of her illustrious citizens.

Drummond was descended from William Drummond, third son of sir John Drummond, of Drummond, by Mary de Montefex, eldest daughter and co-heiress of sir William de Montefex, high Justiciary of Scotland. The patriarch of the poet's family married a daughter and co-heiress of sir William Airth of Airth in Stirlingshire, with whom he got the barony of Carnoe.

Sir John Drummond, the poet's father, who was second son of sir Robert Drummond of Carnoe, bought Hawthornden, in the year 1598, from the heirs of Douglas of Strathbrock, a family which, with many other fair and opulent possessions, had held Hawthornden for more than two centuries.

The caves of Hawthornden, cut by human art from the rock, are certainly of the most remote antiquity, resembling those in the vicinity of Thebes, and had probably served for the dwelling or fastnesses of the aboriginal natives of the country. This conjecture is supported by tradition, and, with the other singularities of the place, gives a sublimity to the scene. Captain Grose, in his antiquities of Scotland has given a very well chosen view of the sequestered dale or den, and of the house overhanging the romantic rivulet of Esk.

The reverend Dr. Abernethy Drummond, who married the heiress as above-mentioned, caused to be engraved on a stone tablet, placed over Ben Jonson's seat, an inscription to the memory of his own ancestor, sir Laurence Abernethy of Hawthornden, and to his wife's relation, the poet; where, if the public or the future proprietors of the place should erect the busts of Drummond and Ben Jonson, they ought to be placed close to each other on the same therm.

Dr. Abernethy's inscription concludes with the following lines:

O! sacred solitude, divine retreat,
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great,
By these pure streams, or in thy waving shade,
I court fair wisdom, that celestial maid;
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore
I smile to hear the distant tempest roar,
There blest with health, with business unperplext,
This life I relish, and secure the next.

The inscription over the door of the house, engraved by order of the poet, is as follows:

Divino munere Gulielmus
Drummondus Johannis,
Equitis aurati filius
ut honesto otio qui-
esceret sibi et succes-
soribus instauravit.
Anno 1638.

THE BEE, Vol. ix. p. 41, May 16, 1792.

Though the sonnets and madrigals of this elegant poet be not entirely void of the concetti which so frequently vitiate the productions of his Italian models, yet are they, in general, remarkable for delicacy, sweetness, and simplicity, to a degree, indeed, unprecedented at the period in which he wrote. I shall copy one sonnet, not selected by Mr. Headley, and which is as valuable for the dignity and independency of its sentiment, as for the beauty of its expression:

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisp'rings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
O! how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath;
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold!
The world is full of honours, troubles, slights:
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

## No. CLII.

——— Nugis addere pondus.

HORAT.

Giving to trifles too much weight.

AMONG the numerous purchasers of coins, marbles, bronzes, antiquities, and natural history, how few of them have their pursuits directed to any rational object!

Ancient coins, inscriptions, or sculptures, are only so far useful, as they tend to the illustration of history, chronology, or the state of the arts, at the time they were executed. Nor are the greatest collections of natural history worth preserving, unless employed in enabling us to conceive some of the wise and wonderful arrangements of the Creator.

These are, indeed, the proper objects; but I fear the majority of our present collectors are actuated by other motives, and rather hope, that being possessed of rare and costly articles will serve for their passport to fame, be admitted as a proof of their learning and love of the sciences, and at the same time obliquely insinuating some idea of their riches.

Many persons feel a kind of pre-eminence

from possessing a unique of any species of virtu. This idea was carried so far by a connoisseur lately deceased, that he has been known to purchase duplicates of rare prints, at very considerable prices, and afterwards to destroy them, in order to render them still more scarce.

Besides these, there are a species of collectors, who seem to have a rage for every strange and out-of-the-way production of either art or nature, without having any particular end or design; such was the man whose character is here given.

Jack Cockle was, from his infancy, a lover of rarities; all uncommon things were his game: when at school, he would give half his week's allowance for a taw of any uncommon size or colour, a double wall-nut, a Georgius halfpenny, or a white mouse; in short, any thing uncommon, whether natural or artificial, excited his desire to possess it.

As he grew up, his taste dilated, and monstrous births and anatomical preparations were added to the catalogue of his researches. Under this influence, I have known him ride twenty miles to purchase a tortoiseshell boar cat, a kitten with three eyes, or a pig with but one ear. All deviations from the common walk of nature, whether of deficiency or redundancy, were his desiderata.

Being possessed of plenty of money, it may easily be conceived that every thing deemed extraordinary, found, born, or produced, within forty miles of his residence, was brought to him; so that, in a short time, his museum was filled with monsters and curiosities of every denomination, dried, stuffed, and floating in spirits; and as his possessions increased, his rage for collecting grew more violent. This pursuit not only served to amuse him, but besides made him derive a portion of satisfaction from real misfortunes. For instance:—Once, when his wife miscarried of a son and heir, he derived great comfort from bottling the fœtus of the young squire. Another time, at the manifest risk of his life, he had a very large wen cut from his neck, not so much with a desire to get rid of that unsightly incumbrance, as from the consideration of the addition it would make to his subjects in spirits. And not long ago, his wife, being with child, was terribly frightened by a pinch from a lobster, carelessly left in a basket. Jack, who really loved her, was much distressed at the accident: but seemed to receive comfort from the opinion of the neighbouring old women, nurse, and midwife, that in all probability the child would, in some of its limbs or members, resemble the object of its mother's terror.

His desire to investigate uncommon objects in nature sometimes involved him in very disagreeable situations; and once, in Ireland, besides a terrible beating, had nearly drawn on him a criminal prosecution. The case was as follows:—according to common report, there are in that country a few remaining descendants of the people with tails. To one of them, an old woman, he offered a handsome sum of money for an ocular proof of this phenomenon; and, on her refusal, attempted to satisfy his curiosity by force; a scuffle ensued, the old woman cried out, and brought two sturdy fellows, her grandsons, to her assistance, who beat him most cruelly, and, to complete his misfortune, laid an indictment against him for an assault, with an attempt to ravish their grandmother; and it was not without a considerable expense, and great trouble and interest, that the matter was accommodated.

THE GRUMBLER, No. 5.

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A small manuscript book was found at the old prince's inn, in King-street, Norwich, some years ago, when some repairs were doing. It contains several pieces of poetry written by different authors and at different times. The pieces are

short, and generally on serious topics; to some of our readers, who delight in exploring the scattered relics of antiquity, they may afford gratification, while they, at the same time, contain sentiments and imagery which, though somewhat disfigured by the uncouth dress in which they appear, are nevertheless pleasing. We shall occasionally give them a place.

## MARTILMASSE DAYE.

It is the day of Martilmasse,
Cuppes of ale should freelie passe;
What though Wynter has begunne
To push downe the summer sunne,
To our fire we can betake,
And enjoye the crackling brake,
Never heedinge winter's face
On the day of Martilmasse.

We can tell what we have seene
While the hedge sweete-breere was greene;
Who did hide i'th' barley-mow,
Waitinge for her love I trowe;
Whose apron longer stringes did lacke,
As the envious girles do clacke;
Such like things do come to passe
E'er the day of Martilmasse.

Some do the citie now frequent,
Where costlie shews and merriment
Do weare the vaporish ev'ninge out
With interlude and revellinge rout;

Such as did pleasure Englande's queene,
When here her royal Grace was seen;
Yet will they not this daye let passe,
The merrie day of Martilmasse.

Nel had left her wool at home,
The Flanderkin hath stayed his loom,
No beame doth swinge, nor wheel go round,
Upon Gurguntum's walled ground;
Where now no anchorite doth dwell,
To rise and pray at Lenard's bell:
Martyn hath kicked at Balaam's ass,
So merrie be old Martilmasse.

When the dailie sportes be done,
Round the market crosse they runne,
Prentis laddes, and gallant blades,
Dancing with their gamesome maids,
Till the beadel, stout and sowre,
Shakes his bell, and calls the houre;
Then farewell ladde and farewell lasse,
To th' merry night of Martilmasse.

Martilmasse shall come againe,
Spite of wind and snow and raine;
But many a strange thing must be done,
Many a cause be lost and won,
Many a tool must leave his pelfe,
Many a worldlinge cheat himselfe,
And many a marvel come to passe,
Before return of Martilmasse.

H. D.

The Cabinet, vol. ii. p. 75.

# No. CLIII.

The master of the magic shew
His transitory charm withdrew.
Away th' illusive "objects" flew.
WARTON.

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THE dean of the cathedral of Badajoz possessed more learning than all the doctors of Salamanca, Alcala, and Coimbra united. He was master of every language living or dead. He knew all sciences, divine as well as human; but, unfortunately, he was ignorant of magic, and was inconsolable for it. He was told of a most famous magician who resided in the suburbs of Toledo, called Don Torribio; he ordered his mule to be saddled, set out for Toledo, and alighted at the door of a miserable house, where this great man lodged. "Sir magician (said he, as he came up to him) I am the dean of Badajoz. The learned of Spain do me the honour to call me their master; I come to you to request a more glorious title, that of becoming your disciple: be kind enough to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and reckon that my gratitude will be deserving such kindness."

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he piqued himself on living with the best company in hell. He told the dean he might seek another master of magic; that for him he was quite tired of a trade where he gained only compliments and promises, and that he would no longer disgrace the occult sciences by prostituting them upon ingratitude. "How (cried the dean), can it be possible, signor Don Torribio, that you have met with ungrateful persons; I hope you will do me more justice than to confound me with such monsters." He then detailed a long string of maxims and apothegms on gratitude; he harangued with the kindest voice, and with all the appearance of truth, every thing his memory could supply him with; in short, he spoke so well, that the sorcerer, after a moment's pause, owned he could refuse nothing to one who knew so many fine quotations. "Jacintha," says he to his housekeeper, "put two partridges to the fire: I hope the dean will do me the honour to sup here to-night." He then led him into his study, where, after having touched his forehead, he repeated these mystical words, which the reader is entreated not to forget, "ortobolan, pitstafier, onagrion;" then, without farther preparation, he began to explain to him the prolegomenas of magic.

The new disciple was listening with an attention that scarce permitted him to breathe, when Jacintha entered hastily, followed by a little man, booted to his middle, and dirty to his shoulders, who wished to speak to the dean on a matter of the greatest importance. He was a courier that his uncle the bishop of Badajoz had sent after him, to inform him that a few hours after his departure his lordship had been seized with an apoplectic fit, that he was very ill, and that the most alarming consequences were to be apprehended. The dean cursed heartily to himself, and without scandal, the apoplexy, the bishop, and the courier, who all three had so badly chosen the time to interrupt him. He got rid of the courier by ordering him to return directly to Badajoz, and telling him he would be there as soon as himself, and then returned to his lesson, as if neither uncle nor apoplexy had existed.

Some days afterwards, more news came from Badajoz; but this was scarce worth attending to. The high chanter, and two of the oldest canons came, and notified to the dean that his uncle, the most reverend bishop, was gone to receive the recompense of his virtue in heaven, and that the chapter, legally assembled, had elected him to fill the vacant seat; and

they begged of him to come and console the church of Badajoz, his new spouse. Don Torribio was present at the harangue of the deputies, and took advantage of it like a clever fellow: he called the new bishop aside, and, after a proper compliment on the occasion, told him he had a son, named Don Benjamin, who, with much wit and good inclinations, had not the smallest taste or talent for the occult sciences; that he meant him for the church, and, thanks to heaven, he had succeeded in the pious design; for he had the satisfaction of hearing that his son acted as one of the most deserving of the clergy of Toledo; therefore he most humbly entreated his highness, that he would resign to Don Benjamin his deanery of Badajoz, which he could not hold with the bishopric. "Alas!" replied the prelate, with some confusion, "I shall ever be most happy when I can do any thing you request; but I must inform you I have a very old relation, whose heir I am, and who is fit only to be a dean: now if I do not give it him, I shall have a quarrel with my whole family, of which I am fond even to a degree of weakness; but," added he, "don't you intend to come to Badajoz? You will not have the cruelty to leave me when I am beginning to be of service to you? Believe me, my dear master, let us set

out together, and only think of instructing your pupil; for I will take upon me the establishment of Don Benjamin, and will do more for him than his father now requires. A paltry deanery in Estramadura is not a proper benefice for the son of a man like you."

The civilians would say, that such a bargain was simony which the prelate proposed to the sorcerer; nevertheless, it is certain, that these two illustrious persons concluded it without feeling any scruples. Don Torribio followed his disciple to Badajoz; he had handsome apartments in the episcopal palace, and saw himself respected as the favourite of his lordship, and as a kind of vicar-general. Under the conduct of so able a master, the bishop made very rapid improvements in the hidden sciences; he gave himself up to it at first, with an intemperate ardour, but by degrees he moderated his passion, so that it did not interfere with the duties of his see. He was perfectly convinced of the truth of a maxim very necessary for all bishop-sorcerers, philosophers, or men of letters, that it is not merely sufficient to attend the nocturnal meetings of the spirits, that their minds should be adorned with what human science has made most intricate and curious, but that they ought to point out to others the proper road to heaven, and to instil

into the souls of the faithful wholesome doctrines and good behaviour. It was by following such wise principles that the learned prelate filled all Christendom with the fame of his merit; and when he expected it least, he saw himself nominated to the archbishopric of Compostella.

The people and clergy of Badajoz, as may be easily imagined, lamented such an event, as it deprived them of their worthy pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, as the last mark of their respect and attachment, unanimously desired of him to name his successor. Don Torribio did not miss so good an opportunity to advance his son: he asked the bishopric of the new archbishop, and it was with all the grace imaginable that the archbishop refused it him. "He had so much veneration for his dear master!—he was so grieved!—so very much ashamed to refuse what appeared scarcely a request!—But how could he act otherwise? Don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked this bishopric for his natural son; and though he had never seen the constable, he was under such strong, secret, and old obligations to him, that he felt it as his indispensable duty to prefer the old benefactor to the new one: but if he would consider it well, it would not appear so very harsh; for

he would see what he might with certainty depend upon when his turn came, and come it soon must." The magician had the politeness to believe all this, and made himself as happy as he could with its being given up to Don Ferdinand.

Nothing was thought of now, but the preparations for setting out to take possession of Compostella, though it was scarce worth while, considering the short time they were to remain there. A chamberlain from the pope brought, a few months afterwards, the cardinal's hat, with a complimentary brief from his holiness, who invited him to come and assist him with his counsels, in governing the Christian world; he permitted the archbishop to dispose of his mitre in favour of whom he pleased. Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the pope's messenger came there; he was on a visit to his dear son, who still remained a poor curate to a small parish in Toledo;—he soon returned; but for this time he had not the trouble to request the vacant archbishopric. The prelate ran out to meet him with open arms: "My dear master, I am happy to tell you two pieces of good news instead of one; your disciple is a cardinal, and your son will shortly be one, or I have no interest at Rome. I wished in the mean time to have

made him archbishop of Compostella; but only think how unfortunate he is, or rather I am; my mother, whom I left at Badajoz, has written to me, during your absence, a cruel letter, which has totally disconcerted all my measures. She insists upon my nominating, as my successor, the archdeacon of my former church, the licenciate Don Pablos de Salazar, her confessor and intimate friend; she threatens me with her death, if she does not obtain what she wishes for her dear ghostly father, and I have not a doubt but she will keep her word. My dear master, put yourself in my place, shall I kill my mother? Don Torribio was not a man to recommend a parricide; he applauded the nomination of Don Pablos, and did not show the smallest resentment against the mother of the prelate.

This mother, if it must be known, was a good sort of an old woman, almost childish, who lived with her cat and housekeeper, and scarce knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely that it was she who gave the archbishopric to Don Pablos? was it not rather a very devout and pretty Galician widow, a near relation of the archdeacon's, at whose home his lordship most assiduously edified himself during his stay at Compostella? However it may be, Don Torribio followed his new highness to Rome. Scarce

were they arrived there when the pope died. It is easy to foresee where this event will lead us: the conclave is opened, the whole sacred college unite in favour of the Spanish cardinal;—he is now pope! After the ceremonies of the exaltation, Don Torribio, admitted to a private audience, wept with joy as he kissed the feet of his pupil, whom he saw fill the pontifical throne with so much dignity. He modestly represented his long and faithful services; he reminded his holiness of his promises, inviolable promises, and which had been renewed before he entered the conclave; he hinted a few words about the hat, which he had just quitted in receiving the tiara; but, instead of asking the hat for Don Benjamin, he ended by a trait of moderation, scarce to be credited: He protested he renounced all ambitious expectations; his son and himself would be happy if his holiness, with his benediction, would have the goodness to give them a small civil employment; or an annuity for their lives, that would be sufficient for the moderate wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this little harangue, the sovereign pontiff was asking himself what he should do with his preceptor. Could not he do without him? And did not he know as much of magic as became a pope? Would it be proper for him

to appear at their nocturnal meetings, and submit to the indecent ceremonials which are observed at them? Every reflection made his holiness judge that Don Torribio would not only be useless, but even troublesome to him; and this point being decided, he was in no difficulty what answer to make. This is literally his answer:

"We have learned with grief, that under pretext of the occult sciences, you hold a correspondence with the prince of darkness and of liars; which we not only exhort you to expiate by a penitence proportionate to the enormity of such a crime, but also order you to quit the territories of the church within three days, under pain of being given up to the secular arms, and the rigour of the flames."

Don Torribio, without being disconcerted, repeated backwards the three mysterious words, which the reader ought to have remembered: and, opening a window, he bawled out as loud as he could, "Jacintha! put only one partridge to the fire, for the dean will not sup here to night."

This was a thunder-clap to the pretended pope; he recovered suddenly from a kind of ecstasy, which the three magical sounds had first thrown him into; he saw that instead of being in the Vatican, he was still at Toledo in the study of

Don Torribio; by looking at the clock, he found he had scarce been an hour in this fatal study where the dreams were so delightful.

In less than an hour he had fancied himself magician, bishop, archbishop, cardinal, pope, and found himself at last really a dupe and a knave. Every thing had been illusion except his own deceit, and the proofs he had given of his treachery and badness of heart. He left the room in silence, found his mule where he had left him, and returned again to Badajoz, without having learned to cast a nativity.

THE BEE, vol. vii. p. 203, February 8, 1792.

This tale is translated from the French of the Abbé Blanchet; who was indebted, for the outline of it, to an old book much esteemed in Spain, called El Conde Lucanor.

## No. CLIV.

Prisca gens mortalium.

HORAT.

Our forefathers' rustic life.

BOSCAWEN.

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ONE of our celebrated writers has observed, that there is nothing so indifferent to us, that we can say without a disagreeable sensation, "we have seen the last of it." To the truth of this remark, every man who has lived long in the world can give his testimony. I am myself a man of little more than fifty years of age, and yet I have nearly out-lived divers species of men and animals, as well as a variety of customs, fashions, and opinions; and I can truly say, that, although some of them were not the most agreeable, I cannot help recollecting them with a degree of complacency closely bordering on regret.

When I was a young man, there existed in the families of most unmarried men or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, residents in the country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress I have now before me; it consisted of a stiff starched cap and hood, a little hoop, a rich

silk damask gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch-cane, and was followed by a fat phthisicky dog of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, occasionally biting their heels with impunity.

By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing, in different closets and corner-cupboards, all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's elixir, a rich seed-cake, a number of pots of currant-jelly and raspberry-jam, with a range of gallipots and phials, containing salves, electuaries, juleps, and purges, for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, and assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen; and the race is, like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct.

Another character, now worn out and gone, was the country squire, I mean the little independent gentleman of three hundred pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session time, or to at-

tend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market-town, with the attornies and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantle-piece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking, as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster striped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco-work, or of red brick, large casemented bow-windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round

with holly-hocks. Near the gate a horse-block for the conveniency of mounting.

The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with guns and fishing-rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestor in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall was posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanac, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanville on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, The Complete Justice, and a Book of Farriery.

In the corner, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two-armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his tenants assembled round a glowing fire made of the roots of trees, and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character

of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the base-viol or lute. The females likewise as shepherdesses, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

Alas! these men and these houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, and become the humble dependants on great men, to solicit a place or commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion, in the mean time, is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house; till, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor, or limb of the law.

THE GRUMBLER, No. 11.

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Deserta inde et damnata solitudine domus, totaque illi monstro relicta.

PLINIUS SECUNDUS.

By these means the house was at last deserted, as being deemed absolutely uninhabitable; so that it was now entirely abandoned to the ghost.

MELMOTH.

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A few years ago, a woman who rented a snug

house in Dublin, alarmed the neighbourhood with a strange story of a ghost, dressed as a female in black robes, that opened the curtains of her bed, surrounded by an illumination like lightning, and, with a countenance labouring under some heavy burden, beckoned the woman to follow her. The person haunted called in two relations to sleep with her next night; but they were also equally frightened with groans and an uncommon noise, and left the house next day.

The occupier of the house still persisted that she was not only haunted, but threatened by the ghost; and to this she made the most solemn oaths, as well as imprecations, and accordingly took lodgings in a neighbouring street.

The story having gone abroad, hundreds were daily drawn by curiosity into the street where the haunted house was: and it becoming the subject of conversation every where, Mr. Nolan, so well known for his poetical and political abilities, took up a sporting bet, that he would suffer himself to be locked up in the house one whole night, without the company of any human being. About nine o'clock he went, and was shut up; but for the sake of defence against any improper practices, he took with him a dog and a case of loaded pistols, and

was not released till six o'clock next morning, when he was found by his companions—fast asleep.

The following elegant stanzas will best show the situation of his mind during the time of his vigils. Suffice it to say, he saw no ghost, though he heard a great deal of noise; and loudly threatened to shoot the first who should approach him, whether of this world or the other. This discreet ghost desisted, and the people got rid of their fears in that neighbourhood.

## STANZAS,

### WRITTEN IN A HAUNTED ROOM.

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IF from the cerements of the silent dead
  Our long departed friends could rise anew;
Why feel a horror, or conceive a dread,
  To see again those friends whom once we knew?

Father of All! thou gav'st not to our ken,
  To view beyond the ashes of our grave;
'Tis not the idle tales of busy men
  That can the mind appal.—The truly brave,
Seated on reason's adamantine throne,
Can place the soul, and fears no ills unknown.

O! if the flinty prison of the grave
  Could loose its doors, and let the spirit flee,
Why not return the wise, the just, the brave,
  And set once more the pride of ages free?

Why not restore a Socrates again?
Or give thee, Newton, as the first of men?

In this lone room where now I patient wait,
   To try if souls departed can appear,
O could a Burgh escape his prison gate,
   Or could I think Latouche's form was near!
Why fear to view the shades which long must be
Sacred to freedom and to charity?

A little onward in the path of life,
   And all must stretch in death their mortal frame;
A few short struggles end the weary strife,
   And blot the frail memorial of our name.
Torn from the promontory's lofty brow,
In time the rooted oak itself lies low.

THE BEE, vol. xvii. p. 182, Oct. 2, 1793.

## No. CLV.

Hoc juvenem egregium præstanti munere dono.
VIRGIL.

I present the "ingenious" youth with this distinguished mark of my regard and his merit.
PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

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I AM glad to find, that you are so keenly engaged in the study of history and the belles lettres; and I have no doubt but, if you persevere, you will soon make such proficiency as to furnish yourself with a very interesting amusement. But in this, as in every other pursuit, you must lay your account with meeting with disappointments. Here you will soon perceive, that all is not gold that glitters; and when you think you have acquired full information on one head, it will not be long before you will be obliged to unlearn what you have been taught, and to begin anew the laborious task of investigation after you thought it had been completed. To assist you as much as in my power, I shall endeavour to give you some general notions of what you are to expect in the writings of some of our most celebrated authors. To know the general character of these writers, will put you on

your guard in reading their works, and will the better enable you to avoid their errors, and to benefit by their knowledge.

Hume is, with justice, accounted a writer of the first rank in this nation. He possessed great energy of mind, a strong nervous mode of expression, and a concise and perspicuous style. Few authors have written with greater perspicuity, and none knew better than he did how to place a favourite object in a conspicuous point of view, or to sink what did not serve his purpose in the shade, or to keep it entirely out of sight. Yet with all these talents he had great defects. Nature bestowed upon him strong mental powers; but he relied too much on their assistance. He was indolent in research; and wished to enjoy literary fame at as small an expense of this kind of literary drudgery as possible. Fond of metaphysical investigations, which gave full scope to his speculative ardour without much extraneous research, he attached himself to that mode of reasoning from his earliest infancy; and never could depart from it. Hence it has happened, that his reasoning, though specious and plausible, is often sophistical and erroneous. His notions of political economy, not being founded on facts, but on the imaginations of his own mind, are, in general, crude and imperfect; and his

speculations on these subjects fallacious. Being a stranger to mathematical knowledge, and in no wise versant in general physics, he was unable to appreciate the merit of a Bacon, or a Newton. Their works made nearly the same impression on his mind, as a description of colours may probably produce on the imagination of a blind man. A Shakspeare and a Milton were, in like manner, greatly beyond the sphere of his mental ken. Destitute of these perceptions, which convey to the mind those exquisite sensations denominated by the word taste, he read their writings with indifference, and wondered what any person could see in them to excite those extravagant emotions which he viewed as little short of insanity. To the pleasures and pains of love, he too was a stranger.* Can we then wonder that the judgment he formed of men and things was often erroneous? Yet his chief aim, in every part of his history, is to present the actions of men as proceeding from mo-

* Never was a more unnatural connection formed between two men, than that which was attempted between Hume and Rousseau. It was like an attempt to unite fire and ice. The result is well known. It was exactly what any man of sense who knew them both could have predicted. Hume and Rousseau no more understood each other, than if the one had known no other language but Hebrew, and the other English.

tives which were familiar to him. It is therefore uniformly tinged with a colouring, that is far from possessing that infinite diversity which nature invariably produces, and which Shakspeare would have imitated. In accompanying him, you are introduced into a fairy land which is extremely beautiful while you skim the surface only, but no sooner do you attempt to enter more deeply on the subject, than you find you have been deceived at every step; and that nothing can be more fallacious than the picture he has given of the transactions that have come under his review.

Robertson possesses talents of a different kind, that are not less conspicuous, and defects that as necessarily result from these, as those which belonged to his illustrious contemporary. His mind, less vigorous, though more cultivated, dared not to range so much at large in the regions of Parnassus. He hazards not such daring thoughts, nor clothes them in such ardent expressions. His language is easy, flowing, and correct; his periods are musical, and elegantly rounded; but his thoughts are not so natural nor so easy; nor dares he venture to be so concise and clear. No adept in the principles of political legislation, and conscious of this defect, he tries to conceal it by a combination of

beautiful words, which, though conveying no precise ideas, seem to discover great depth of reasoning to those who are no better informed than himself. Unable, too, to trace the actions of men from those principles that affected their various minds, he has contrived to write in a manner that did not render this defect perceptible. His history is a string of aphorisms, of which the events he relates are adduced as illustrations; the mind is therefore prejudiced before it becomes acquainted with facts on which that judgment is founded. And should it happen, that the facts, as they really occurred, do not prove exact illustrations of the aphorism, can we be surprised that they should be sometimes so moulded as to make them seem perfectly fitted for the purpose? From this mode of writing history, you will easily perceive that accurate information is not to be obtained.

But notwithstanding these great defects, it is not without reason that Dr. Robertson has obtained a very high degree of applause; for few writers, perhaps, in any tongue, have excelled him in the purity of his language, in the luxuriant flow of his sentences, and the elegant turning of his periods; and in regard to the perspicuity of his arrangement, and the distinctness of his narrative, where he confines himself to narrative

alone, I conceive that he leaves all other writers far behind him. This peculiarity gives to his writings a charm, that an indolent reader searches for in vain in other performances. And though a man of deep knowledge is disgusted at his political remarks, and the mere tyro in philosophy smiles at his physical observations, yet his writings will be read with pleasure, even by the learned, where they can get over these stumbling blocks; and by the careless votaries of pleasure and amusement, they will be long prized as possessing inestimable beauties. If you read him with proper discrimination, you will be both pleased and informed; but never forget that though you may thus obtain a tolerable idea of some of the resting places on the road through which you have travelled, yet you must not depend upon your knowledge of the country from these sources.

Of all the literary men in my time, Benjamin Franklin occupied the first rank in respect of elegance, conjoined with philosophical accuracy, and depth of observation. Every subject he treated, assumed, under his hand, a new and more inviting appearance than any other person could ever give it. His magical touch converted the science of electricity into one of the most interesting amusements that was ever laid open

to the minds of men. Politics, religion, science, in all their branches, which used to be dry and unamiable studies, he taught by apologues, fables, and tales, calculated not less to inform, than to amuse; and these are always constructed with an elegance of taste that is highly delightful. The miscellaneous philosophical works of Franklin, I consider as one of the most valuable presents that can be put into the hands of youth. Read them—with care. If you can lay them aside with indifference, you have not those dispositions of mind I have flattered myself you possess. In perusing them you will find more amusement than in reading a romance, and be more improved than in listening to some sermons. I know no book from which you can derive so much improvement and amusement. Adieu!

THE BEE, vol. xiii. p. 117, February 27, 1793.

I have omitted in this paper the character of Dr. Johnson, as being written with undue severity, and exhibiting strong traits of prejudice and aversion. The author appears to have entertained a most terrific idea of the character and writings of this great man. "Towards the latter part of his days," he remarks, "when he thought he could indulge his humour, there are many strong and luminous flashes, buried among a chaos of rubbish and confusion. Yet even that chaotic mass has something of the terrible and sublime; the flashes that there occur are like the glare of lightning, that serve to make the impression of the gloom more awful."

# No. CLVI.

Heav'n speed the canvass, gallantly unfurl'd
To furnish and accommodate a world,
To give the pole the produce of the sun,
And knit the unsocial climates into one.—
Soft airs and gentle heavings of the wave
Impel the fleet, whose errand is to save,
To succour wasted regions, and replace
The smile of opulence in sorrow's face.—
But ah! what wish can prosper, or what pray'r,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gauge, and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man?

COWPER.

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THE following jeu d' esprit deserves to be preserved, both on account of the delicacy of the satire it conveys, and the elegance of its composition.

For the sake of our foreign readers, it may be proper briefly to mention, that, for more than three years past, the abolition of the slave-trade, carried on from the coast of Africa to the West-India islands, by British subjects, has been warmly agitated in the Parliament of Britain; that a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to examine witnesses on that head, who having sat long, during two successive sessions of parliament, and collected a great body of evidence, the same was printed for the information of the members. But as

this consisted of a large volume in folio, an abridgement of the whole was made and printed also for the use of the members. Several abridgements of this abridgement were afterwards made and published. These were sent through every part of the nation; and the people, in general, having read these publications, warmly espoused the part of the abolition. Petitions were presented to Parliament, from almost every description of men in the kingdom, praying that this traffic, which they deemed a disgrace to humanity, and a reproach to the name of Christians, might be abolished. The House of Commons, having taken these petitions into consideration, came, in a committee of the whole house, during the present session of parliament, to a resolution, that the slave-trade was improper to be continued; but that, on account of certain considerations of expediency, it ought to be gradually abolished. A law to this effect was passed, permitting the trade, under certain limitations, to be carried on till the first of January 1796, after which time it should be totally prohibited. When this bill was carried to the House of Peers, they found it was not consistent with the dignity of that house to admit of any evidence, that had not been taken at their own bar, and of course

they went once more into the examination of witnesses; and as this examination could not be closed during the present session of parliament, the bill is necessarily lost for the present year. The allusions to these circumstances in this little performance, will be easily perceived by every reader.

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioners are a numerous body, and, at present, in a very flourishing situation, owing chiefly to the constant visitation of the shipping of your island.

"That by hovering round these floating dungeons, your petitioners are supplied with large quantities of their most favourite food—human flesh.

"That your petitioners are sustained, not only by the carcasses of those who have fallen by distempers, but are frequently gratified with rich repasts from the bodies of living negroes, who voluntarily plunge into the abodes of your petitioners, preferring instant destruction by their jaws, to the imaginary horrors of a lingering slavery.

"That among the enormous breakers and surfs which roll on the shores of your petitioners, numbers of English boats are destroyed, the crews of which usually fall to their lot, and

afford them many a delicious meal; but, above all, that large vessels, crowded with negroes, are sometimes dashed on the rocks and shoals, which abound in the regions of your petitioners, whereby hundreds of human beings, both black and white, are at once precipitated into their element, where the gnawing of human flesh, and the crashing of bones, afford to your petitioners the highest gratification which their natures are capable of enjoying.

"Thus benefited, as your petitioners are, by this widely-extended traffic, a traffic which has never before been molested, it is with the utmost indignation they hear that there are in Britain, men, who, under the specious plea of humanity, are endeavouring to accomplish its abolition.—But your petitioners trust that this attempt at innovation, this flourishing of the trumpet of liberty, by which 'more is meant than meets the ear,' will be effectually frustrated.

"Should the lower branch of the legislature be so far infatuated by this new-fangled humanity, as seriously to meditate the destruction of this beneficial commerce, your petitioners have the firmest reliance on the wisdom and fellow-feelings of the lords spiritual and temporal of Great Britain.

"Your petitioners know, that the truly benevolent will ever be consistent,—that they will not sacrifice one part of animated nature to the preservation of another,—that they will not suffer sharks to starve, in order that negroes may be happy;—yet your petitioners are apprehensive, that the baleful influence of this philanthropic mania is already felt, even within the walls of your lordships, wherefore they crave to be heard by counsel, at the bar of your august assembly, when, notwithstanding the wild ravings of fanaticism, they hope to evince, that the sustenance of sharks, and the best interests of your lordships, are intimately connected with the traffic in human flesh.

"Fearful of becoming tedious, your petitioners have only to add, that, should the abolition take place (which the gods of sharks avert!) the prosperity of your petitioners will inevitably be destroyed, and their numbers, by being deprived of their accustomed food, rapidly diminished. But, on the other hand, should your lordships, in your legislative capacity, scorn the feelings of the vulgar, and nobly interfere, either openly, or by procrastination, to preserve this invigorating trade from the ruin that now seems to await it, your

petitioners, and their wide-mouthed posterity, as by nature urged, will ever ever prey, &c."

THE BEE, vol. x. p. 34, July 11, 1792.

## THE AFRICAN BOY.

"Ah! tell me, little mournful Moor,
"Why still you linger on the shore?
"Haste to your playmates, haste away,
"Nor loiter here with fond delay.
"When morn unveiled her radiant eye,
"You hailed me as I wander'd by,
"Returning at th' approach of eve,
"Your meek salute I still receive."
Benign inquirer, thou shalt know
Why here my lonesome moments flow:
'Tis said, thy countrymen (no more
Like raving sharks that haunt the shore)
Return to raise, to bless, to cheer,
And pay compassion's long arrear;
'Tis said the num'rous captive train,
Late bound by the degrading chain,
Triumphant come with swelling sails,
'Mid smiling skies and western gales,
They come with festive heart and glee,
Their hands unshackled—minds are free;
They come at mercy's great command,
To repossess their native land.——
The gales that o'er the ocean stray,
And chase the waves in gentle play,
Methinks they whisper as they fly,
Juellen soon will meet thine eye;

'Tis this that soothes her little son,
Blends all his wishes into one.
Ah! were I clasp'd in her embrace,
I could forgive her past disgrace;
Forget the memorable hour
She fell a prey to tyrant pow'r,
Forget her lost distracted air,
Her sorrowing voice, her kneeling pray'r,
The suppliant tear that gall'd her cheek,
And last her agonizing shriek!
Lock'd in her hair, a ruthless hand
Trail'd her along the flinty strand:
A ruffian train, with clamours rude,
Th' impious spectacle pursued;
Still as she moved, in accents wild,
She cried aloud, "My child! my child!"
The lofty bark she now ascends,
With screams of woe the air she rends!
The vessel less'ning from the shore,
Her piteous wails I heard no more!
Now as I stretch'd my last survey,
Her distant form dissolv'd away.
That day is past!—I cease to mourn,
Succeeding joy shall have its turn.
Beside the hoarse-resounding deep,
A pleasing anxious watch I keep;
For when the morning clouds shall break
And darts of day the darkness streak,
Perchance along the glittering main
(Oh, may this hope not throb in vain!),
To meet these long-desiring eyes,
Juellen and the sun may rise.

THE BEE, vol. viii. p. 106, March 21, 1792.

This pathetic little poem is from the pen of Mr. Jerningham. I venture to add another, in a higher strain, the production of Mr. Edwards, on seeing a negro funeral:

Mahali dies! O'er yonder plain
His bier is borne: the sable train
By youthful virgins led:
Daughters of injur'd Afric, say
Why raise ye thus th' heroic lay,
Why triumph o'er the dead?

No tear bedews their fixed eye;
'Tis now the hero lives, they cry;—
Releas'd from slav'ry's chain:
Beyond the billowy surge he flies,
And joyful views his native skies,
And long-lost bowers again.

On Koromantyn's palmy soil,
Heroic deeds and martial toil
Shall fill each glorious day;
Love, fond and faithful, crown thy nights,
And bliss unbought, unmix'd delights,
Past cruel wrongs repay.

Nor lordly pride's stern avarice there,
Alone shall nature's bounties share;
To all her children free.—
For thee, the dulcet reed shall spring,
His balmy bowl the Coco bring,
Th' Anana bloom for thee.

The thunder, hark! 'Tis Afric's God,
He wakes, he lifts th' avenging rod,
And speeds th' impatient hours:
From Niger's golden stream he calls;
Fair freedom comes,—oppression falls;
And vengeance yet is ours!

Now, Christian, now, in wild dismay,
Of Afric's proud revenge the prey,
Go roam th' affrighted wood;
Transform'd to tigers, fierce and fell,
Thy race shall prowl with savage yell,
And glut their rage for blood!

But soft, beneath yon tam'rind shade,
Now let the hero's limbs be laid;
Sweet slumbers bless the brave:
There shall the breezes shed perfume,
Nor livid lightnings blast the bloom
That decks Mahali's grave.

## No. CLVII.

Quales et quantos viros!

Men indeed of eminence and of high attainments.

NOTES TO PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

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GIBBON is by no means a favourite author with me. His style, which you seem to admire, appears to me the very reverse of what I should most esteem in an historian. The first requisite in historic skill, is perspicuity; and in this particular, no historian I ever read, not even Tacitus himself, is so defective as Gibbon. His expressions are quaint, and studiously inverted; and he is at so much pains to avoid colloquial phrases, that we find a perpetual strain to produce something new and more elevated than any one else, that renders it often difficult to understand what he would say, even when narrating the most common occurrences. The same train of ideas seems to have influenced his mind in the choice of incidents, and in the manner of introducing them to the notice of his reader. Every thing is unnatural and inverted. Digressions are introduced within digressions, which perpetually distract the mind of the young inquirer. He feels himself intro-

duced, as it were, into an enchanted palace, involved in a blaze of torch-light, which, reflected in various ways from concealed mirrors, present before him all at once a multiplicity of objects with which he is entirely unacquainted; gorgeous in the extreme, indeed, but moving past with such velocity, that his senses are confounded. He contemplates the whole as a most brilliant magical exhibition, which is enchanting for the present; but which, when gone, leaves nothing but an indistinct remembrance of gaudy objects, which he can never again recognise in the scenes of nature. No writer, in any language, seems to me so improper to be put into the hands of youth, as Gibbon; were it merely because this manner of writing tends to corrupt the taste, by encouraging a propensity, which is but too natural to youth to admire,—a superfluity of ornament. But when we likewise consider that he has a perpetual tendency to make indirect attacks upon religion, which ought not to be introduced in this light manner into historical compositions, as well as to introduce philosophical disquisitions, which can neither be in this manner explained nor understood; his history, therefore, appears to me to be a work highly exceptionable; and for young and uninformed minds, exceedingly im-

proper. It gives them a slight smattering of many things that they cannot thoroughly understand; makes them petulant and assuming, and ever upon the catch to display the brilliancy of their talents, than which nothing can be more disgusting.

Stuart.—Gilbert, like most of those who have gone before, possessed talents of no ordinary sort; but, like them also, his writings have great defects which detract much from their merit. As an historian, no reliance can be had upon him. The violence of his prejudices against living authors, led him perpetually astray. The object with him seems rather to have been to prove, that those he disliked had gone wrong, than to be right himself; and the quickness of his talents enabled him to do this with a wondrous degree of facility. As his knowledge of mankind, too, was chiefly confined to those of the most dissolute class, his ideas were gross, and often expressed with little delicacy. His style is therefore characterised, when he wrote without affectation, as being nervous rather than elegant; but in the last pieces he wrote, it was affected and unnatural in the extreme, and so full of Gallicisms, that it may be called Frenchified English. It was a wretched model to copy; but having seen Johnson and Gib-

bon, each attain a high degree of celebrity, by adopting a style equally unnatural and barbarous, he seems to have aimed at obtaining fame in the same way. As far as his influence goes, I, therefore, consider him as one of the corruptors of good taste in English composition, and of course unfit to be put into the hands of youth, should there be no other objection to his writings; of which, in truth, there are but too many. How often have we occasion to regret, in the course of this survey, that great talents should be prostituted to such unworthy uses!

Perhaps it is more difficult to acquire an easy unaffected natural style in writing, than any other; and when it is acquired, it affords more pleasure to the attentive reader than any other, it excites less enthusiastic admiration, than that turgid, unnatural, and affected mode of writing I have so often had occasion to reprehend.

Of all the writers already named, Franklin is, in this respect, the purest; Hume and Robertson follow after. The others I wish not more to name, because I could not do it without expressions of high disgust.

But if you wish to see the natural style in the highest perfection, read the works of the late Dr. John Gregory; all of which possess that

charm which Horace would have called the simplex munditiis in a high degree. But in particular, his Comparative View, which in respect to natural ease, and unaffected elegant simplicity of style, is not to be exceeded in any language; and, in as far as my reading has extended, has not been equalled by any other composition in English. You have probably read it; and if you have, I will venture to say, you went through the whole book without ever once having had your attention called off from the subject, to admire the style. So properly are the words chosen to convey the idea, that they always lead the mind directly forward to the object in view, without the smallest rub of any kind to call off the attention; and it is only after you have completed your journey, and have time to look back, that you begin to perceive the beauty and the perfection of that road, which conducted you so happily to your journey's end. A writer may be compared, in some respects, to a player. He who by unnatural gestures, and exaggerated contortions of countenance, outrages nature, is sure to set the whole house in an uproar, by the continued plaudits of the undiscerning multitude. But when a Garrick appears, the player is forgot; he seems to be the very simple clown, himself,

he represents; and the uninformed spectator wonders why any one should admire that which he sees every day among his simple neighbours. Or if he represents a scene of dignified distress, the representation is so natural, so irresistibly pathetic, that the mind has no leisure to attend to any thing else but the affecting object before it. Admiration, applause, and every other feeling, are suspended in the agony of silent heart-felt sympathy; and a stranger at that time entering and observing the audience, without attending to the stage, 'would wonder why they were so silent.' Never is a player treading with proper dignity the tragic stage, when, in an interesting scene, the audience can find leisure to admire the art, and the high attainments of the actor. It was a high eulogium, indeed, that a friend of mine once paid to Mrs. Crawford, then Mrs. Barry, as an actress, when he said, that, in a very full house, the audience were so overcome, as scarcely to venture to breathe; "You might have heard a pin (said he) drop upon the floor." How different this from the noisy applause that overstrained grimace so necessarily excites! Gregory's style may be compared to the acting of Garrick;— it is only by a retrospective view, that its superior excellence can be discovered.

I am happy, that I can close this letter with one sincere eulogium at least; for I am afraid the preceding part of my remarks would appear to you so severe, that you might suspect they were dictated by ill-nature or envy of some sort. To those who know me less than you do, this would be so natural, that I should not, perhaps, have ventured on giving my opinion so freely to others as I have done to you. I have not yet exhausted this subject; but I will not run the risk of effacing these pleasing impressions on your mind, by any farther remarks at present; as it is but very seldom indeed, that I can have occasion to bestow applause with as little abatement as in the case just now before us. It is by contemplating the chaste models of antiquity, and the very few modern productions that can vie with them, that you can attain a just notion of what is meant by beauty of composition; but when you do attain it, you will find it is a source of great enjoyment. Adieu.

THE BEE, vol. xiv. p. 99, March 20, 1793

## No. CLVIII.

——— Nec desinat unquam
Tecum Graia loqui, tecum Romana vetustas.
CLAUDIAN.

Nor fail to study, with all due regard,
Of Greece and Rome each ancient sage and bard.

I AM glad to find, that you have paid so much attention to the slight hints I gave in my last, respecting the classics, and will be happy if that, or any thing else I can say, shall induce you to give a more particular attention to that branch of study than you otherwise might have done. I wish you not, however, to conceive that I am such a blind admirer of the ancients, as to recommend them without discrimination. They deserve high applause when their merits are duly appreciated; but those who bestow exaggerated praise upon them, only hurt the cause they intend to serve.

Classical learning, in the present state of things, I consider not to be of great utility, in as far as regards the acquisition of knowledge only, unless in respect to the study of the law, and the more easy attainment of a few books in physic. To those who, like you, only wish

to acquire a general knowledge of history, physics, and philosophy, there are so many translations of all the good books in these branches, that a man, without any classical knowledge at all, may make nearly as great proficiency in them, as if he were ever so learned in the languages. But when you consider what the French call belles lettres, and objects of taste in composition, the case is quite different; and the benefits to be derived from classical learning, in this point of view, are very great; for there is to be found in the compositions of many of the ancients, a chasteness of style, a justness of arrangement, a happy selection of words, and an elegance in the whole art of composition, that we but very seldom find in modern performances. By reading and attending to these, a taste for similar chastity in literary composition is gradually acquired, and a habit of propriety in expression is attained, which gives the highest polish to the man of letters, and the gentleman. For these reasons, however useless it may be to the mechanic or the artisan, or even to those who are only emulous of acquiring knowledge in philosophy, I conceive classical learning must ever constitute a very essential part of the education of the man of taste and polite acquirements.

In a mere didactic performance, the meaning indeed can be clearly and completely transfused from one language into another, by a good translation; but it is quite otherwise with regard to works of taste. No man who never read Homer in the original, can form an adequate idea of the beauties of the Iliad. So much depends upon the nice arrangement of the parts, and the delicate ideas that are conveyed by particular expressions, that whenever you derange them in any way, you lose the ineffable beauty which constituted their principal excellence; and instead of an ardent glow of ideas, which communicated a warm train of enthusiastic rapture at every step, you are presented with the dead and lifeless carcass, which, from its symmetry and proportions, you can conceive may have been once extremely beautiful, but which now can only be contemplated with a sort of cold indifference. To attempt to put it into another language, is, as if you were to pull off all the feathers from a bird of the most beautiful plumage, and then stick them into a cork model, representing the body of a bird. You may thus have something like the general appearance; but the grace and beauty which were so remarkable in the original, are entirely gone. This is my idea of translations in general; and

where there are so many works of taste, of great elegance, as are confessedly to be met with in the languages of Greece and Rome, he who has a mind turned for such studies, will find the pains that he is obliged to bestow in the acquisition of these languages abundantly repaid by the pleasure they will afford.

Even with regard to historical compositions, in which the facts may be attained with precision from translations; yet so much of the pleasure to be derived from reading depends upon the elegance of the composition, that there will be found an infinite difference between the perusal of the original authors, and any translation of them that can be made. For these reasons I advise you to apply at present with great assiduity to your classical studies: you are now past the initiatory and disagreeable part of them; and a very little perseverance will enable you to read, with great satisfaction, every author in these languages. I beg of you therefore to attend to this. In the works of Thucydides, Xenophon, Plutarch, you will find much useful information, independent of their beauty as objects of taste in literary composition; and though old Herodotus is to be read with some diffidence (as indeed all the Greek writers are) with regard to historical precision,

yet there is such a charm in the simplicity of his manner, and the harmony of his style, and you here see the mode of thinking that prevailed among the people at that early period so distinctly pourtrayed, that you will find it a most interesting performance. With regard to the writings of Aristotle, Plato, Demosthenes, and the philosophers, rhetoricians, and poets in general, you will do well to deny yourself the indulgence of dipping into them till you are critically skilled in the language, and well acquainted with the manners of the people, and the history of those times; by that time, your taste will be so formed, as not to relish the more gaudy tinsel of some of their compositions; and your judgment will be so matured, as to be in no danger of being misled by the subtilty of their metaphysical speculations.

You are, yourself, sufficiently acquainted with the Latin authors, to render it unnecessary for me to be particular on that head; only I beg of you to be upon your guard against adopting, without great caution, the ideas that are generally thrown out by English authors, concerning the writings of Cicero and Tacitus, whose compositions have been often held up to view, as possessing a much greater degree of perfection, than I think you will be willing to

allow to them, when you shall come to judge maturely for yourself.

But if your taste will be improved, by reading classical authors, it has an equal chance of being debased by dipping into French literature. For near a century past, the writers in that language have been strenuous in their efforts at obtaining celebrity in regard to beauty of style; and these efforts have engendered an infinity of productions, which, in a variety of ways, have sinned against nature and truth, till they have, at last, degenerated into an indiscriminate torrent of bombast; every one trying who shall outstrip his neighbour in his unnatural efforts. To contemplate the whole group, appears to me as if I saw a multitude of men before me, who, disdaining to walk upon their legs, as nature intended them, were each emulous of adopting some locomotive power, which he conceived would render him the admiration of all around him. Some of these are mounted upon stilts; some, walking upon their hands, turn their heels upwards; but by far the greatest part, having fabricated for themselves a kind of wings, attempt to use them for the purpose of raising themselves to a high degree of elevation, but who, in their unnatural exertions, are perpetually tumbling in the mire, and again

attempting to display their wings with ineffectual efforts; while a few, having laid hold of balloons, are lifted above the clouds, where they for a time remain beyond the human ken, till they fall down at last, and, like poor Rosier, are smashed to pieces. Never was there found in any language such an overflowing of unintelligible jargon, as is to be met with in the French publications of the present day.

Yet, among the number of men of genius who have written in the French language, there are some who have written with elegance and taste. Voltaire possessed a clear, nervous, and concise style of language, that has seldom been exceeded; and every one knows, that in the lively satirical vein, he never perhaps has had an equal; and Rousseau in strength, propriety, elegance, and pathos, is altogether unrivalled. Voltaire seldom attempts either the pathetic or the sublime; and where he does attempt it, even in his dramatic writings, there is so much more of art than nature in the composition, that the heart is never touched. Rousseau is every where simple, enchantingly pathetic, and often sublime. His pathos always reaches the heart, and affects it almost instinctively; and where he is sublime, he rises as if it were without effort, and, with him, raises the mind of his

reader to a high degree of exaltation. Voltaire amuses the fancy, and exhibits such a superabundance of ludicrous pictures, as can scarcely fail to exhilarate the most phlegmatic reader. Rousseau seizes the heart, and compels the reader to go along with him. The writings of both these authors, however, should be read with great caution. Rousseau, warm and ardent in his conceptions, expresses his ideas in too bold and unguarded a manner, not to outstrip the comprehension of most readers; so that what, if thoroughly explained, might be understood, appears to be only bold and paradoxical as he has left it. Hence arose those persecutions to which he was subjected, and which, on account of the imprudence of thus throwing out ideas which might tend unnecessarily to mislead the minds of well-intentioned readers, was not entirely unmerited. Voltaire, on the other hand, with his natural levity of disposition, when he meets with an opportunity of turning any object that is generally respected into ridicule, is sure to embrace it; and his talents for that species of composition were such as to enable him, with a single dash of his pen, to convert the most dignified object in nature, into the most ludicrous. No man, whatever his judgment and his disposition may be, is proof against

the power of such kind of attacks. His writings, with all their charms, are in great danger of perverting the judgment, and giving an improper bias to youthful minds. I would except, however, his general history from this censure, which is a masterly performance, and seems to have been written with much more care, than we could have expected from such a lively pen. It has produced a total change in the ideas of mankind respecting historical composition, and has introduced a mode of writing history that is entirely new in Europe. When you are sufficiently acquainted with historical facts respecting modern Europe, you will read this work with great pleasure; for it ought to be rather considered as a memorandum-book for arranging the ideas of persons of knowledge, than an introduction to history for those who are uninformed.

Raynal has obtained a temporary reputation for writing a history in a very rhetorical style, which pleased the public at first, on account of its novelty. That performance is now found to be erroneous in many particulars; and the public, tired of that kind of flowery writing, are disposed to find many faults with it. Thus it ever happens, when an attempt is made to found

a reputation on any thing but truth and nature, the success may be brilliant for a time, but the reputation that is thus acquired is of short duration. In any other light than as an amusing performance, I would not recommend this book to your perusal. If you were to ground your notions of trade and commerce on the views he gives of them, you will find that, at a future period of life, you will be obliged to alter them entirely. Indeed, I wish you to keep clear of this branch of study for some time; for we are yet but groping our way in it, and have scarcely got a glimpse of light. It is as yet only a maiden science. It is not impossible that, before you have made yourself master of other branches of knowledge which claim your attention, some person may step forward, and elucidate it more clearly than has yet been done: all I wish you to do at present, is to avoid forming decided notions on this subject; and to read, if you read at all, with great distrust, whatever shall fall in your way respecting political economy. There is one French writer (the Marquis de Casaux) who has thrown out some striking hints on this subject; but he has not explained them in such a way as to be intelligible almost to any one. His book is, there-

fore, a very improper one to be put into the hands of youth.

There is one performance in the French language which is altogether a unique. It is neither poetry nor prose. It is so unlike any thing that has appeared in any other language, that I should have been tempted to say it must be unnatural; yet the ideas it suggests are so pleasing, and the expressions flow so easily, that even I myself, who am, perhaps, rather fastidious in this respect, cannot venture to condemn it. You will easily conceive I here allude to the Telemaque of Fenelon. It is one of those performances, which, if it had not been made, we should have said could never be produced. It is one of those originals which it is impossible not to admire; but which no man of discernment will say ought ever to be imitated. We have had plenty of prose run mad in Britain; but nothing that can be compared with this performance. It deserves to be studied for its singularity; it deserves to be admired for its beauties. In its present state it must prove highly interesting to youth, who are ardent in the pursuits of virtue, and emulous of distinction. Were some of the prolix details lopped off, it would be a work interesting even to the aged.

Massillon, Bourdalue, Fletchier, and Bossuet, are all celebrated writers, who, having possessed great talents and great knowledge of the foibles of their compatriots, acquired a high degree of reputation, during their own life-time, in a luxurious court, and laid the foundation of that rhetorical style of pulpit oratory which has produced such a torrent of bombast in the composition of latter times. The elogés which have been pronounced on the death of illustrious persons in France, since the accession of Louis XIV. form an immense mass of the most nauseating compositions that ever were conceived by man. I hope the spirit which now begins to appear, will check the taste for this kind of writing; and I should be well pleased, if you could throw every thing of that kind aside. But that spirit of exaggerated praise and pompous extravagance in rhetorical figures, hath been so intimately conjoined with biography of all sorts, that it is impossible to acquire any knowledge of eminent men, without being cloyed with that bombast. What a noble figure does Plutarch make, when surrounded by this motley group! It is the statue of Antinous amidst a company of dancing-masters.

THE BEE, vol. xiv. p. 122, April 3, 1793.

' The praise of Rousseau is in this paper much too unqualified; he is the most dangerous and seductive of writers; and I gladly seize the opportunity of introducing an admirably-written corrective, from a volume just published under the title of "Extracts from the Diary of a Lover of Literature;" a work which, though singularly desultory in its construction, abounds in taste, good sense, and nervous composition. I am sorry that want of room must limit my quotation from this writer to his strictures on the Nouvelle Heloise, the most pernicious, however, of the productions of the Frenchman.

"Rousseau is a character who has by turns transported me with the most violent and opposite emotions of delight and disgust, admiration and contempt, indignation and pity: but my ultimate opinion of him, drawn as it is from a pretty attentive consideration of his writings and actions, will not, I think, easily be changed.

"Of all the modes of inculcating opinion, that which brings before us a vivid representation of real life, where every thing lives and moves and breathes at the disposition of the fancy; which indirectly enforces its sentiments by the energy of character and action, and impressively stamps them on the mind by the interest and fascination of circumstantial narrative, has unquestionably the fairest chance for rapid and popular effect. Feeble and impotent is the most animated exhortation, lifeless and inert are the most authoritative precepts, compared with the powerful and seductive influence of a well conceived and well conducted novel; which, while it awakens breathless curiosity, and enchains expectant attention, by the magic of its fable, while it agitates at pleasure, and in modes most conducive to its purpose, all the varieties of passion, silently liquefies and moulds to its will, the taste, the turn of thought, the moral sentiments, and the moral character of its reader. Of compositions like these, I shall always take the liberty to collect the aim, from the final and

predominant impression which they leave upon the mind. If their tendency is, upon the whole, to relax the obligations to virtue, and smooth the declivities to vice, by means which it is so entirely in the power of the writer to employ and to conceal, it is not any declaration on his part, nor any corrective he may put in his own mouth, or in those of the personages he brings forward, no, nor any lenient qualification he may deem it prudent to introduce in the moral government of his drama, which shall soothe my unguarded unsuspecting simplicity, into a persuasion of the innocent spirit of the work, or the virtuous views of the author. The effect it is impossible to mistake; the intention, at best, is equivocal. With what impressions, then, do we rise from the perusal of Julia? With a considerable abatement, I think, in our exquisite sense and high estimation (to say no more) of three most important regulations in life: regulations, which, engrafted as they are upon the dearest of our personal and bosom interests, strike deep into the composition of our several characters, mingle with the whole texture of our domestic œconomy, and affect, remotely indeed, but powerfully, the entire fabric of civil society;—those, I mean, which enjoin the purest chastity in females before marriage; a deference to parental authority, in the disposal of their affections and their persons; and a sacred horror to whatever may tend, after marriage, to alienate their conjugal regards. Love, which it is the object of these regulations to check from diffusion or perversion, and to conduct into its regular fructifying channels, has so universal and absolute an influence, enters into our composition at so green an age, and agitates the tender germ with such an impetuous and tender impulse, that, in the cultivation of the human mind, it cannot be too vigilantly watched, or sedulously trained. This imperious passion, from which we derive our being and transmit it, and in a great degree our characters too, it has been the endeavour of Rousseau to exasperate into an impatience of all con-

troul; and to convert into an engine for overwhelming its natural guardians and protectors, as tyrannical usurpers over the rights of nature. What is the story he brings before us? A young lady, the only and darling child of a man of rank, and proud of that rank, conceives a passionate attachment for a youth entrusted with the delicate charge of her education; a clandestine intercourse is carried on; the impossibility of union reverberates the flame, and kindles intolerable ardour; the youth is modest and reserved; the enamoured maid invites him to her bed, and rewards his passion with the last favour a virgin can bestow: an improper sympathy is suspected by the father; he proposes and presses an equal match on which he had long set his heart; she reluctantly consents; she dismisses her lover; she marries; she resumes her old correspondence with her favourite paramour; she admits him, with her husband's permission, an inmate in the house; she is indulged with opportunities of renewing with him the passionate scenes, and reviving the harrowing remembrances, of former days; and expires in this unnatural intercourse. When these things are fairly set before us, in all their naked deformity, we want no monitor to prompt our aversion and disgust. We see by an intuitive glance, we feel by an instinctive thrill, all the pestilent disorders which would flow in upon us, from our encouragement, from our toleration, of such practices; from our not driving them, as we do, by common consent, from society, with shame and scorn and detestation. It requires no logic to convince us, that if the settled restrictions on these subjects were once removed, and nothing substituted but loose personal discretion, swayed by every gust of appetite and passion, that all domestic security and comfort, all parental care, all filial duty, all pure and hallowed affection, all conjugal confidence and endearment, would be overwhelmed under a flood of gross adulterous lust and corrupted sentiment. What shall we think then of a writer, who, by the fascination of his fable, the melting fervour of

his sentiments, and the vivid force of his thrilling descriptions, induces us, not to palliate as venial errors, not to approve as amiable failings, but to enter into and to adopt as our own, to cherish as consolatory expedients, and embrace as a sort of sanctuary and refuge from despair, these flagrant violations of delicacy, decency, and chastity?" P. 73, 74.

## No. CLIX.

Et tantùm constans in levitate suâ est.

OVID.

Constant in fickleness alone.

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Sir,

I LAY before you a sketch of the principal incidents which have occurred in the life of a Country Curate; a life sufficiently varied to interest the inquisitive, and sufficiently marked with error to afford admonition to the incautious.

I was born at a considerable distance from the metropolis. My father was one of those clergymen who cavil at creeds and propose emendations to the liturgy; and of those articles which are jointly considered as the standard of genuine orthodoxy, of many he would confess his utter disbelief, and of some his sovereign contempt. It is easy, therefore, to imagine, that he was never dignified by patronage, or exalted to preferment. His friends, indeed, were numerous; but his enemies were active. They who had assented to doctrines into which they never inquired, will not look favourably on those in whom inquiry has produced incredulity; and they, whom doubt has not deterred from assent, are little delighted with honesty

greater than their own. Thus, his learning and abilities, which were generally acknowledged, procured him only unsubstantial praise; and a life which had passed in obscurity, terminated in a condition very remote from affluence.

At his death I was eleven years of age. He had from my earliest infancy destined me to a learned profession; and having no other child, he had dedicated his whole leisure to my improvement. By the generosity of benefactors, who are attentive to the voice of ingenuous complaint, the seeds of liberal knowledge, which had already been sown in my mind, were enabled to attain maturity; and after several years employed in a public school in London, I was removed to Cambridge, enriched by a stock of learning, perhaps, somewhat above mediocrity, and warmed with a love of letters, which I have cherished through life.

During my residence at the university I discovered the fickleness of temper which has been the occasion of all my misfortunes. I pursued no study with that pertinacity, which alone can ensure success. Nature seemed to have counteracted the useful propensities of my mind, by withholding from me those qualities, by whose co-operation they have effect; I possessed emulation without the power of perse-

verance, pride without a proper sense of dignity, and talents without resolution to exert them. I was, therefore, in all my struggles for reputation, the victim of disappointment; yet I generally received the mortifying consolation, that I was next in merit to those who had defeated me, and that a very small degree of additional application would, perhaps, have rendered me their superior. In the last instance, however, my friends were less satisfied than myself, with the decision given against me. There was indeed some reason to surmise, that I was obnoxious to party zeal; and he, who has more than once been fairly vanquished in contests for fame, is with little difficulty repulsed. He has to oppose the united powers of inclination and prejudice; and few are willing to believe, that strength can be acquired by defeat. Scilicet acrior miles redibit?

Shall he, who once ignobly deign'd to yield,
With new-born ardour seek th' embattled field?

It would have been a proof of insensibility, rather than of fortitude, to have felt no depression of spirits from my various disappointments: yet they never so far operated on my mind as to produce local disgust, or to imbitter the remembrance of hopes, which were born only to pe-

rish. I look back to the hours, which I spent at college,—with pleasing fond regret, and, in vain, sigh for their return. My feelings at this moment are admirably expressed in some charming lines of Cowley's Dedicatory Elegy; and as they, happily, have not been "blown upon" (to use the phrase of Addison) by the swarm of learned flies, who do little else than quote, I shall subjoin the whole passage, together with a Sonnet written in imitation of it.

O mihi jucundum Grantæ, super omnia nomen!
  O penitus toto corde receptus amor!
Ah! mihi si vestræ reddat bona gaudia sedis,
  Detque Deus doctâ posse quiete frui!
Qualis eram, cum me tranquillâ mente sedentem
  Vidisti in ripâ, Came serene, tuâ;
Mulcentem audisti juvenili flumina cantu;
  Ille quidem immerito, sed tibi gratus erat.
Tunc liquidis tacitisque simul mea vita diebus,
  Et similis vestræ candida fluxit aquæ;
At nunc cœnosæ luces atque obice multo
  Rumpitur ætatis turbidus ordo meæ.

Cambridge! dear name, at whose transporting sound
  A pang of fond remembrance thrills my breast;
  O could those hours return which friendship blest,
Which letter'd ease, the muse, and C******** crown'd!
  How calm my soul, when oft at parting day
Cam saw me musing by his willowy side,
  The while I would recite some raptur'd lay,
Whose lingering murmurs floated down the tide.

Yet ah! too short is youth's fantastic dream,
Ere manhood wakes th' unweeting heart to woe!
Silent and smooth Cam's loitering waters flow;
So glided life, a smooth and silent stream:
Sad change! for now by choking cares withstood
It scarcely burst its way, a troubled boisterous flood.

But the brief period of three years had slipt insensibly away; and the time was now at hand, in which I was to launch into the world. I received offers of various appointments, none of which were eminently tempting to ambition; and though an enumeration of them is not necessary to the design of this narrative, yet I cannot forbear to mention two of them; the one as an instance of the high dignity of education, and the other of the sacred inviolability of engagements.

I had noticed in a newspaper an advertisement, stating that "a head-master was wanted in an eminent classical school in Dublin." On making application to a gentleman referred to in London, I received the following letter written by the advertiser.

"Sir,

"I am the proprietor of an eminent grammar-school in this city, and want the service of a person who is qualified to be the head-master. He must be thoroughly acquainted

with the Latin and Greek languages; and he must also be perfect master of History ancient and modern, Chronology, Mythology, Natural Philosophy and Geography. He must be a good judge of Criticism, as he will have to correct the exercises of the first class. He will be treated in all respects like a gentleman. He must not love wine, and must retire from table as soon as grace is said. He must be glad of confinement, as he will have to keep eyes over the boys, not only during their school-hours, but also during their hours of recreation, to prevent them doing mischief. He will not expect to have a bed-chamber to himself, but will willingly sleep with some of the senior scholars. The salary to a layman will be 40*l.* a year, or to a clergyman 50*l.* because he can assist me in my church duty. I am willing to pay his expenses hither as far as 8*l.*

"I am, sir,

"Dublin, "Yours, John A——.

"26 Jan. 1799.

"If this does not suit you, I hope you will recommend it among your friends."

Thank heaven! I loved my friends too well to recommend to them so severe a mortification of their lusts, with so little prospect of reward. I

therefore declined the proposal in the name of myself and all my acquaintance; at the same time complimenting the Hibernian on his wonderful liberality, and his no less wonderful letter.

The other situation, which was offered me, was far more eligible than the former, and such as I gladly accepted. It was to be an assistant at one of the great public schools; a situation, at once desirable for its emolument, and not humiliating to pride. I, therefore, requested the gentleman who had been commissioned to dispose of the appointment to secure it for me; and his recommendation being approved by the master of the school, I sat down in quiet expectation of the time when my labours were to commence. A fortnight, however, had elapsed, when the Dr. wrote word to his acquaintance in the university, that a certain great man had just proposed a gentleman to fill the ensuing vacancy in the school, and that to so intimate a friend he could deny nothing.

About this time I wrote to some of my father's friends in London, men of considerable interest, who had always professed their esteem of me from respect both to my father's memory and my own merits, to use their influence in procuring me some employment, which a lay-

man of education might discharge with credit and ability; but the gentleman, on whom I had most depended, gave me civilly to understand, that he should always be interested in my welfare; but that if I had no better friends in the world than himself, I was in a piteous condition;—that he knew of no civil employment; and that, he believed, I could not do better than go into orders.

I had now, then, no alternative, but to take the first offer which fortune might throw into my way. This happened to be a curacy in the country; the disposal of which had been delegated to a gentleman of high rank in the university. He had patronised me during my residence in college, and, on my departure from it, treated me with the warmth of parental tenderness, rather than the cold civilities of esteem. Whatever such a friend advised me to accept, I could not persume to refuse; accordingly, I desired him to engage the curacy for me; at the same time indulging a secret hope, that the rector would receive an application from some "intimate friend, to whom he could deny nothing."

The event, however, was otherwise: but as I have already, I fear, reached the limit of your paper, I must defer the remainder of my history

to some future period, when I shall have been convinced by your insertion of this letter, that you do not number its author among your worthless correspondents.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

Lincolnshire, MUTABILIS.
Jan. 1793.

THE COUNTRY SPECTATOR, No. 16, January 22, 1793.

## No. CLX.

*Æstuat, et toto disconvenit ordine vitæ.*
HORAT.

Still floating with the tide, his plans are never fixt.

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THE Curacy, which I was destined to serve, was that of a large village in the county of Worcester. After having been ordained at Ely, in April, 1779, I took leave of the university, and proceeded to my parish. The pangs of separation from my favourite habits of life were sharpened by being contrasted with the scene before me: for, whatever schemes of happiness my imagination had devised for the approaching period, the pleasures of elegant society could not reasonably be placed in that number. My Rector, indeed, had the reputation of considerable learning, added to exemplary virtues; but, as he generally resided on another living, I could not hope to derive great advantages from his acquaintance.

On my arrival at the village, I was directed to a farm-house which from time immemorial had been the habitation of the curates. The treatment I received, was such as has been

honoured with a memorial from a far greater apostle than myself; for with him I may truly say, "the barbarous people shewed me no little kindness." My parishioners were honest, hospitable, gaping rustics, who, while they were unacquainted with the arts of good-breeding and refinement, had not vitiated their intercourse with fashionable hypocrisy, or destroyed the efficacy of language by the introduction of polite falsehood. For some days I was almost overwhelmed by an inundation of civilities; which, however they merited my gratitude, and conciliated my affection, were still little calculated to promote my happiness, or to make me pleased with my situation. I had lately been accustomed to the society of the learned, the polished, and the gay; but had never heard the clamours of rustic merriment, or been accosted with the rudeness of boisterous salutation. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at, if I often disgusted my hosts by the serenity of a countenance, which ought to have been distorted with laughter; or if I passed for a dull, insipid sort of guest, as I never was observed to be exhilarated with ale. I soon found that comparisons were made between myself and the former curate, not at all favourable to his successor; and it became sufficiently plain, that little as I was entertained

with the conversation of my flock, they were still less delighted with the manner of their pastor. This they at length evinced by constantly neglecting to invite me to their feasts, and sometimes forgetting me even at their christenings.

To want the power of pleasing those who cannot impart pleasure in return, is a species of mortification easily softened by pride. Though I was desirous of acquiring praise, where praise would have been sincere, I was soon reconciled to the neglect into which I had fallen, and determined to seek happiness in solitary study. But what pursuit of man does not forcibly remind him, that he was formed for society? Even he, who devotes his leisure to solitary study, and rejoices in his security from intrusion, still looks round him for some one of similar habits with himself, to whom he may impart his favourite ideas "warm from the brain." With such a friend was I blest at the university, and with him I still corresponded; yet epistolary correspondence, where information alone is required, is, in an intercourse of literary friendship, a very inadequate substitute for conversation; it cannot communicate the instantaneous emotions of sympathy, or express the tones of poetic rapture.

But my situation was rendered still more

comfortless, than it otherwise would have been, by a dearth of books: for though at college I had collected as many volumes, as my income would allow, my library was too small to enable me to prosecute any important undertaking. It was vain to expect assistance from libraries in the neighbourhood; as I believe that, except by myself and by the vicar of an adjacent parish, who had a closet laden with a cargo of theology, twenty volumes could not have been produced within twenty miles of my residence.

In this solitude I remained eighteen months. At length I determined to quit it; when some friends invited me to town with a view of procuring me an appointment to a vacant lectureship in the city. The prospect of a settlement in London presented to my imagination every thing which I wished. I foresaw that it would give me access to valuable libraries, and open to my mind all the fountains of knowledge. Accordingly, I accepted the proposal of my friends, and bade adieu to my parishioners on the banks of the Severn.

Some of your readers, sir, may not be acquainted with the duties and situation of a lecturer. He may, then, be defined to be, "A pensionary Parson, who is chosen by the votes of the house-keepers of a parish, and is

dependent upon their generosity and his own servility for his daily subsistence." The candidates at the present vacancy were four; each of whom, in turn, was directed to preach a probationary sermon, that the electors might be able to decide, which of us was the most deserving man in point of voice, figure, and address, and the other qualifications of a worthy clergyman. It was evident, from the beginning of the contest, that the successful candidate, whoever he might be, would succeed by a small majority: the greater number of the parishioners had promised their votes, and were exerting all their interest in behalf of their respective candidates: a few, however, preserved a strict neutrality, and were to be preached into preference. Of these I gained over the greater part, not by my own merit, but by the defects of my competitors; the first of whom was uglier than Caliban; the second detained his auditors fifty-five minutes in the cold; and the third, either by design or from ignorance, was woefully heterodox. I was duly elected by a majority of seventeen votes; the whole number consisting of four hundred and twenty one, which were otherwise almost equally distributed.

Soon, however, was I convinced, that I had gained little by my victory. The collection

annually made for my predecessor, who had the good fortune to be chosen without opposition, had amounted to upwards of ninety pounds; but as I had been elected by a sort of parochial faction, scarcely exceeding the fourth part of the inhabitants, I found myself in the receipt of less than half that sum, a sum which fell short of the emolument of my curacy; though my expenses, by living in town, were considerably augmented. My curacy, however, was lost; and, with it, I lost the friend who had patronised me at college. As I had omitted to consult him about my removal, till it was already too late, he never afterwards regarded me with warmth or tenderness, but considered me as a young man of unsettled choice and fluctuating desires, whom it was difficult to serve, and who ought to be left to his fate.

But my lecturer-ship grew continually less and less lucrative; for even of those who had voted in my favour, some had been alienated by my aversion to cringing, and gradually reduced their quotas of my pension; finding, therefore, that I should shortly be starved into a resignation of my office, I determined to retire honourably, and, at the expiration of two years, restored to the parishioners their full powers of electioneering.

Thus was I once more adrift in the world; when I received a letter from a friend in Cambridge, proposing to me the appointment of a travelling tutor. Had fortune employed whole years in an endeavour to gratify my wishes, she could not have been more successful; unless, indeed, she had offered me advantages which would be permanent. My pupil was the son of a gentleman in Cheshire, who had formerly been of the college of which my correspondent was a fellow. I instantly repaired to Cambridge to be introduced to my employer; who, after having agreed to pay me a liberal stipend for my future services to his son, and traced upon a map the route he wished us to pursue, dismissed us on our tour. It is not necessary to trouble you with the particulars of our expedition, or to enter into a detail of the natural and artificial beauties which may be met with in Switzerland and Italy. Suffice it to observe, that we were three years absent from England; that my pupil, a youth with many excellent qualities, was an example of the effects of injudicious education; and that I could rarely divert his attention from gaiety and amusements to the investigation of antiquity, and contemplation on classic scenes. On our return, however, his father expressed his warmest

approbation of my services; and I have no doubt, had he possessed borough-interest, or any of the avenues to church preferment, he would have been happy to have rewarded me with a living.

Hitherto, amidst all my inconveniences, I had never been disgusted with drudgery; but had enjoyed the otia sacra Camœnis, leisure sacred to the Muses, and had projected many literary undertakings, which my want of perseverance constantly rendered abortive. The scene, however, was about to change; but, since from this period commences a new series of events, I shall reserve the conclusion of my history for a future letter.

Your constant reader,

Lincolnshire, MUTABILIS.
Feb. —, 1793,

THE COUNTRY SPECTATOR, No. 21, February 26, 1793.

## No. CLXI.

—Vetustum
Servitium, semperque novum.
CLAUDIAN.

'Tis slavery still, though varying oft its form.

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Sir,

I HAVE already appeared before "your readers" in the several characters of an undergraduate at the university, a curate in a country village, a lecturer in London, and a travelling tutor. At the time of my return to England from my tour, I was in my thirtieth year; yet my locomotive propensities still acted with all their force: my constant amusement was to pore over a map, which gave me the idea of a change of place, and no music was so delightful to my ear as the rattling of a post-chaise.

Having waited some time, to no purpose, in the hope of employment, I accepted the appointment of an assistant at a large free-school in Kent. This was my first attempt at the business of education; and what can be more pleasant in the theory? But experience will convince all, who need conviction, that "to rear the tender thought, and teach the young idea how to shoot," is not, at least in a free-school, a very

"delightful task." I soon found that my ushership entitled me to little or no respect, either among the scholars or the inhabitants of the town; and the efforts which I made to raise my importance, served only to subject me to ridicule and contempt: for how was it possible for an usher to be a gentleman? But the want of respect I could easily have endured: the want of ease and of every comfort was a far weightier evil. The hours of confinement were no less than ten in the day: and almost the whole burden of teaching fell upon myself. The master, being a clergyman without preferment, ingeniously contrived to make a benefice of his school. It was his custom to hear the boys their first lesson on the Monday morning, and thus to conclude his labours for the week. Out of the endowment, which was two hundred and fifty pounds annually, he regularly paid me the odd fifty pounds, for being (what he called with great accuracy of language) his assistant.

The mastership was in the gift of one of the companies in London: and it had generally been their practice to appoint the usher to fill the vacancy. This was a piece of intelligence which my employer took especial care to have me acquainted with. He repeatedly reminded me, "that he was sinking apace into the vale of

years, and I was a healthy young man, who might reasonably expect to survive him; that the character he had given of me to the trustees would infallibly ensure my election; and that he thought my prospect, if I persevered in my undertaking, highly flattering and desirable." All this rhetoric went only to prove, that he was very well satisfied with his usher; but as the satisfaction was not reciprocal, at the expiration of two years from my original engagement with him, I retired from his service.

Scarcely had I been settled in another situation, when my late employer actually died: and, to my great mortification, I heard of my successor's promotion to the vacant place after a service of a very few months. Repentance for having resigned my post, however vain, was imbittered with the reflection, that I had changed my condition not at all for the better, and I have sometimes thought for the worse. I was once more in a curacy; but a very different one from that, in which I had embarked at my departure from college. It was the curacy of a market town in Yorkshire, containing five or six thousand inhabitants. How I came to accept it, I now scarcely recollect; my acceptance of it, however, forms an epoch in my

history, as it opened to me a scene of life altogether new.

At my entering on my office I found, that I was little indebted to my predecessors for any advantages which I was to enjoy. It had frequently been the policy of the rector to take into his church such men, as would be most likely to submit to drudgery without repining or reluctance; men of unaspiring hopes and confined prospects, and who felt not the generous pride inseparable from liberal education. The curacy, therefore, was considered, as it well might be, a very mean employment; not, indeed, so low, as to be incapable of exaltation; and to entail certain discredit on all who should undertake it, but in some measure dependant on the conduct of the curate. After this statement, it may subject me to the charge of vanity, to inform you that I gradually rose into the esteem of the inhabitants, and, at length, was treated with a degree of respect scarcely inferior to that which was the portion of the rector himself: yet the obligations of truth and gratitude are too binding to be violated on any consideration whatever. The parishioners, for the most part, were people in business; I do not mean petty tradesmen, but extensive merchants, or men who speculated largely in their

several concerns. Their hospitality was such, as I have not experienced elsewhere, either before or since. Their entertainments were frequent, and manners friendly. Their refinement was in that middle state, which is equally removed from the gross familiarity of my Worcestershire friends, and from the flimsy intercourse of fashionable life. This was the general character of the people, from whom I received repeated proofs of real friendship, and instances of attachment which will ever hold a place in my remembrance.

Such were the agreeable circumstances in my condition: and had all other parts of it corresponded with these, I should, probably, have remained in it to the present day, or, at least, I should not have quitted it with disgust. The drudgery of the parish duty, almost all of which fell to the lot of the curate, was so great as to be, to any man given to reading and study, nearly intolerable. There were prayers once every day throughout the year, and very frequently twice: and the occasional duty, which in so large a parish must always be oppressive, had received an additional weight from the pusillanimity or thoughtless compliance of my predecessors. In this place it had become the business of the curate to run all over the town,

at the call of any idle gossip, for the purpose of giving children private baptism. For this class of visits no hour was deemed unseasonable, and no weather unpleasant: at noon or midnight, in the sunshine or during a storm, the demand was made indiscriminately, and was urged in the peremptory language of compulsion, though the urgency of the case was never certified and not always pleaded. Against a practice so directly contrary to the order of the church, so different from the custom generally established, so utterly destructive of the comfort of the minister, and altogether so needless in the neighbourhood of a church, at first I made a spirited remonstrance; but being at length weary of repeating old arguments, and exposing the same absurdities, I gave up the contest, and determined to bear every burden which might be imposed on me, in the hope that the term of my hardships would be short: spe finis dura ferentem. I wished, indeed, to merit the thanks of my successor, by making his employment less laborious than I had found it: but rights once established are not easily laid aside, and bigotry will always quote precedents in the support of error.

This cure I had very early determined to resign, as soon as I could do it without appear-

ing to be fickle: I retained it, therefore, fifteen months; nor were the smiles of the corporation, who were the patrons of the living, a sufficiently powerful inducement with me to alter my resolution. Accordingly I took a house in the neighbourhood with the view of being employed in private tuition. After waiting a year, in which time two young gentlemen only were offered to me for instruction, I thought the prospect of success very unpromising, and resolved no longer to be the sport of caprice or vulgar criticism, but to accept the first easy curacy which might present itself. This happened to be situated in the fens of Lincolnshire, from which place my narrative is written. Scarcely had I come hither, when several letters arrived from gentlemen, who were desirous of placing their sons under my care: but my scheme of life was altered, and their proposals arrived too late. In my present situation there is little to raise my admiration or delight. I have an eye capable of deriving pleasure from the beauties of nature; but here, wherever I look, I see nothing during half the year but an extended plain of waters: I am not averse to social intercourse; but here I am doomed to uninterrupted solitude. Wearied, however, with disappointments and restlessness

of change, I have given up the pursuit of happiness, and will content myself with intercepting her as she may come into my way. In this place I have now resided forty months, and am in my thirty-eighth year. Thus am I struggling with the difficulties of life, when I ought to be enjoying its comforts.

How dangerous a propensity is this love of change? In almost every situation into which fortune has thrown me, I might, by patience and perseverance, have acquired a competency; but, like the eager husbandman, I have never waited till the fruits of my labour have attained maturity, but have pronounced the soil barren, which has not been immediately productive.

I am, sir, &c.

MUTABILIS.

Lincolnshire,
April —, 1793.

THE COUNTRY SPECTATOR, No. 28, April 16, 1793.

# No. CLXII.

Thou captivating simplicity! 'tis thine at once to effect what all the artifices of rhetoric, with all its tropes and figures, tediously and vainly labour to accomplish.—From our admirable translation of the Bible an English writer may select a diction better suited to raise the sympathy of grief, than from the most celebrated models of human composition.

KNOX.

I AM not so much surprised at your fondness for the writings of Sterne, as disappointed at finding your praise so vague and indiscriminate. It is time for you to learn that, in this world, the good and the bad are so intimately blended together, that there is no possibility of finding either the one or the other pure and unadulterated. No man is so perfect, but there is something about him that might be amended; and none are so bad, but we may find something belonging to them that merits applause. The great business of candid criticism is, to separate the chaff from the corn, and neither to approve nor condemn by the lump.

Few writers are better calculated for captivating youthful minds than Sterne. Throughout his whole works there are interspersed many lively sallies of wit, many happy strokes of hu-

mour. Even the desultory manner in which he proceeds seems to be so natural to him, and is so well suited to the volatility of youthful minds, that it is, to them, rather alluring than disgustful; and the innumerable touches of nature so frequently recurring, and so happily expressed, give to his writings a charm that is ineffably pleasing. Without being able to distinguish what are the particular ingredients in this tout ensemble that please, they admire even his quaintnesses and eccentricities. They think too often that the charm proceeds from the levity and frivolity of his manner, when it in fact arises from the singular powers of his mind. To this circumstance we are to attribute those countless swarms of imitators of his manner, and the disgusting insipidity of these miserable productions.

A talent for discriminating human characters, and delineating their traits with perfect accuracy, is one of the rarest gifts of heaven; and whoever possesses that talent in an eminent degree, will not fail to produce performances that will obtain a high degree of applause, whatever may be their defects in other respects. Shakspeare, who possessed this happy talent in a degree superior to that of any other of the sons of men who have yet appeared on the globe, has, notwithstanding the innumerable defects

that abound in his works, obtained a degree of celebrity that nothing else could ever have given him; and which, notwithstanding the attacks of snarling critics, will continue to increase as long as the language in which he writes shall be understood. There have been people weak enough to believe that if they could imitate Shakspeare in the irregularity of his plots, in the disregard of the much-talked-of unities, in the antiquated turn of his phrases, and in the low buffoonery of some of his scenes, they would be entitled to a considerable share of that approbation which has been so liberally bestowed upon him. They did not advert that it was his superlative genius which made him triumph, not in consequence of these defects, but in spite of them.

In like manner, Sterne possesses in a very eminent, though far inferior degree, that rare talent of discriminating characters, and of delineating them with precision by light touches of nature, which ever and anon occur even in the most trifling scenes. It is this which gives to these otherwise trifling scenes an interest which nothing else could ever have conferred upon them. It is from the certainty of meeting with these delicate touches of nature, that the man of taste is induced to tolerate that nauseating affectation

and puerility which is liable to turn his stomach at every line: but miserable is the delusion, and perverted is the judgment of those who think that those pitiful quaintnesses of expression, and filthy allusions, which so frequently occur, constitute the essence of that charm which has captivated so many of his readers. The fate of his imitators has proved the truth of these remarks. They have all sunk into oblivion. Happily the time is now arrived, when even the silliest of his admirers,—admirers to be sure who are unable to perceive even a glimpse of his true excellence, see the folly of attempting to imitate him in his execrable ribaldry. Sterne is, in many respects, the most detestable writer in the English language. In some respects he has no superior but Shakspeare alone. What pity that such fine talents should have been conjoined with such a vitiated taste, and perverted understanding! It is a parcel of pearls kneaded up in a lump of ordure.

I heartily commend you for the ardent wish you express of obtaining a knowledge of that which constitutes what you call chasteness of composition in the English or other languages; but you must not hope to be able to attain a clear perception of that at once. This must be the work of time and experience; for those only

whose minds have been calmed by experience, and an attentive observation of the objects round them, and the effects that various incidents produce upon the human mind, can perceive those deviations from nature and truth, which constitute a bad taste in literary compositions. In the early stages of life, whatever appears to be brilliant, is thought excellent; whatever surprises, whatever seems to be beyond the ordinary course of nature, excites admiration at that period of life; hence extravagance is accounted perfection, and the wildest eccentricities are deemed beauties. By degrees, the mind becomes sensible of the absurdity of such conceits,—in time loaths them, and gradually acquires a settled predilection for that modest propriety of expression which leads the mind directly towards the object the writer had in view, without distraction or embarrassment. It is this last kind of writings which aged men have dignified with the name of chastened compositions, and which they admire as models of perfection in literature.

I cannot recommend a more perfect pattern of this kind to your notice than the common English version of the Bible. The language is there at all times plain, simple, and unaffected; and the construction natural and easy, though the tone is grave and dignified. I know no per-

formance that deserves so high a degree of praise, when considered merely as a work of literary merit; and it has happily given a stability and perfection to the English language it never otherwise could have attained. From the universal attention it has obtained from all ranks of people, especially in Scotland, even the vulgar there understand the meaning of most of the words in the language, so as to be able to use them with a much greater degree of accuracy than people of the same rank in any other part of the world. To this circumstance I imagine we are to ascribe the facility that people even of ordinary rank in Scotland find in becoming authors; and did they not undo in some measure the lessons they have thus imperceptibly acquired in their youth, by attempting to imitate other more faulty models, which the changing whim of fashion has exalted into celebrity for the time, we should probably have been able to produce a much more respectable list of classical writers than we yet can boast of. It is impossible for me to contemplate that performance (I speak here merely of the translating of it into English), without feeling a strong emotion of respect and admiration for the persons who achieved it, and viewing it as one of the most striking monuments of human industry and genius. Open the book where you will, and you will find the lan-

guage every where simple, grave, and natural; alike when the subject requires the plain tone of humble narration, or rises into the most exalted heights of poetic enthusiasm. Like every translation, indeed, from languages of such remote antiquity, obscurities do now and then occur, which have been occasioned by misunderstanding allusions to circumstances, now, perhaps, for ever lost and unknown; but, even on these occasions, though the sense may be obscured, the language is never debased. On no occasion does it degenerate either into vulgarity and meanness, or into affectation and bombast. As a contrast to this performance, and as a striking example of the difference between a modest chastened style of writing, and that affectedly-ornamented style which I wish you to shun, you need only take up Castalio's Latin translation of the bible, and read a few pages of it. You will there find a perpetual effort to dress up every phrase in the most ornamented manner. It is as if a man, instead of gravely walking forward, were forced to move in a kind of measured dance. Instead of that sober dress, and stayed manner, which is so becoming for an aged person, it is as if a matron of three-score were ornamented with flowers, and, in the gaudy girlish frippery of fifteen, hobbling and stammering in

awkward imitation of the childish levitics of youth. Can any thing be more ridiculous or absurd? Equally absurd and ridiculous are those affected modes of writing, where the author by departing from nature endeavours to substitute artificial ornament in place of chaste propriety of expression. And though fashion may, for a time, render these conceits so familiar to the votaries of that capricious goddess, as to appear to them not only not absurd, but even highly beautiful; yet in a short while, when the fashion changes, they then appear, like the dresses of our grandmothers, ridiculous and disgusting; while those compositions which deviate not from nature, like the statue of Apollo or Antinous, continue to be admired as long as they exist.

On these accounts and many others, on which I will not now enlarge, I warmly recommend the frequent perusal of the sacred volume to your attention. I may, perhaps, take another opportunity of developing more fully my ideas on the many other benefits you will derive from the study of the Bible, which the facility alone with which it can be obtained makes young men too much disregard. I have often amused myself with endeavouring to form an idea of the surprise, the admiration, the ecstasy that would

have been excited among literary men, had that volume been, by some accident, first introduced among them. No power of thought can reach, as I should imagine, the universal interest it must have excited amongst mankind.

Many persons have expressed a wish to have a new translation of the Bible, for the purpose of modernising the language; but you will easily believe I cannot concur in this opinion. Indeed, I know of no innovation in philological literature I should more deplore. I have no objection to as many new translations as you please, and critical commentaries tending to remove ambiguities and correct mistakes; these are proper exercises for the man of letters and the divine, and may be of much utility for illustrating the sacred text; but let them continue, as they have hitherto been, the private exertions of men and nothing more. Let each of them bear that influence their intrinsic merit shall command, unaided by authority. If we may judge from the specimens we have already seen of these, we may well say of our old translation, that "take it for all and all, we never shall see its like again." In regard to our language in particular, it serves like ballast in a vessel, to keep it firm and steady in the midst of those

storms which so frequently assail it, and which, without this aid, would long ere now have been torn in pieces.*

In my last I had occasion to bestow a just tribute of praise on the classical remains of antiquity. There is no reason to believe that the writers of antiquity, however, were less capricious in their taste than those of modern times; and we may, therefore, suppose that many works were then penned which abounded with affectation and unnatural conceits, just as at present; but when the fashion of the day changed, these writings would of course become antiquated and despised; no one would take the trouble to

* In publishing this just eulogium on the language of the Bible, the editor wishes the ingenious writer had taken more pains to guard against misapprehension of his real meaning. It is pretty obvious he means to recommend the natural construction of the language, and the plain sense in which the words are so carefully employed, as objects of imitation, without confounding these with the eastern manner, borrowed from the original writers, in which the narrative is conducted; such as, "And it came to pass," and so on; to imitate which manner of writing would produce an affectation very disgusting, and directly the reverse of what he so strongly recommends. It cannot be supposed, either, that he means to recommend the now antiquated phrase "which was," as applied to animated beings. The writer has evidently thought his pupil was here in no danger of mistaking him; but when a critique of this sort is published to the world at large, there cannot be too much care taken to guard against mistakes.

transcribe them; and as few copies of them would be made, these would decay and be finally lost. It is those writings alone which possessed a more than an ordinary share of merit, particularly with respect to simplicity and unaffected ornaments, that have been preserved; and to this circumstance alone, I am convinced, we must ascribe that superior elegance which the remains of antiquity confessedly possess above the mass of modern compositions. The same circumstance will tend to preserve the chaste writings of modern times to a remote antiquity; for purity of language, and natural ease of manner have a much greater chance of ensuring this kind of immortality, than the greatest profundity of thought, or talent for accurate observation. Just thoughts, where the mode of expression is faulty, may be moulded into a more elegant form by succeeding writers; and then the original authors who suggested these will fall into oblivion. Hence then,—if you shall ever have an ambition to become an author, and to have your name revered in future times, study to acquire that simplicity of style which alone can continue long to please; and avoid, as you would do poison, those singularities of style and quaint conceits, which fashion, for a time, blazons as the quintessence of excel-

lence; for arsenic will not more certainly put a termination to the natural life of the body, than these will speedily put a period to the literary existence of those writings in which they abound.

THE BEE, vol. xiv. p. 301, April 31, 1793.

" The poetical passages of Scripture (observes Dr. Knox) are peculiarly pleasing in the present translation. The language, though it is simple and natural, is rich and expressive. Solomon's Song, difficult as it is to be interpreted, may be read with delight, even if we attend to little else but the brilliancy of the diction; and it is a circumstance which increases its grace, that it appears to be quite unstudied. The Psalms, as well as the whole Bible, are literally translated; and yet that translation abounds with passages exquisitely beautiful, and irresistibly transporting. Even where the sense is not very clear, nor the connection of ideas obvious at first sight, the mind is soothed and the ear ravished, with the powerful yet unaffected charms of the style. It is not, indeed, necessary to enlarge on the excellencies of the translation in general; for its beauties are such as to be recognised by feeling more than by description: and it must be owned, that they have been powerfully felt by the majority of the nation ever since the first edition. In many a cottage and farm-house, where the Bible and Prayer-book constitute the library, the sweet songs of Israel, and the entertaining histories of Joseph and his brethren, and of Saul and Jonathan, constitute a never-failing source of heart-felt pleasure.

" It is false refinement, vain philosophy, and an immoderate love of dissipation, which causes so little attention to be paid to this venerable book in the busy and gay world. If we do not disclaim all belief in its contents, it is surely a great omission in many gentlemen and ladies who wish to be completely accomplished, or think themselves so already, to be utterly

unacquainted with the sacred volume. It is our duty to inpect it; and it is graciously so ordered, that our duty in this instance may be a pleasure; for the Bible is truly pleasing, considered only as a collection of very ancient and curious history and poetry."

Essay xlix. Edition 1795.

## No. CLXIII.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas——
OVID.

Of transformations new and strange I tell.

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AMONG the extraordinary discoveries with which this ingenious age has abounded, none appear more curious than a late experiment in chemics, which is said to have succeeded admirably. Modern ingenuity seems, indeed, to have abundantly surpassed ancient researches, not only in the success but in the subjects of its exercise. The transmutation of metals, for example, it is well known, employed the learned attention of centuries; and the distinguished epithets of the Greek orators were transferred to certain golden philosophers of the crucible, who pursued through a disappointed life the rich dream of alchymy. Their want of success is the more to be lamented, as their pursuit was doubtlessly disinterested, and persevered in merely for the advancement of learning.

The process, however, still remains fruitless; and the subject of it, it is to be feared, will long continue the grand desideratum in the world of science.

But the newly-acquired knowledge may be considered at least as equivalent in point of curiosity, and more so as to use. The change of lead or iron into gold, though it carries with it something very pleasing to the imagination, would be found in effect little advantageous to the Midas who should accomplish it, or to the Peru or Mexico, where it should be accomplished.—The modern discovery, on the contrary, of the transmutability of the human body to a spermaceti candle (for such is the extraordinary subject of the ingenious and successful research to which I allude) cannot fail of being equally beneficial to the projector and the public.

My reader will probably be as much surprised as I confess myself to have been, if he has not happened to meet with an account of this transformation, in some of the late publications. But it comes to us so circumstantially related, that, by a new process of chemistry just discovered, the best spermaceti may be procured from dead human bodies, that it challenges peculiar attention.

Whether this new metamorphose be considered in a moral or a literary light, it will be found equally satisfactory. No mean master of philosophy, the universal Shakspeare, has

already moralised on the contrasted state to which the material part of us, even kings and heroes, is subject:

Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t'expel the winter's flaw.

How much more pleasing the contemplation, especially to the literary labourer, that his earthy part, after having been animated by the genius of his mind, should not degenerate into the unworthy offices foreseen by Hamlet; but, on the contrary, should aspire to the generous purposes of repaying the favours it had received from its old companion—of shining with grateful flame on the study of those very pages, which the labours of the mind had composed by the less brilliant glimmerings of the lamp!

It was long a doubt among the learned, whether spermaceti were a mineral or an animal substance. On that head, if any difference of opinion could have remained, it would now be entirely cleared up in favour of the latter hypothesis, by the late noble experiment; proving, exclusively of its cetaceous origin, from which the favourers of that hypothesis deduce it, that it may be procured from a much nobler

animal subject, "not very like a whale," to recur to Hamlet again, but much superior.

It is to be observed, that in considering this novel question, it is only regarded in a philosophical point of view; contradistinguished to any judgment that may be formed on its propriety, considered on more high and solemn grounds. The advantages of the science of anatomy to the conservation of health and prolongation of life, are too well known to be insisted on; and the penitent practice of malefactors becoming benefactors to the country by the disposal of their personal property after their decease, appears to have flourished in the time of the Spectator, from the bargain recorded by him, as sold by "a bite who was to be hanged in chains." Whether this particular privilege should be extended, and a general power of self-alienation be allowed, even for the useful and new lights intended by the modern discovery, it is not for an humble observer to decide:—doubtless, the present luminaries of church and state will either warmly support, or entirely extinguish, the new project, as it may deserve. In the mean time, supposing it not to be snuffed out the moment it has been lighted, it may be varied into more general view; and we may be permitted to speculate on the various supply

that might be found from human nature, for the different sorts of lights required in the purposes of life.

The relation between body and mind, though not particularly understood, is generally admitted; and their reciprocal influence is universally felt. It is pretty clear, therefore, in distributing the several subjects of the supposed corporeal translumination, that the character which each has sustained before it, is to regulate the class of luminary in which he is posthumously to shine. So it may appear literally, according to the beautiful metaphor of the poet,

Even in our ashes live our wonted fires!

Indian objects naturally occur to Indian observation, and the most splendid first strike the eye. The high Behauder, for instance, when his mortal fire is out, would blaze away with peculiar propriety in the brilliant branch-lights that we have heard of in Calcutta, preceding the pomp; while the buck might continue to burn in a flaming massaul, still lighting the nocturnal lads, as Falstaff proposed to his luminous friend Bardolph; who may be mentioned indeed, on this occasion, as at the same time an anticipation of the plan, and an authority for the practice.

The native chiefs who shine in war, might continue in splendour, lighted upon the walls they have defended; or more naturally still, in rockets to be thrown from them: and the brunette beauties of the country, not less killing, could add the brightness of their eyes to the brilliancy of the blue-lights, and still dazzle the beholders.

The gentle maiden, untimely torn from a world she had just begun to adorn, should still beam the purest ray from the virgin wax taper, to communicate the chaste affections of surviving lovers; and the nuptial torch should be lighted, at the same instant, by the united and "wonted fires" of the happy wedded pair who had lived and died together, and who shine a constant and equal example of the holy flame.

Spendthrifts would be candles lighted at both ends, and a miser would continue to die, as the snuff of a wick on a save-all. The little ductile wax, lighted without warmth, might, like its constituent, the petit maitre, attend his mistress to the toilet, and then—go out: while the bully, vapouring below in a huge flambeau, should emit volumes of smoke from very little fire.

The hypocrite, the traitor to his friend, the systematic seducer, the deep designer of fraud,

and the man of self, would all be worthy candidates for the honour of illuminating one side of a dark lantern.

Irascible men, subject to sudden fits and starts of passion, would bounce about very naturally in squibs and crackers; and if obstinately choleric, might arrive at the dignity of fire-works.

A plain steady man and a decent mould-candle might agree very well; but a dirty fellow should be a dipped tallow; and a mean scoundrel a farthing candle.

Authors would very naturally be ardent to relumine their garrets; and the plagiarist would be quite at home, as a thief in their candle.

How admirably would democrats be displayed in fire-brands, and the advocates for equality crackle in a general conflagration.

Lawyers, according to the use of the legal lights of their "brief candle" in life, would either guide the dark way of the traveller, from the friendly beacon; or puzzle him, as ignes fatui, in the labyrinth.

Bonfires, rejoicing for glorious successes, would require the ardour of the soldier who had fallen to acquire them;—patriots and heroes

would burn in frankincense, and still live grateful to the sense of their country:—and the man of God might continue to enlighten the people, from the watch-tower on high.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER, No. 23, Feb. 11, 1794.

## No. CLXIV.

Her fancy followed him through foaming waves
To distant shores, and she would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers: fancy, too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know.

COWPER.

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IF the following little tale should be thought defective in point of incident, the reader is informed, that it is not offered to him as the effort of a fertile imagination, and that its simplicity arises from the reality of the events. Should it be censured for want of novelty, the charge, perhaps, cannot be obviated, but the inference to be drawn from it is so much the more just; for when misery roams abroad, why sleeps benevolence?

At a village on the coast of Sussex lived Wilson and Mary. They had been married to each other, while they both were young, and found in connubial life the comforts, which all expect, and few enjoy. He had been brought up to the occupation of a fisherman; and the profits arising from his employment, together with a small annuity purchased for him by his father, produced an income, which removed

himself and Mary far above the pressure of want, and allowed the indulgence of every wish which their breasts had learned to frame. They were richer in their humble lot than are the aspiring great, and far more blest than those whom fortune holds up to envy.

That elegance of sentiment is necessary to the existence of happiness in ourselves, or to our perception of it in others, is the dream of lettered pride or frivolous refinement. Wilson and Mary were regarded by the cottagers as the happiest couple in the village: and those who remember them, still recount instances of their mutual tenderness. As soon as the tide came in, Mary with her children would be the first on the beach, to welcome the return of Wilson's boat, and to solace with her smiles the labours he had endured for herself and her little ones. When he had been successful, she would draw his attention to the children; and when he had buffetted the billows in vain, she would impute his failure to the roughness of the sea, which on the morrow would be calm.

When France had engaged to assist the colonies in establishing their independence, Wilson felt a desire to exchange the inglorious life of a fisherman, for the more honourable duties of a British Seaman. He was influenced, partly, by the prejudices against the French, which among our sea-

faring people are hereditary; and partly, by the lure of prize-money, which suggested to him the hope of enriching his family by some fortunate achievement. When he mentioned his project to Mary, she burst into a flood of tears, and then, for the first time, doubted his attachment to her; she reproached him with cruelty in wishing to desert a wife and family, whose welfare depended wholly on his safety: the hope of prize-money she treated as a suggestion of avarice and discontent: "So long, as you live," said Mary, "I am rich and happy; but if you are determined to leave me, something within me says, we shall never meet again."

Wilson, moved by the persuasive eloquence of female tears, desisted from his purpose, and resolved to pursue his ordinary occupation. He continued to enjoy domestic comfort; and his boat, towards the end of the ensuing season, had been more successful than any on the coast: One evening, however, when the fishermen had ong been expected, the tide was observed to retreat, and not a single boat had arrived. The sea was calm, and the wind favourable to their return. The fears of Mary were soon awakened for the fate of her husband, and at length every countenance throughout the village was marked with anxiety and terror. When two hours had

elapsed from the beginning of the ebb, some fishermen arrived with the intelligence, that as they were returning home, they discovered, between themselves and the land, a frigate, who had brought-to several trading vessels in order to press their men; that, to avoid her, they were obliged to put farther out to sea, and to make a large circuit, before they could steer with safety for the land; that a part of the ship's crew had gone in pursuit of them, and that Wilson, with several others, had been carried on board. At this information Mary was almost distracted. Not only was her husband torn away from her, but she knew not what had become of him. The conjectures concerning the ship's course were various and contradictory. She wished immediately to follow Wilson, but could gain no tidings, where he might be found. After three days of agonising suspense, she received a letter from him, dated from on board a tender lying at Chatham. She instantly took the coach; and in two days was admitted to the presence of her husband. The regulating officer, whose feelings had not acquired an increase of sensibility from frequent spectacles of distress, was touched with the tenderness of this interview. Her entreaties, however, for Wilson's release, were ineffectual; and after being per-

mitted to converse with him awhile in private, she was ordered to be taken ashore. The impressed men were immediately transferred from the tender to a man of war, which sailed out of the Medway the same afternoon. Mary followed the ship with her eye, till it was no longer visible, and then gave herself up to melancholy and grief.

After remaining at Chatham for a day, she summoned resolution to revisit her cottage. But it was not now, as heretofore, the abode of happiness and peace; the fire-side had lost its powers of imparting comfort; and the coming-in of the fishing-boats served only to remind her of Wilson. By degrees, indeed, she recovered her former spirits, and began to amuse her imagination with the distant prospect of her husband's return. Some letters from him, in which he pictured to his fancy speedy conquest and accumulated wealth, contributed to this end; till at length, she became reconciled to his absence, and regained her accustomed cheerfulness.

It was the lot, however, of Wilson to serve in Lord Rodney's squadron, which engaged the Spanish fleet commanded by Langara. The event of that fight is well known to have been honourable to the British arms. But the glory of nations is not to be purchased without the

blood of individuals. In that contest were sacrificed the lives of many brave seamen, and, among others, that of the humble hero of this narrative. After he had distinguished himself, during the heat of the action, by signal instances of courage and intrepidity, almost the last shot which the enemy fired severed him in two. His comrades lamented his loss with the sincerity of sailors, and amidst the acclamations of victory committed him to the deep.

It was some time, before Mary received the fatal intelligence; her first expressions of grief were wild and frantic, but the nearer prospect of penury threw over her countenance the thoughtful air of settled dejection. At the decease of her husband his annuity was, of course, no more; and a few pounds, which were due from his country to his past services, formed almost the whole of the little subsistence by which she and three children were henceforward to be supported. She immediately took leave of the cottage, which was no more to be gladdened with the presence of Wilson, and retired to a meaner habitation. Here she endeavoured to obtain a maintenance by employing herself and children in making nets for the fishermen; but, as most of them had families of their own, this expedient afforded her little encouragement. Her

misfortunes being known in the neighbourhood, a gentleman, who had formerly been in the navy, observed " that it was a pity three such fine boys should not serve his Majesty;" and accordingly sent them to the Marine Society in London; but upon being solicited to procure some means of subsistence for the widow, he replied, " that he did not know of any provision made for her by the government, or that she had any reason to expect it; for that her husband and her children were now out of her way, and she was free from all incumbrances as before she was married."

To have known better days, will sometimes recommend us to gratuitous relief, but rarely to employment. Prosperity is not supposed to have prepared the mind for humiliation and dependence; and the obedience of those who have been unused to servitude, will always be thought insufficient. Wherever Mary offered her services, she was, as is usual, constantly interrogated respecting her last place; and on the recital of her story, as regularly rejected. Sometimes, indeed, the humane would afford her temporary succours; but favours once conferred are not often repeated. Many, however, would coldly remark, that her distress was not peculiar to herself, and that the same provi-

sion was made for her, as for the poor in general.

Hunger now stared her in the face; yet a sense of shame still forbade her to ask relief of a parish, in which she had lived with credit and respect. But her distresses did not escape the vigilance of the overseer of the poor, who gave her to understand that she had no settlement in the village, as her husband had never been included in the rates. She was born at a sea-port town in Kent, seventy miles from her present residence; to this place she was ordered to be removed. Having submitted to the insolence and cruelty of the parish-officers in the towns through which she passed, and having survived the fatigue of a journey rendered dangerous by the weakness of her health, she arrived at the place of her destination, and was sent to the workhouse. She had there been supported near three years, when death put an end to her sorrows. Two of her sons are now in the service of their country, and inherit their father's bravery; perhaps, his fate.

THE COUNTRY SPECTATOR, No. 27, April 9, 1793.

## No. CLXV.

Mista senum ac juvenum densantur funera; nullum
Sæva caput Proserpina fugit.

HORAT.

Both age and youth, promiscuous, crowd the tomb;
No mortal head can shun th' impending doom.

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THAT the good and evil, the felicities and misfortunes of human life, are alike precarious, is a great and established truth, known and felt by the most rude and untutored people. Every one knows that our lives, being at the divine disposal, are not for a moment sure. The hand of death hangs over us in the joyous hours of hilarity, threatens the tranquil pleasures of connubial happiness, and meets us with its pointed dart, amidst the dignity of religious and philosophic retirement. Death shoots his stings from every side, and is terrible to all. The rose of youth, and the gray hairs of age; the blushing smiles of beauty, and the paleness of declining elegance; the glittering magnificence of royalty, and the humble roof of rural quietness; the rudeness of unlettered barbarism, and the polish of instructed genius; must all yield to the inevitable blow.

When the social comforts of life thus drop away, let us not, like Zeno, coldly refuse to pay our tribute to departed worth, but, with all the warmth of Tibullus, speak the language of our hearts.

I have been led into these reflections by the death of that celebrated and illustrious man, who has opened the long hidden mines of Oriental literature, and displayed them to the European world, with all the brilliancy of British eloquence. And can there be a subject more worthy the notice of an Indian Observer, than that exalted character? The man, who, with all the amiable and endearing qualities of the heart, disdaining the lesser amusements of life, devoted his time to the service of his country, of science, and of virtue.

Possessing in all the habitudes of life a perennial spring of cheerfulness, and a conciliating gentleness of manners, warmed by the simple greatness of moral affection, is there a heart so callous as not to feel his loss? Is there a husband who knows the tenderness of love, and the purity of domestic felicities; is there a friend who glows with sincerity; or is there a man who respects the divine attributes of virtue, who does not deplore it with the deepest regret?—Their breasts beat in unison of sorrow,

and, with the calm manliness of silent grief, pay their heart-felt tribute of affection, to the memory of the brother of human kindness?

Virtues so transcendant, a heart so perfect, and a mind so sound, form, indeed, a combination of private excellencies, rare and admirable.

Religion, the source of every moral goodness, found, in him, a constant supporter, and an obedient child. Moderate and magnanimous, he was orthodox without bigotry, and zealous without ostentation. With all the mildness of Christianity, he enjoyed its benefits, and participated its enjoyments.

Such endearing benignity, seldom equalled, and not to be surpassed, added a lustre to the splendour of his public character, unparalleled even in the annals of literary record.

We contemplate both the private and public endowments of Sir William Jones, with a correspondent and peculiar satisfaction. At home he was always good, and abroad he was always great. As a great man, whether we consider the perspicacity of his genius, the variety of his powers, or the extent of his erudition, we are alike enamoured and astonished.

Of his mental qualifications, at once so

splendid ar d extraordinary, let me indulge in the enumeration. That promptitude of perception which sees through systems at a glance, that brightness of understanding which no paradoxical theorems can cloud, that solidity of judgment which scepticism dares not approach, and, above all, that retention of memory which carries worlds on its wing, were possessed by him in all the amplitude of perfection. With such properties, a lively fancy, corrected by an exquisite taste, formed his mind, while he was yet a boy, to the charms of poetry, which, in his maturer years, ripened into eminence as a poetical critic. But his infant attachment and partiality to the velvet paths of the muses, did not prevent him from penetrating with persevering assiduousness the thorny avenues of science. As a lawyer, he distinguished himself at an early age; and he not only attained a superior knowledge in the laws of his own country, but in those also of every other of the civilised globe. Without having travelled much, but with a perfect knowledge of the ancient tongues, he not only mastered all the polished languages of Europe, but also those of Asia. The Sanskreet, a language of which, till Mr. Wilkins's publication, little was known, but the

name, and the celebrity of those who speak it, he attempted unassisted by a grammar, and conquered by that unwearied diligence to which all other studies yielded. His numerous and elegant translations, and particularly his last very great and curious production, posterity will only need to know, never to cease admiring. The present generation already knows sufficient to render the comments of an humble essayist useless and unavailing. The name of Sir William Jones stands alone a monument of greatness; it commands the attention of surrounding nations, and extorts the praises of malignant criticism. It demands the gratitude of the ignorant, the commemoration of the learned, and the prayers of the pious.

Such were the virtues, such the acquirements of this mighty genius; who has at once illuminated the eastern and western hemispheres; whose name resounds through both, with the fondest acclamations of regard; and whose death is mourned from the throne to the cottage.

To attempt an illustration of Sir William Jones's character, by contrasting his powers with those of other great men, is obviously unnecessary;——for where can a man be named,

either in ancient or modern history, of equal knowledge? Others have gone through the beaten tracks of science, and some have made roads of their own; but where can we find a man besides, who has at once done both, and dug through the almost inaccessible precipices of Asiatic learning! With him the world was blessed; with him his country was honoured; with him literature was graced; but the sacred arm of Omnipotence hath snatched him from us, to a happier and more exalted place, where he will receive the rewards of virtue.

On a subject so distressing, no reader will, I hope, think I should have said more; and I am sure, none will say, I should have said less.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER, No. 42, June 24, 1794.

The late accomplished Duchess of Devonshire has admirably condensed into a few lines, a just and striking character of this immortal man.

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Unbounded learning, thoughts by genius fram'd,
To guide the bounteous labours of his pen,
Distinguish'd him, whom kindred sages nam'd,
"The most enlighten'd of the sons of men."

Upright through life, as in his death resign'd,
His actions spoke a pure and ardent breast;
Faithful to God, and friendly to mankind,
His friends revered him, and his country blest.

Admired and valued in a distant land,
His gentle manners all affection won;
The prostrate Hindu own'd his fostering hand,
And Science mark'd him for her fav'rite son.

Regret and praise the general voice bestows,
And public sorrows with domestic blend;
But deeper yet must be the grief of those,
Who, while the sage they honour'd, lov'd the friend

## No. CLXVI.

Qui sint legendi, quæ in quoque auctore præcipua virtus.

QUINTILIANUS.

What books should be read, and what is the peculiar excellence of each author.

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THERE are many excellent books written in the Italian language; and it is so pleasing an acquirement, that I think it will add much to your enjoyment through life, to make yourself completely master of it; and now that you know the French, you will find the study of it rather an amusing exercise than a tiresome task. In a very few weeks you will be able to read it with pleasure; and under the tuition of a good master, you will find the pronunciation very easy.

The best histories of the early periods of modern nations were originally written in the Italian language. Before the discovery of the passage to India, by the Cape of Good Hope, the Genoese and Venetians were the most active and enterprising nations on the globe, both for trade and manufactures. They were of course wealthy and powerful, and their language for some centuries was the most fashion-

able in Europe. The struggles they made to preserve their power against the encroachments of the Turks, the Spaniards, and the French, and the internal convulsions among the little independent states in Italy itself, afford abundant matter for the historic page; and many books have been written on these subjects.

Among their distinguished writers, Machiavel justly holds a very conspicuous rank. His history of Florence is written with a clearness and perspicuity, which, on a subject so much involved in the deep machinations of violently-contending parties, could never have been done but by the exertion of talents of a most superior kind. I know no book which is more proper to be read by those who are desperately in love with republican institutions, if they wish to consult experience as their guide: if they have a desire to join reasoning with experience, his dissertations on the decades of Livy are still more deserving their notice. Indeed every thing that came from the pen of Machiavel is super-eminently great, and discovers that he possessed a stretch of thought, and a depth of understanding, that falls to the lot of few of the sons of men. His writings have had the fate that may ever be expected in cases o the same kind,—they have not been unperstood; and

have been represented as disseminating doctrines, so ridiculously absurd, that he must have been a fool, as well as a villain, if he could have entertained these notions for one moment. Even the great Frederick himself, when he ventures to criticise Machiavel, only beats down a man of straw of his own creation. From this circumstance I am convinced, that this great man criticised the Italian author, as Voltaire did Shakspeare, without understanding the language in which he wrote; for I can scarcely believe that if he had understood the language, Frederick could so much have mistaken the true scope of Machiavel's arguments. The principle of Machiavel, I have no hesitation in saying it to you, contains more sound sense respecting the art of government, than perhaps any other treatise that has been written since his time; though I should scarcely venture to say this in public, lest I should be suspected of favouring arbitrary power, which I detest. But the world is so much in the habit of judging of this author from second hand, that I should not wish to run the gauntlet on the occasion, or to answer all the silly things that would be brought forward on that subject. In regard to matters of government, which is a subject too intricate for the common apprehension of mankind, a

wise man will in general choose to say little, if he wishes to preserve the good opinion of those with whom he converses; and will allow every one to sport their own notions on the subject, without combating them. This I consider to be a very harmless kind of complaisance, which tends greatly to preserve good humour, and to promote the pleasures of society. Of what consequence is it to the public to prevent men from talking a little nonsense, on this as well as other subjects? it only serves to ventilate the spirits, if I may use that phrase, and to preserve the habit in a sound temperament. I give you this hint as an excellent rule for regulating your conduct on entering into the world, which, if adopted, you will find of much use in your passage through life. Hypocrisy of all kinds I abhor; but in this case there is no use for any kind of hypocrisy: a little playful sportiveness is perfectly harmless; and under the shelter of that shield you can easily allow opinions to glance by you smoothly, without either directly opposing them, or adopting them as your own.

I do not, however, desire you to read the writings of Machiavel, till your judgment is matured by experience and observation; for it is then only that you will be able to perceive their merit, and to appreciate their beauties.

When you read them, and advert to the time in which he wrote, you will be amazed at the extent of his knowledge. His treatise on military tactics, I have been assured by a very good judge of these matters, has laid the foundation of all the improvements that have taken place in modern times in this branch of science.

Guicciardin writes on a period of history that is less perplexed, and his work will prove more interesting to you than that of Machiavel; though you will still find it difficult to follow the vast variety of complicated interest, which put such mighty powers in motion at that perplexed period; but Guicciardin writes with such simplicity of manner throughout the whole, that if you once can get a clear view of the objects aimed at by the different parties at the beginning, and the grounds of their respective claims, you will afterwards accompany the historian through all his details with much satisfaction. Very few historians, in modern times, have a better claim to admiration, than Guicciardin.

Bentivoglio is an easy and sprightly writer. One would have scarcely believed it possible for a man to write such a pleasing book, on a subject so horrible as he had occasion to treat: but what is impossible for the human genius to

accomplish? Bentivoglio gives a detail of the affairs of the low countries, under the administration of the Duke of Alva and his succèssors, in a series of letters written in the most agreeable and interesting manner; and although he espoused the cause of a tyrant, yet he represents the struggles of the oppressed rebels, as he calls them, with so much candour and distinctness, that his book will be read with pleasure by the warmest friend to the liberties of mankind. I question much if you will be able to find a history of that period, in any language, which will more engage your attention than that work.

But of all the historians of modern times, Davila comes the nearest to the idea that I have formed of perfection in that kind of writing. The subject of his history (the civil wars in France) is one of the most dark and intricate periods he could have chosen; and being present himself on the spot, at a time when the minds of all around him were roused into the madness of frenzy by reciprocal atrocities, one would have supposed that it was impossible for him to avoid being hurried away by the torrent on one side or the other, beyond the bounds of strict impartiality. But this he never

does. He moves forward at all times with a grave and becoming dignity, that appears to be above the influence of those little prejudices which so much affect the conduct of weak minds. His language is every where pure and elegant; and it flows on with a uniformly-dignified tenure that has scarcely a parallel. On no occasion does he descend to the puerility of a witticism, and never does he rise into the regions of bombast. He develops the springs of action of the parties concerned, with a perspicuity that has no equal that I have seen. In doing this, indeed, he has adopted a method I never could bear, with patience, in any other author, that of giving speeches of the parties in council on extraordinary occasions; a practice common to the Italian historians, and which I cannot approve, but which, under his management, I know not how to condemn; for one would think it scarcely possible to do it with so much distinctness in any other way. This is another instance of the power of genius, in respect of literary productions. The history of Davila commands my admiration in a high degree; but he is among the last writers I would recommend, as a model for one who was about to compose a history; for without the singular

talents he possessed, it would, like the writings of the imitators of Sterne, be a most execrable performance.

It will be some time after you can read Italian prose with ease, before you can read the poets with satisfaction,—and you ought not perhaps to attempt it too soon; for the language of poetry and of prose is, with them, extremely different. While you have the benefits of a teacher, however, you should begin to read poetry, that you may acquire an idea of the peculiarities of that kind of writing; and you will find, contrary to what you would expect, some dramatic writings the easiest: for although you there meet with familiar phrases which require the assistance of a teacher, yet, in the comedies of Goldoni especially, you will find the tone so little elevated above prose, that you will be able to read his works long before you could take pleasure in Tasso or Ariosto, far less in the lyric compositions of various authors, or the Canzionetti of Petrarca, which is perhaps the most difficult book in the Italian language.

I never yet could much admire the Gierusalemme Liberrata of Tasso, which has been so much applauded. The uniformity and perpetual sameness of the measured stanza, called ottavo rime, somewhat like the stanza that

Spenser has adopted in his Fairy Queen, becomes extremely disgusting in a long work. There appears to me likewise in this performance, a feebleness and want of energy sufficient to interest in so long a work, though there is a pomp of description, that if a verse be taken singly appears extremely beautiful. I must, however, except from this kind of negative censure, the character of Armida, which, towards the close of the poem especially, is drawn with a truth and delicacy, that, in some instances, would not have been unworthy Shakspeare himself. Beware of reading the English translation of this work, if you ever wish to feel the charms of the original painting.

Ariosto is a much more original writer than Tasso, and, though infinitely more regular, will afford you much more pleasure, if your mind is delighted with the genuine touches of nature, which constitute the true test of genius in poetical composition: but you will find his language more difficult than that of Tasso; and you will lose infinitely more of the pleasure you ought to feel, by not understanding his fine allusions thoroughly. Open not this book then, till you are far advanced in Italian literature.

Tasso's Aminta displays more force of genius than his Gierusalemme; but less chastity of

judgment. It was a juvenile performance, written with great fire, while the imagination was unrestrained. There are many fine touches in it; but there is a luscious warmth in some of the descriptions, which will be rather admired than approved of. The whole of the plot is so totally out of nature, as to deserve no sort of criticism.

The Pastor Fido of Guarini, viewed as a poem, is a delightful composition. For harmony of numbers, and beauty of descriptions, perhaps it has no superior in any language; but considered as a dramatic performance, it is nothing. The author has evidently had the Aminta in his eye; and the plot has the same defects, and the characters the same unnatural extravagance which prevail throughout that work. But in the Pastor Fido, we find more fine poetry; in the Aminta, more of the enthusiasm of genius.

It is here worthy of particular remark, that though Italian poetry, in general, be shackled with rhyme and measured verse, as much as almost any of the other languages of modern Europe, yet they preserve in their dramatic pieces, a degree of freedom and ease that none of these languages can boast of. Rhyme, except in the lyric pieces, they seldom adopt; and as to measure, it is free, and bounded only

by the sense and the general cadence that that requires. As a specimen I shall transcribe the following lines, being part of a soliloquy in the Pastor Fido, which you can read perfectly well by sounding every letter in the same way as in the Latin, and the *ch* as if it were written *k*, and *c* as if written *ch*.

O primavera gioventù de l'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D' herbe novelle, e di novelli amori.
Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornano i sereni,
E fortunati dì de le mie gioie:
Tù torni ben, tù torni,
Ma teco altro non torna,
Che del perduta mio caro tesoro
La remembranza misera, e dolente.
Tù quella se' tù quella,
Ch'eri pur dinanzi sì vezzosa e bella:
Ma non son io giá quel ch'un tempo fui
Sicaro a gli occhi altrui.
O dolcezze amarissime d'amore
Quanto é più duro perdirve, che mai.
Non haver ò provate ò possedute.
Come saria l'amar felice stato
Se'l gia goduto ben non si perdesse;
O quando egli si perde,
Ogni memoria ancora
Del delegnato ben si dileguase.*

* The beginning of this beautiful soliloquy, like the Integer vitæ of Horace, has been translated into all modern lan-

Never were there two performances which had so much similarity in name, and so little resemblance in other respects, as the beautiful Scots Pastoral, the Gentle Shepherd of Allan Ramsay, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. In the first, the characters are delineated with a beautiful simplicity and truth, that has no equal in any pastoral composition I know; but, at the same time, there is an unnatural stiffness in the rhyming measure, which totally destroys that easy fluency and natural melody, which constitutes a principal charm in dramatic colloquy. In the Italian poem this is directly the reverse; for nothing can exceed the easy flow and delightful melody of its numbers: nor can any thing be more unlike to nature than the delineation of its characters.*

The same thing may be said, in a certain measure, of all the writings of Metastasio; for never did any man attain such a high character as a dramatic writer, who was less capable of delineating, than Metastasio. If his plays, divested of his enchanting lyric pieces, were read

guages, and imitated in them times innumerable; one of the happiest imitations of it we have seen, is by Drummond, of Hawthornden, to which the curious reader is referred. It begins,

* Sweet spring, thou turn'st with all thy goodly train. EDIT.



attentively, I know no performances that would appear so unnatural and absurd; and I have often amused myself with thinking of the effect that a literal prose translation of the works of Metastasio would produce on the mind of a man, who was acquainted with the characters that occur in the dramas of that celebrated writer. If he were of a morose and cynical disposition, he would throw the book into the fire before he had read a dozen pages; but if he had a mind apt to be tickled with ludicrous combinations, he would find it a bundle of the most laughable absurdities that could be conceived. Yet, with all these glaring defects, such is the charm of those inimitable beautiful little airs which occur in every page, that no person who understands the language, and has the smallest taste for poetical imagery, can ever be satisfied with reading. There is such an ineffable charm perpetually draws him forward that he cannot desist; he admires, admires, and still admires; nor can he find words to express in any adequate terms the pleasure that he feels in their perusal. Yet, though the charms of Guarini and Metastasio alike consist in the poesy of stile, there is great difference between the two, and the effect they produce on the mind. In Guarini, the beauty consists in the

recitative, if I may borrow a phrase from the Italian, and apply it to a work in which no music occurs; in Metastasio, in the air. In Guarini, the whole of the narrative is flowing, harmonious, and beautiful. You are every where carried along with the characters in the drama, and have not your attention carried off by any thing extraneous; you feel a high degree of pleasure, but no enchantment. In Metastasio, the dramatic characters are scarcely interesting at all, and the connecting scenes pass over with little notice; but ever and anon a delightful lyric air occurs, which, from the melody of style alone, and totally independent of the aid of music, is so enchantingly delightful, that I think it next to impossible for any one not to be captivated with them. Great is the power of genius! This is a maxim I have often occasion to repeat in the course of these disquisitions. I think you will deem the trouble of acquiring the Italian language abundantly repaid, by the pleasure of reading Metastasio alone. I know no acquirement which would afford to a lady of fine taste, such a high fund of entertainment.

I find I have been insensibly hurried to a greater length than I intended; so I must defer

answering your queries respecting the Spanish writers till another occasion. Adieu.

THE BEE, vol. xv. p. 1, May 8, 1793.

The Gierusalemme of Tasso is here too much depreciated; it is assuredly neither deficient in harmony nor in variety of numbers; nor can I discover, with one or two exceptions, the feebleness, or want of energy, of which the writer complains. The poem certainly does not possess the strength or sublimity of Milton; but yet it is sustained throughout with no small portion of vigour, excels in variety of character, and excites an interest inferior to no other epic but the Odyssey of Homer.

I shall present my readers with the beautiful sonnet of Drummond, referred to in the note, only observing that the copies of this sonnet vary in the first and fifth lines; Mr. Headley reads turn'st, and Mr. Chalmers com'st. I quote from the edition of Drummond, lately published by the latter gentleman.

Sweet spring, thou com'st with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs,
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Sweet spring, thou com'st—but, ah! my pleasant hours,
And happy days, with thee come not again;
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee come, which turn my sweets to sours.
Thou art the same which still thou wert before,
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair;
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone; nor gold nor gems can her restore.*
Neglected Virtue, seasons go and come,
When thine forgot lie closed in a tomb.

SONNET vii. Part 2.

* In Mr. Headley's copy it is "her can restore."

# No. CLXVII.

Sunt certi denique fines.
HORAT.

Some certain mean in all things may be found.
FRANCIS.

A COALITION of a very pleasing nature has been attempted by some British artists, between poetry and painting. Poetry and painting are, no doubt, congenial arts. They have some principles or essential qualities in common, and denote similar energies in the mind of the poet and painter.

It is, therefore, exceedingly pleasing to see the fine fancy of the poet, particularly the bold and striking imagery of Shakspeare, as exhibited in the Shakspeare-Gallery, realised by the pencil; and displayed, as it were, not only to mental but actual vision.

But the observation is no less just in criticism than in morals, that where we enjoy a great deal of pleasure, we also encounter a good deal of danger. Pleasing as, on many occasions, may be the effects of this combination between two of the most elegant arts, it ought not to be attempted in any instance, without

cautious deliberation and acute discernment. In particular, much discernment and good taste are required, for ascertaining what passages in a poem are proper subjects for painting. Here the admirers of painting, and the partisans of its alliance with poetry, may be inclined to ask, Are not all fine passages in a poem fit to be delineated by the painter; are not the arts congenial, and are they not produced by similar energies? They are admitted to be congenial; but some distinctions must be attended to. Let it be particularly attended to and remembered, that what is highly poetical is not always picturesque. Many fine thoughts of the poet, and many objects presented by him to the mind, cannot, by all the creative power of lines, colours, and shades, be rendered visible. Can any grief be more natural than that of Cordelia, when she is informed how cruelly her sisters have treated her father? But who can pourtray the feelings that shrink from notice, as the sensitive plant from the touch, that veil themselves with reserve; that fly even from consolation, and hide themselves in the secret mazes and mysterious sanctuaries of the heart?

KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?

GENT. Ay, sir; she took 'em, read 'em in my presence;
And now and then an ample tear trill'd down
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen
Over her passion, which, most rebel like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

KENT. O, then, it mov'd her.

GENT. But not to rage. Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sun-shine and rain at once. Those happiest smiles
That play'd on her ripe lip seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropp'd.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all
Could so become it.

KENT. Made she no verbal question?

GENT. Once or twice, she heav'd the name of father,
Pantingly, forth, as if it press'd her heart;
Cry'd, Sisters! sisters! what? i' th' storm of night?
Let pity ne'er believe it! then she shook
The holy water from her heav'nly eyes,
And then retir'd to deal with grief alone.

In like manner, the sublime and awful vision in the book of Job, the indistinct form of the spirit, the portentous silence, and the solemn voice, shake and appal the soul; but set at defiance all the skill and dexterity of the most ingenious artist.

"In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face;

the hair of my flesh stood up: it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof; an image was before mine eyes; there was silence, and I heard a voice."

In fact, persons of real candour, who are capable of discerning, and of giving attention to the beauties of nature, will acknowledge the existence of many fine and striking landscapes, which cannot be imitated or displayed by the painter. Exquisite scenery, without being picturesque, may be distinguished both for beauty and grandeur. Or shall we say, as I have heard asserted by some fashionable connoisseurs, that nothing in external nature, no combination whatever of water, trees, and verdure, can be accounted a beautiful object, unless it be transferred to the canvas. Contrary to this, it may at least be doubted, whether many delightful passages, if I may so express myself, both at the Leasowes and among the lakes in Cumberland, though gazed at with tenderness, or contemplated with admiration, would not baffle all the power of the pencil, Though poetry ought to be like painting, yet the maxim or rule, like many other such rules and maxims, is not to be received without due limitation.

It is therefore the duty of the painter, who by his art would illustrate that of the poet, to

consider in every particular instance, whether the description or image be really picturesque. I am loth to blame where there is much to commend, and where the artist possesses high and deserved reputation. But will it not be admitted, that the picture by Reynolds, which represents the death of Cardinal Beaufort, as described by Shakspeare, is liable to the censure of injudicious selection in the choice of a subject? Or is it possible for any colouring or delineation to convey the horror of the situation so impressively as in the words of the poet?

SAL. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.
KING. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.———
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

The subject is entitled to more particular consideration.—Certain dispositions of mind produce great effects on the body; agitate the whole frame, impress or distort the features. Others again, more latent, or more reserved, suppress their external symptoms, scorn or reject, or are not so capable of external display, and occasion no remarkable, or no immediate change in limb, colour, or feature. Such peculiar feelings and affections, averse to render themselves visible, are not fit subjects for that

art which affects the mind, by presenting to the eye the resemblant signs of its objects. Despair is of this number: such utter despair as that of Cardinal Beaufort. It will not complain, for it expects no redress; it will not lament, for it desires no sympathy; brooding upon its hopeless affliction, it neither weeps, nor speaks, "nor gives any sign." But, in the picture under review, the painter represents the chief character in violent and extreme agitation. Nor is even that agitation, if we allow despair to display agitation, of a kind sufficiently appropriated. Is it the sullen anguish, the suppressed agony, the horrid gloom, the tortured soul of despair? No: it is the agitation of bodily pain. The poor abject sufferer gnashes his teeth, and writhes his body, as under the torment of corporal suffering. The anguish is not that of the mind. No doubt, at a preceding moment, before his despondency was completely ratified, the poet represents him as in great perturbation; but the affliction is from the pangs of death.

WAR. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.

But after his despair receives full confirmation from the heart-searching speech of Henry, his feelings are seared with horror, and his

agony will "give no sign." For the moment of the picture is not when Beaufort is said to be grinning with mortal anguish; but the more awful moment, when having heard the request of Henry, he sinks, of consequence, into the deepest despondency. Before that, it would have been no other than the picture of a man, of any man whatever, expiring with bodily pain. If indeed the picture is to express any thing peculiar or characteristic, it must be despair formerly excited, but now ratified and confirmed by the speech of Henry:

> KING. Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on Heaven's bliss,
> Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.——
> He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

In short, the passage, highly sublime and affecting as it must be acknowledged, is more poetical than picturesque; and the artist has wasted, on an ill-chosen subject, his powers, rather of execution, in this instance, than of invention. Surely we see no masterly invention in the preternatural being placed behind or beside the Cardinal; for though the poet has said, in the character of Henry, that a "busy meddling fiend was laying siege to his soul;" yet as the speaker did not actually see the fiend, there was no occasion for introducing him, like the devil in a puppet-show, by the side of the bed.

Nor is there much invention in the stale artifice of concealing the countenance of the king, because his feelings could not be painted. In fact, the affectionate astonishment and pious horror of Henry were fitter for delineation than the silent, sullen, and uncommunicative despair of Beaufort.

The rage of delineating to the eye all that is reckoned fine in writing, may be illustrated also in the performances of other able and famous artists. In Gray's Ode on the Spring, we have the following allegorical description:

> Lo! where the rosy-bosomed Hours,
> Fair Venus' train, appear,
> Disclose the long expected flowers,
> And wake the purple year.

The Hours, accordingly, adorned with roses disposed as the poet describes them, are represented on canvass, as a company of jolly damsels, twitching or pulling another very beautiful and buxom female, who is represented as sleeping on a bank, clothed with a purple petticoat. Seeing such things, it is impossible not to think of Quarles's or Hugo's emblems. The thought, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death," is presented to the eye, in one of them, by the figure of a man enclosed within the ribs of a monstrous and hideous skeleton.

In truth, the inventor of the prints in some editions of the Pilgrim's Progress (where, among others, Christian is represented as trudging along like a pedlar, with a burden on his back) is entitled to the merit of priority, in the extravagance of such inventions; for let it be remembered, that it is only against extravagancies and misapplications, and not against the invention itself, that I have ventured to remonstrate.

THE PHILANTHROPE, No. 33.

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## TO SYLVIA,

**Fortune having smiled on me.**

Go, thou poor boding heart, go to thy reste,
Past is the storme, the blue sereene appeares;
Take holie rapture to thy throbbing brest,
And cheere thy cheke from pensyve looks and teares.

Yes, sinlesse babes, that rounde the bridal bed
Slept on, all heedlesse of your parent's woes,
The Lorde of mercie heares and gives ye bread,
Makes streight our crooked paths, and strewes the rose.

Keene wasting care no more our bowre invades,
Nor shye distrust, nor sorrow ill concealed;
But gilded rays of comforte chase the shades,
And peace! thy balsame, grief's deep wound hath healed,

Over my roofe no raven flappes his wing,
 Nor shall the howling cur-dog marre our sleepe;
But with the morn, the lark shall up and sing,
 Breaking the watch which angels deigned to keepe.

THE CABINET, vol. ii. p. 204.

It is due to the genius of our lamented artist, to add the following passage from Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakspeare, which will, in some degree, qualify the strictures of this ingenious paper.

"It was the belief of our pious ancestors, that when a man was on his death-bed, the devil or his agents attended in the hope of getting possession of his soul, if it should happen that the party died without receiving the sacrament of the eucharist, or without confessing his sins. Accordingly, in the ancient representations of this subject, and more particularly in those which occur in such printed services of the church, as contain the vigils or office of the dead, these busy meddling fiends appear, and, with great anxiety, besiege the dying man; but on the approach of the priest and his attendants, they betray symptoms of horrible despair at their impending discomfiture. In an ancient manuscript book of devotions, written in the reign of Henry the Sixth, there is a prayer addressed to Saint George, with the following very singular passage: "Judge for me whan the moste hedyous and dam-nable dragons of helle shall be ready to take my poore soule, and engloute it in to theyr infernall belyes."

Shakspeare, who, in many instances, has proved himself to have been well acquainted with the forms and ceremonies of the Romish church, has, without doubt, on the present occasion, availed himself of the above opinion. Whether this had happened to that pre-eminent painter, who, among the numerous monuments of his excellence that have immortalised himself and done honour to his country, has depicted the last moments of Cardinal Beaufort, with all the powers of his art, cannot now be easily ascertained. He has been censured

for personifying the fiend, on the supposition that the poet's language is merely figurative; with what justice, this note may perhaps assist in deciding. Some might disapprove the renovation of Popish ideas; whilst others, more attentive to ancient costume, and regardless of popular or other prejudices, might be disposed to defend the painter on the ground of strict adherence to the manners of the times." Vol. ii. p. 19, 20, 21.

## No. CLXVIII.

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
DRYDEN.

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THE powerful influence of music has been so generally felt and acknowledged in all ages, that it seems almost unnecessary to expatiate on it with any illustrations. Nothing indeed can more plainly prove its paramount power over the mind, than its ancient honours in the earlier ages of mankind; when it was the chosen medium for the publication and recommendation of the laws; for inculcating the doctrines of morality and the examples of history; and for inciting to the practice of the highest duties, the precepts of religion, and the worship of the gods. Codes and systems of these divine and moral duties were compiled in verse, and chanted in full choral assembly of the people; for verse and song were synonimous. It is well known, that from the first great example and father of epic poetry, to the wild warblings of our own minstrel bards, the author was the

singer of his own works. Music was his only means of publication; and Apollo his only patron. And it is observable among our polished neighbours of the continent, on the classic ground of Italy, where, though not in such bright blaze, yet certainly are to be found traces of the ancient flame, the improvisatori, or extempore composers of verses, are obliged to have recourse to the auxiliary powers of music.

Poetry, indeed, implies, in some degree, the properties of music. It is one of the branches into which this great and extensive subject is divided; musica poetica; metrical sound being evidently a species of harmony. Musica harmonica, however, is contradistinguished to the other five parts, into which Porphyry distributes this comprehensive art, as the science of disposing and conducting sounds vocal and instrumental, separating them at just intervals, or combining with due proportion and relation to each other. This noble skill, embracing the other lovely harmony of poetry, or, in Milton's warm expression,

Married to immortal verse,

is omnipotent over every passion. It regulates the violence of rage, and animates the languor

of despondency; it assuages the stings of pain, and gives new sense to pleasure; it calls forth the best energies of the soul; and while its universal command can subdue and correct the vices of the mind, it knows also to exalt the noblest virtues by its divine enthusiasm.

On the sublimest of all subjects, it is peculiarly observable, that the power of music triumphs over other arts. In them the greatest masters have in vain attempted to personify to the imagination the ineffable attributes of the deity, or to represent the sacred mysteries of immortal existence. The infernal regions of Angelo or Dante, though blazing with the brightest colouring that painting or poetry could give them, disappoint the mind with expression evidently and infinitely imperfect. ' Of the former indeed, though from a genius so sublime, the effect to the eye has appeared directly the contrary to what the imagination expects; and the flaming limbs of the dæmons are perhaps truly criticised, as rather ridiculous than terrible.

If any glance of mortal ken could soar "from earth to heaven," or penetrate the mysteries of other worlds, it may fairly be pronounced, even by English critics, without any imputation of partiality, that the poet of Paradise possessed the peculiar power. Certainly, the sublime

horrors of hell have never been so powerfully pourtrayed by human imagination; and his astonishing creative genius has, with more daring wing than any other, passed "the flaming bounds."

But the most that genius can do, is to create new combinations of ideas, originally received through the senses. So received, they are compared, distinguished, and classed, or mixed and multiplied, by reflection. But the materials can be only supplied from experience of sensation: and invention is no more than the discovery of new modes of representing them. It is to be feared, therefore, that if Milton succeeded better in his description of the fallen angels, than of those who enjoyed

Heaven's purest light,

that the cause may be traced to the imperfections of human nature; less qualified by experience to imagine the perfect purity of the divine attributes, and celestial enjoyment, than the errors of disobedience and pride, and their consequent punishments.

For the warmest admirer of our immortal poet must confess, that even his

Seraph-wing of ecstasy

fails under him, when he aspires to display the

glories of heaven, and the majesty of the Almighty.

So in his truly sacred poem of Paradise Regained, the powers even of his fancy cannot avail him. Heaven is too high for mortal wing to soar: too vast for human understanding to comprehend: too perfect for poetical panegyric to praise.—In the emphatical words of the great critic on the subject of sacred poetry, no less eminent for the acumen of his mind than the piety of his heart, "Omnipotence cannot be exalted; infinity cannot be amplified; perfection cannot be improved."

If the noblest strains of poetry and sublimest images of painting be thus defective, they must yield the palm to the power of sacred music; which, though it cannot amplify or improve infinity or perfection, can yet exalt the soul more highly than any other human means to adore them; and inspire more of the sublime and enthusiastic fervour, suitable to the sacred subject:—

> Can take the prisoned soul,—
> And lap it in Elysium.

On this sublime effect of sacred song, the feelings of every hearer must speak for themselves. To them the appeal may safely be made,

if we may judge from the experience of the late celebrated commemoration of Handel, in his own immortal music. As the full choir was animated with but one unison strain, and every concurring instrument poured forth the same swell of harmony, so the transported hearers seemed to be informed with but one soul; and all that soul to be possessed alone with the sacred enthusiasm.

It is evidently impossible to reason on effects like these.—The best explanation will be found, perhaps, in the high praise and preference which the great poet gives to the sister-art which he admired:

> But let my due feet never fail
> To walk the studious cloisters pale,
> And love the high embowed roof,
> With antique pillars massy proof,
> And storied windows richly dight,
> Casting a dim religious light:
> There let the pealing organ blow
> To the full-voiced choir below;
> In service high and anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness through mine ear
> Dissolve me into ecstasies,
> And bring all heaven before mine eyes.——

The following just picture, from the master-hand of Armstrong, will also better elucidate than I can pretend to do, the merits of this

admirable art. Whoever reads it with "music in his soul" will require no other comment:—and whoever sees it without that congenial light, stands already sentenced and ex-communicated by the chief judge of the human heart.

There is a charm, a power that sways the breast;
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can soothe distraction, and almost despair.
That power is music; far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt:
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!),
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; We bear those monstrous arts:
Good heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest peals,
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels,
And with insipid shew of rapture, die,
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touched with heaven's own fire,
Who with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast,
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad,
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy soul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,

The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd ev'n th' inexorable powers of hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice..
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One pow'r, of physic, melody, and song.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER, No. 20, and No. 34, p. 255.

## No. CLXIX.

**Amor et melle et felle est fecundissimus.**

**PLAUTUS.**

**Of all the passions, love is the most productive both of happiness and misery.**

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"MY dearest children, be always good, and you will be always happy. Sixty long years have your mother and I enjoyed a happy tranquillity. God grant that none of you may ever purchase it so dearly!" Such were the words of Peter, a husbandman in a village of Bareith in Franconia, addressing himself to his grand-children, one clear evening of autumn.

With these words a tear stood in the old man's eye. Louisa, one of his grand-daughters, about ten years old, ran and threw herself in his arms. "My dear grand-papa! (said she) you know how well pleased we all are, when of an evening you tell us some pretty story; how much more delighted should we all be, if you would tell us your own! It is not late—the evening is mild—and none of us are much inclined to sleep." The whole family of Peter seconded the request, and formed themselves in a semicircle before him. Louisa sat at his feet, and recommended

silence. Every mother took on her knee the child whose cries might distract attention; every one was already listening; and the good old man stroking Louisa's head with one hand, and the other locked in the hands of Theresa, thus began his history:

"It is a long time ago, my children, since I was eighteen years of age, and Theresa sixteen. She was the only daughter of Aimar, the richest farmer in the country. I was the poorest cottager in the village; but never attended to my wants, until I fell in love with Theresa. I did all I could to smother a passion which I knew must one day or other have made a wretch of me. I was very certain that the little pittance fortune had given me, would be an eternal bar in my way to my love; and I must either renounce her for ever, or think of some means of becoming richer. But, to grow richer, I must have left the village where my Theresa lived; that effort was above me; and I offered myself as a servant to Theresa's father.

"I was received. You may guess with what courage I worked. I soon acquired Aimar's friendship and Theresa's love. All of you, my children, who know what it is to marry from love, know too the heart-felt pleasure of reciprocity in every interview, every look, every

action. Theresa loved me as much as she herself was loved. I thought of nothing but Theresa; I worked for her; I lived for her; and I fondly imagined that happiness was then eternally mine.

"I was soon undeceived. A neighbouring cottager asked Theresa in marriage from her father. Aimar went and examined how many acres of ground his intended son-in-law could bring his daughter, and found that he was the very husband that suited her. The day was fixed for the fatal union.

"In vain we wept; our tears were of no service to us. The inflexible Aimar gave Theresa to understand that her grief was highly displeasing to him; so that restraint added to our mutual wretchedness.

"The terrible day was near. We were without one glimmering of hope. Theresa was about to become the wife of a man she detested. She was certain that death must be the inevitable consequence: I was sure I could not survive her: we made up our minds to the only way that was left,—we both ran off, and—heaven punished us.

"In the middle of the night we left the village. I placed Theresa on a little horse that one of her uncles had made her a present of:

it was my decision that there was no harm in taking it away, since it did not belong to her father. A small wallet contained her clothes and mine, with a trifle of money that Theresa had saved. For my part, I would take nothing with me; so true it is, that many of the virtues of youth are the offspring of fancy; I was robbing a father of his daughter, and I scrupled, at the same time, to carry off the value of a pin from his house.

"We travelled all night; at day-break we found ourselves on the frontiers of Bohemia, and pretty nearly out of the reach of any who might be in pursuit of us. The place we first stopped in was a valley, beside one of those rivulets that lovers are so fond of meeting with. Theresa alighted, sat down beside me on the grass, and we both made a frugal but delicious meal. When done, we turned our thoughts to the next step we were to take.

"After a long conversation, and reckoning twenty times over our money, and estimating the little horse at the highest value, we found that the whole of our fortune did not amount to twenty ducats. Twenty ducats are soon gone! We resolved, however, to make the best of our way to some great town, that we might be less exposed, in case they were in search of us, and

there get married as soon as possible. After these very wise reflections we took the road that leads to Egra.

"The church received us on our arrival; and we were married. The priest had the half of our little treasure for his kindness; but never was money given with so much good-will. We thought our troubles were now all at an end, and that we had nothing more to fear; and indeed we bought eight days' worth of happiness.

"This space being elapsed, we sold our little horse, and at the end of the first month we had absolutely nothing. What must we have done? What must have become of us? I knew no art but that of the husbandman; and the inhabitants of great cities look down with contempt on the art that feeds them. Theresa was as unable as myself to follow any other business. She was miserable; she trembled to look forward; we mutually concealed from each other our sufferings—a torture a thousand times more horrid than the sufferings themselves. At length, having no other resource, I enlisted into a regiment of horse, garrisoned at Egra. My bounty-money I gave to Theresa, who received it with a flood of tears.

"My pay kept us from starving; and the little works of Theresa, for indigence stimulated

her invention, helped to keep a cover over our heads. About this time, a child coming into the world, linked our affections closer.

"It was you, my dear Gertrude; Theresa and myself looked upon you as the pledge of our constant love, and the hope of our old age. Every child that heaven has given us, we have said the same thing, and we have never been mistaken. You were sent to nurse, for my wife could not suckle you, and she was inconsolable on the occasion. She passed the livelong day working at your cradle; while I, by my attention to my duty, was endeavouring to gain the esteem and friendship of my officers.

"Frederick, our captain, was only twenty years of age. He was distinguishable among the whole corps by his affability and his figure. He took a liking to me. I told him my adventures. He saw Theresa,—and was interested in our fate. He daily promised he would speak to Aimar for us; and as my absolute dependence was on him, I had his word that I should have my liberty as soon as he had made my father-in-law my friend. Frederick had already written to our village, but had got no answer.

"Time was running over our heads. My young captain seemed as eager as ever; but

Theresa grew every day more and more dejected. When I inquired into the reason, she spoke of her father, and turned the conversation off. Little did I imagine that Frederick was the cause of her grief.

"This young man, with all the heat incident to youth, observed Theresa's loveliness as well as myself. His virtue was weaker than his passion. He knew our misfortunes; he knew how much we depended on him; and was bold enough to give Theresa to understand what reward he expected for his patronage. My wife concealed her indignation; for knowing my character to be both violent and jealous, she withheld the fatal secret from me; while I, too credulous, was daily lavish in the praises of my captain's generosity and friendship.

"One day, coming off guard, and returning home to my wife, who should appear before my astonished eyes, but Aimar! 'At last I have found thee,' exclaimed he, 'infamous ravisher! Restore my daughter to me! Give me back that comfort thou hast robbed me of, thou treacherous friend!' I fell at his knees: I endured the first storm of his wrath. My tears began to soften him; he consented to listen to me. I did not undertake my own justification. 'The deed is done,' said I; 'Theresa is mine,

—she is my wife;—My life is in your hands, punish me;—forgive your child,—your only daughter. Do not dishonour her husband,—do not let her fall a victim to grief;—forget me, that you may more effectually remember her.' With that, instead of conducting him to Theresa, I led him to the house where you were at nurse, my girl. 'Come,' added I, 'come, and view one more you must extend your pity to.'

"You were in your cradle, Gertrude; you were fast asleep: your countenance, a lovely mixture of alabaster and vermilion, was the picture of innocence and health. Aimar gazed upon you. The big tear stood in his eye. I took you up in my arms; I presented you to him. 'This, too, is your child,' said I to him. You then awoke, and, as if inspired by heaven, instead of complaining, you smiled full upon him; and extending your little arms towards the old man, you got hold of his white locks, which you twined among your fingers, and drew his venerable face towards you. Aimar smothered you with kisses; and caught me to his breast. 'Come,' said he, 'my son, shew me my daughter;' extending one hand to me, and holding you on his arm with the other. You may judge with what joy I brought him to our house.

"On the road, I was afraid lest the sudden

sight of her father might be too much for her; meaning to prevent any ill consequences, I left Aimar with you on his arm; I ran home, opened the door, and saw Theresa struggling with Frederick, exerting all her power to save herself from his base embraces. As soon as my eyes saw him, my sword was in his body. He fell; the blood gushed; he pierced the air with a cry of anguish; the house was full in a minute. The guards came; my sword was still reeking; they seized me, and the unfortunate Aimar just arrived to see his son-in-law loaded with irons.

"I embraced him; I recommended to him my wife and my helpless babe, whom I likewise embraced; and then followed my comrades, who saw me lodged deep in a dungeon.

"I remained there in the most cruel state, two days and three nights. I knew nothing of what was going forward; I was ignorant of Theresa's fate. I saw nobody but an unrelenting jailor, who answered to all my questions, that I need not trouble myself about any thing; for that in a very few hours, he was sure sentence of death would be pronounced on me.

"The third day the prison gates were flung open. I was desired to walk out; a detachment were waiting for me; I was encircled by them, and led to the barrack green. From far

I perceived the regiment drawn up, and the horrid machine that was to put an end to a wretched life. The idea that my misery was now completed, restored the force I had lost. A convulsive motion gave precipitancy to my steps; my tongue of itself muttered Theresa's name; while I walked on, my eyes were wildly in search of her; I bled with anguish, that I could not see her: at last I arrived.

"My sentence was read; I was given into the hands of the executioner; and was preparing for the mortal blow, when sudden and loud shrieks kept back his falling arm. I once more stared round, and saw a figure, half naked, pale, and bloody, endeavouring to make way through the guards that surrounded me;—it was Frederick. 'Friends,' exclaimed he, 'I am the guilty man; I deserve death; pardon the innocent. I wished to seduce his wife; he punished me; he did what was just; you must be savages if you attempt his life.' The colonel of the regiment flew to Frederick in order to calm him. He pointed out the law that doomed to death whoever raised his hand against his officer. 'I was not his officer,' cried Frederick, 'for I had given him his liberty the evening before under my hand. He is no more in your power.' The astonished officers assembled together.

Frederick and humanity were my advocates; I was brought back to prison; Frederick wrote to the minister,—accused himself,—asked my pardon,—obtained it.

"Aimar, Theresa, and myself, went and threw ourselves at the feet of our deliverer. He confirmed the present he had made me of my liberty, which he wished to heighten by others that we would not receive. We returned to this village, where the death of Aimar has made me master of all he possessed, and where Theresa and I shall finish our days in the midst of peace, happiness, and you, my children." Peter's children had crept close to him, during the narrative, and, though finished, they still were in the attitude of people who listen; the tears trickled down their cheeks. "Be happy," said the good old man to them, "Heaven has at last rewarded me with your love." With that he embraced them all round; Louisa kissed him twice; and all the happy family withdrew for the night.

THE BEE, vol. vii. p. 397, Feb. 22, 1792.

# No. CLXX.

**Nos genera degustamus, non bibliothecas discutimus.**
**QUINTILIAN.**

**We only notice, in a cursory manner, the most remarkable authors and books; it is not our province to discuss whole libraries.**

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AFTER the Italian states began to lose their preponderance in Europe, Spain increased in power and influence; and, for more than a century, was decidedly the first nation in Europe. During that period, the Spanish language acquired a very general currency among all nations; but short was the period of its glory: and the oppressive sway of religious despotism has, since that period, given such a severe check to the spirit of freedom, as almost to extinguish the desire of literary exertions in that fine country; so that few books of merit can be found in that language.

Although the Spanish dramas are now much inferior to many others in Europe, I am inclined to think, that it was in that country the taste for dramatic writings was first cultivated after the revival of letters. I have scarcely had an opportunity of seeing any of the old plays. I have

only seen one or two of Calderon. They are written in a careless and irregular manner, and discover more genius than art, more fire than regularity. If Shakspeare had understood the Spanish language, I should have imagined they had served as his model. It is well known that Corneille studied these with a considerable degree of attention.

Be this as it may, it is certain these plays consisted only of three acts; and I have often thought that many of Shakspeare's were originally thus divided, and were thrown into their present form by the players, who made to them whatever additions they pleased, without any opposition from the author, who never seems to have once spent a thought about them after they went out of his hand.

Cervantes is, without doubt, the first writer in the Spanish language; and the first part of Don Quixote is, undoubtedly, the best of his performances. In his younger days, Cervantes discovered a strong predilection for poetry; but his poetry, like the generality of what I have seen of his countrymen, consisted of forced and unnatural conceits; multiplied corruscations of wit, but little of nature or true pathos. His voyage to Parnassus is a satire. In his younger years, too, he wrote what we in English would

style a romance, called Galatea, in that wild strain of fanciful pastoral manners, so truly copied in the Arcadia of Sir Philip Sydney. I attempted to read it, but was forced to lay it by with disgust. By degrees, however, his judgment matured, and he corrected that false taste which he borrowed from his countrymen; for besides Don Quixote, he published two volumes of novels which are written in a more natural and pleasing manner, and have been translated into English. I was highly delighted in reading the first of these called La Gitanilla, or the Gipsy, which is written with a great deal of fire, and irregular wildness of imagery, and exhibits an enchanting kind of scenery that is very pleasing, though, in many respects, unnatural. Like Homer, too, and Milton, Cervantes wrote a performance of inferior merit towards the close of his life, which he valued much more highly than any of his other works. It is entitled the Adventures of Persiles and Sigismunda. It is in the pastoral romantic strain, which is, I think, the most extravagant and unprofitable kind of compositions I know. He likewise wrote some comedies that I have never seen.

Of all the novels that are now generally read, the Don Quixote of Cervantes is the oldest, and

perhaps the best. It has been translated into all the European languages; and has been nearly as generally read as the Bible among Christians, or the Koran among Mahometans. It is one of those rare performances that are calculated to please the vulgar, as well as those of higher rank, and to give equal delight to the scholar, as to the illiterate mechanic. We have in English many translations of Don Quixote; but to this hour, a mere English reader can form no just idea of the exquisite beauties of that inimitable performance. I know no book that has suffered so much by translation as this has done; nor did I ever read a prose work that I think would be so difficult to translate with propriety as that very one. Cervantes certainly knew the powers of the Spanish language better than any other writer I have seen; and he has displayed them in that performance in a very masterly manner. That language, indeed, possesses a delicacy, in regard to dialogue, that no other European language can boast; and the translators of Don Quixote seem to have been so sensible of this, that they have not even ventured to attempt it. It is, I suppose, on that account they have travestied the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho; and have thrown an extravagance and absurdity

into them both, that are not to be found in the writings of Cervantes. Never was I more agreeably disappointed than when I read the original Quixote; for there I saw the developement of two striking characters, with which I was totally unacquainted, by a series of the most natural incidents and conversations, that display a knowledge of the human heart, and a power of characteristical delineation, that few of the sons of men have ever yet possessed. I had laughed before at the pert buffooneries of Sancho, as every one else I met with had done; but I considered them as droll only, though very unnatural: for throughout the whole character in English, you find such a mixture of wit and folly, so much pertness and stupidity, that it is utterly impossible such a character could have existed in nature. The same contradictory mixture of meanness and stateliness prevails in the character of the Don, which sometimes excites pity or provokes laughter; but never produces those tender emotions that the Quixote of Cervantes can never fail to do. Were there not another book written in the Spanish language but Don Quixote, I am certain that you would think the time spent in acquiring that language abundantly repaid, by being enabled thus to judge of the exquisite delineation of

these two singular characters; for singular they ever must be deemed, however natural the delineation.

Of all the translations we have of this work, I think Smollett's is the worst; for in that translation, there is a stiffness thrown into the character of the chief personages, while there is nothing that gives a glimpse of the natural naïvetè of the original performance. Ozell has, at least, the merit of giving the farcical characters their full effect; so that if you have not the natural comedy, you have at least the laughable farce. Smollett had got a glimpse of the real characters, which had checked his hand in the translation, though he had felt that it would exceed his powers to exhibit them in their natural colours in English.

Never was there conceived, I think, a character better calculated to display the powers of the writer, and to interest the feelings of the reader, than that of Don Quixote of Cervantes; and it discovered a masterly stretch of conception to form an idea of it. That species of insanity with which he was infected, leaves the mind in full possession of all its energies, unless it be upon the particular subject on which its derangement turns; hence the writer had an opportunity of intermixing with the wildest flights

of imagination the soundest exertions of the understanding. He has contrived, too, with the most astonishing degree of propriety, to furnish him with a squire of such simplicity and credulity of mind, as to be incapable of distinguishing between the soundest reasoning of his master, and the wildest whims of his deranged understanding. Sancho's mind was impressed with a sort of idolatrous veneration for his master, which induces him to put implicit faith in the most extraordinary flights of his disordered imagination. Such is Sancho Panco as delineated by Cervantes. Extraordinary simplicity and goodness of heart; unbounded veneration, mixed with the warmest esteem for his master; endless credulity, arising from weakness of understanding; a disposition to talk without the impulse of ideas, joined to a memory that without selection poured forth all the proverbs he had ever heard from his infancy, are the distinguishing characteristics of this worthy simpleton: nor was ever any character more justly pourtrayed than Cervantes has done it. The Sancho of Cervantes has neither wit nor humour, nor pertness nor rudeness. He never intends to utter a clever saying; and to laugh at his master would have been the last idea that could ever have entered into his mind; so that those

who have exhibited him in this point of view, have done him the greatest possible injustice. Sancho, however, the Sancho of Cervantes, utters many droll things; but these burst forth by accident, and without his either knowing or intending them. In the jumble of confusion that perpetually prevailed in his mind, the drollest combinations arise, like the cross-readings in a newspaper, which the gravest muscles could not hear unmoved. Great is the art of the writer to make these occur, so frequently, without force or derangement of character; and here Cervantes stands, perhaps, foremost among the numerous list of modern novel writers.

Don Quixote, on the other hand, is a kind, humane, and beneficent master, and a man of honour in the strictest sense of the word. He loves his simple attendant with the tenderest affection. As the squire listens with respectful veneration to the wildest reveries of his master, so he, in his turn, entertains a respect for the talents of his squire, and seriously tries to instruct him on all occasions; so that, mad or sober, Don Quixote is always grave and serious with Sancho, and equally so, when in the first as in the last state. These efforts of the master, and that disposition of the squire, give room for that infinite diversity of absurd attempts to in-

form a mind utterly incapable of instruction, and the whimsical equivoques that arise from this circumstance, which so peculiarly distinguish this wonderful performance from all others. I need not tell you how unlike these characters are to those you have read under the same names in English. Don Quixote addresses himself at all times to his squire, with a beneficent kindness, and condescending dignity, which is on no occasion ever laid aside; and the particular idiom of the Spanish language gave to Cervantes an advantage that none other I know possesses; for there is a phrase (Sancho amigo) that occurs in almost every page, which marks kindness and politeness from a superior to an inferior, that cannot, I think, be clearly rendered into English. The only way I could pretend to give a sort of idea of it to you, would be to bid you recollect, if, in travelling, you ever met with a person of inferior rank whom you wished to accost in a kind and respectful manner; you might say in a mild tone of voice, "Pray, friend, can you inform me" so or so. This you will easily perceive conveys nothing of that familiar equality which is expressed by the English phrase, Friend Sancho. In like manner, there is in the Spanish language a respectful form of address from an inferior to a

superior which denotes no degree of meanness on the part of the former, somewhat in the same sense, "your honour" was long ago employed in Scotland; a phrase that is now nearly obsolete in the most improved parts of Scotland.

By the help of these two phrases, the author has been able, on all occasions, to avoid that appearance of mean familiarity in the master, and pert equality in the squire, which so much distorts these characters in all our translations; nor do I expect ever to see an English translation that shall successfully exhibit these two characters in their true light. I repeat it again, that I think you will never repent learning the Spanish language, were it only to enable you to relish properly these two inimitable characters. You will find, that, in this performance, that language possesses in other respects an elegance and energy, and admits of a copious rythmical variety, that few modern languages can boast. It is a language well suited to express the sentiments of a dignified and honourable people.

It is impossible for one who perceives the beauties of this language, not to regret that from the political situation of that fine country, and the religious intolerance that has so long prevailed in it, so few works have been written in it, that deserve the attention of the polite scholar.

Few are the histories that have been written in it. Mexio's History of the Twelve Cæsars, and Mariana's History of Spain, are almost the only ones that deserve notice; though the catalogue of chronicles of the reigns of particular kings is very numerous; but these are so full of compliments to the prince, and a blind adoration of the church, as to present nothing inviting to foreign readers.

The Araucano of Don Alonzo d' Ercilla is the only work in the Spanish language that has the appearance of an epopea; though, perhaps, it does not, in strict propriety, merit the name of an epic poem. It celebrates the wars between the Spaniards and the natives of a district in South America, called Arauca; and was written, the greatest part of it, by an enterprising young man who bore a part in these wars, possessing no small share of genius. D'Ercilla has thrown this narrative poem into an epic form; and has had Homer so much in his eye, as to give the work the appearance of an imitation, rather than that of an original. It is divided into cantos, and these again into stanzas, like the Italian epic poems. Through the whole you discover a glowing strain of heroic youthful ardour, and great pomp of versification. But there is in it much more energy than pathos,

more of art than of nature; I had almost said, that, like Milton's Paradise Lost, it rather rouses the horrible feelings, than awakens the tender emotions of the heart. But when I recollect that the author died a young man, when he had only given the rude draught of a part of the poem, I should think that I committed treason against the manes of a youthful hero, to criticise with too much asperity.

Of late, the power of the inquisition being mitigated, and literature beginning to be more cultivated in Spain than formerly, we have seen several miscellaneous productions by Fejo and others; which gives room to hope, that the time approaches when Spanish works will better deserve the attention of foreign nations than they have done since the days of Cervantes. As you are yet young, you may live to see the time when the knowledge of the Spanish language will prove a source of much entertainment to you.

Adieu!

THE BEE, vol. xv. p. 265, June 26, 1793.

In idiomatic ease of expression, in spirit, and in force of humour, the best translation which we possess of Don Quixote is by Motteux; but it occasionally wants the simplicity and the solemnity of Jarvis and Smollett.

## No. CLXXI.

To speak or to write justly, from an observation of nature, it is necessary to have felt the sentiments of nature. He who is penetrating and ardent in the conduct of life, will probably exert a proportional force and ingenuity in the exercise of literary talents.

FERGUSON ON SOCIETY.

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WHATEVER opinion may be entertained with regard to the theory of innate ideas, however much the subject may have occupied human intellect, or furnished an ample field for polemic controversy in the schools of metaphysics; it must be confessed, that the mind of man owes, if not the whole, a great share of the perfection at which it is capable of arriving, to impressions made on the senses by external objects, and to those interesting events which friendship, jealousy, ambition, or industry, in private or in public life, are calculated to produce.

Consistently with this observation, we may remark the human mind gradually unfolding its powers from the combined influence of natural and moral causes; and although they, doubtless, hold a divided empire over our nature, yet a wider extent of dominion, and a more imperious sway, may be ascribed to the latter. Of the

former it may be said, that they affect more our animal than our intellectual frame; and while we allow, that one people, enjoying a soil fruitful in the spontaneous productions of nature, a region in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephyr, no scenes displayed but ever-verdant fields, and woods perpetually crowded with umbrageous honours, will, in some degree, differ from another, who are urged to compensate the scantiness of a more sterile land by laborious exertions, who are roused by a tempest, and soothed by a succeeding calm, and who may contemplate in the varying aspect of nature, the gaiety of spring, the splendour of summer, the opulence of harvest, and the desolation of winter; yet, of these causes, the influence has been more circumscribed than has been generally imagined: they indeed affect our grosser and more bodily organs, but they effect little change on that delicate texture on which the operations of the mind and understanding depend, nor do they seem to touch the essentials of human greatness or depression.

That man is a social animal, that a great share of his happiness is derived from being so, are opinions, the truth of which, it is imagined, will not be controverted. Society, then, is the theatre on which his powers act and expand;

it is on this theatre that effects are produced, becoming, in their turn, moral causes, which, independent of soil, of climate, or of local situation, operate on the human mind, and give rise to all that is sublime or elegant, that is mean or deformed, in the character of man.

The history of literature, of sciences, and of arts, illustrates the above observation; for if they have arisen, and been conducted to splendour, among nations living under a free government, animated with the sacred enthusiasm of liberty, and engaged in those contests necessary to its preservation; they have declined with a falling people, and, unprotected by the remembrance of ancient virtue, have become an easy prey to ambitious conquest, or expired under the sword of barbarism.

Greece, divided into a number of small states, jealous of each other, agitated by domestic contention and foreign wars, was the region in which literature and philosophy were destined to flourish. The Persian invasion filled the Grecian states with a dread of slavery; it inspired the Athenians with a zealous attachment to that liberty which had cost them two ages of dissensions; and every citizen, catching the fire which glowed in the breast of an Aristides, a Themistocles, and a Miltiades, acquired an

energy of mind, and a patriot zeal, which, while it enabled them to repel the slaves of despotism, formed them for the attainment of that eloquence, and those refinements, which have elevated them so high in the rank of polished nations.

The Peloponnesian war, from the relative situation of the Grecian Islands, acquired all the horrors of civil discord, and gave to these horrors all their power in influencing the passions, and determining the character of man; friendship and resentment, emulation and ambition, eloquence and subtility, assumed their empire over the minds of the actors, and made impressions not easily effaced.

It was amid these interesting scenes, that the Athenian genius was reared. The most striking exertions of imagination and sentiment are excited by the presence and intercourse of men in peculiar situations; they are most vigorous when produced in the mind by the agency of its principal spring, by the emulations, the friendships, and the oppositions, that are likely to arise amid the tumults of civil war: and it may be farther observed, when its danger and alarms have passed away, the tranquillity that succeeds is favourable, in a high degree, to the productions of the human mind. Peace, in destroying war, does not extinguish that character

of feeling and intellect, to which it gave birth; but peace is followed by security and leisure: and from these arise curiosity, inquiry, and knowledge; it is, therefore, natural to suppose, that the orator, who in the troubles of civil contention animated the courage of his fellow-citizens, will, in the shade of peaceful retirement, cultivate an acquaintance with the muses; that the statesman will apply that subtilty which the exigency of his country formerly demanded to the pursuits of philosophy; and that the generous mind of the soldier will be allured by the prospect which the fine arts and polite literature open to his view.

Thus, the foaming torrent subsiding, a tranquil lake reflects the image of philosophy, politeness, and elegance; thus the Athenian genius, nursed and gradually matured amid the dangers of civil contention, attained, after the Peloponnesian war, the splendour of meridian glory from which it was destined to fall under the victorious arms of the king of Macedon, on the plains of Chæronea; when the shock that destroyed the liberties of Greece convulsed the throne of Darius, and, vibrating through the remote regions of Asia, announced the progress of Philip's warlike son.

The fire which was almost extinguished in

Greece was lighted up in Rome, at a period the most favourable to the exertions of the mind; not when the Romans were a severe and purely a warlike people, nor when they had fallen from their glory, and were enervated by false refinements; but when they mixed the love of elegance with the cares of government, and indulged, in the midst of war and faction, an inclination to study. These were the causes that conducted the genius of Rome to the splendour and refinement which marked the age of Augustus; whose inordinate ambition and cautious temper led him to destroy the essence and preserve the shadow of freedom; to smoothe the pillow of expiring liberty, rather than, rudely, hurry on her death; and thus to lay the foundation of that debasement, which, operating through successive ages, at length rendered the Roman people an easy prey to the deluge of barbarism; which, in destroying their empire and defacing their character, had well nigh swept away the monuments of their former genius.

How much the rivalship, the jealousy, and even the antipathy, of nations, contribute to the advancement of literature and philosophy, may be farther illustrated by observing the ardour with which they were embraced and cultivated

by the turbulent states of Italy; when the followers of Mahomet urged the final flight of the muses from their favourite residence; and let it ever be remembered, with gratitude, that Greece, with her schools and libraries, was not overwhelmed, before Europe had escaped from the deluge of barbarism; and that the seeds of science were not scattered by the wind, before the Italian soil was prepared for their reception.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER, No. 17, Dec. 31, 1798.

## No. CLXXII.

——— Mores hominum.
Hor.

The manners of men.

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THE structure of the human body has been accurately described: its functions have been explained, and the mutual dependencies of its parts have been illustrated by the anatomist and the naturalist; they have been able to explore the causes of the feebleness of childhood, of the blooming honours of youth, of the strength of maturer years, and of the mournful debility of age: but the philosopher and metaphysician have encountered more difficulty in applying themselves to the study of the mind; the delicacy of its nature, the secresy of its principles, the wonderful extent and variety of its powers, have often eluded research, and excited astonishment. The subject, however, being the most interesting that can attract the investigation of man; it has, in all cultivated ages, occupied much of his attention; and a conscious pride must be felt in acknowledging, that there are a few, to whom the high honour belongs, of having, in some degree, laid open the philosophy

of the human mind; of having traced the causes of its ascension, from the impotence of infantine exertion, to the vigour of intellect and grandeur of genius.

Without following the eloquent citizen of Geneva through the labyrinth of fanciful theory, without accompanying the keen spirit of his opponent, Helvetius, in a series of acute inquiry, this much may, with certainty, be affirmed, that the moment a child makes its appearance in the world, that moment does it enter the school of experience; that though some share may be allowed to hereditary, or inherent qualities, yet in this school, the human mind is trained up in the principles of virtue and excellence, or in those of vice and debasement. If this observation be true with regard to an individual, it must be equally so when applied to nations; and we accordingly observe them gradually rising from ignorance to knowledge, falling from glory to corruption, from the operation of causes that have no original existence in the mind, but which are produced in the bosom of society. The influence of natural and moral causes, over human nature, has been remarked in the preceding paper; but while we contracted within a narrow limit the dominion of the former, we allowed to the latter

a wider latitude; and, in contemplating the power of war, of conquest, of ambition, and emulation, we perceived their sway to be so imperious, that they were able to control the influence of climate, and to establish, by their native force, a peculiarity of national character. Mutual jealousy, and inward contention, exalted the genius of Greece; but while remote ages recognise and admire her glories, they cannot fail to be struck with that beautiful variety of character, which, under the influence of a similar climate, and natural causes nearly the same, has marked the different states of which she was composed.

The beauteous aspect and effeminate mind of an Ionian; the athletic powers of a Theban; the literature and refinement of an Athenian; and the rigid virtues of a Spartan, exhibit a picture of human manners, in which the light and the shade, "the grave, the gay, the lively, and severe," are so exquisitely blended, that we are irresistibly led to inquire, what could have occasioned this uniformity amidst variety, which has constituted a beauty that was to civilise mankind, to tranquillise the boisterous feelings of the rude barbarian, to enamour his heart, and to make him sacrifice at the altar of her charms? Should it be answered, that she was

the offspring of laws and government; that she was nursed, and rose to maturity in the school of generous emulation; and that her graces were long preserved by the affection which the Grecian republics, amid the jealousies by which they were agitated, bore to a favourite child, with whom all were proud to claim alliance; it is imagined, her origin, her progress, and her perfection, are accounted for on principles consistent with human nature, and that the sway of those causes which philosophers have called moral, is proved to be extensive.

In the transient glance which we have taken at the history of Greece and Rome, some of the leading causes, which have operated the grandeur and the decline of those illustrious nations, have been traced; by a farther consideration of the subject, we are induced to remark the destiny which seems to await mankind, in the different steps of their progress and their fall. One system of government and of manners seems to rise upon the ruin of another, while the second, again, giving way to destructive causes, forms the basis of a third; thus are we carried round in a perpetual revolution, from ignorance to knowledge, from knowledge to ignorance, from barbarity to refinement, and from refinement to barbarity: thus literature

and philosophy arise, flourish, and die; are again animated, put forth their blossoms, and acquire their former splendour.

A few wandering shepherds on the banks of the Tiber, and the rape of the Sabine virgins, laid the foundation of an empire, that was to astonish mankind by its progress, and awe them into subjection by the extent of its power; that was to exhibit a succession of statesmen, and of heroes; of victories, of triumphs, and of glory, that were to fill the world with renown, to shine through the darkness of barbaric ignorance, and to diffuse illumination over modern Europe. An illustrious philosopher has explored the causes that produced, and an eloquent historian narrated the events that attended, the decline of the Roman empire; they have exhibited the sinking fabric in various degrees of corruption, until it was finally destroyed by the inhabitants of the German forests.

The wandering and predatory spirit which characterised the German in his woods, was to give rise to those more general migrations that urged the barbarians towards the southern regions of Europe; when the feeble light of Roman legislation, and the faint rays of Roman literature, were well nigh extinguished by a

martial horde, or "horde moving with dreadful sweep, and giving to the vanquished world another form." If, however, we might hazard an opinion on the subject which has been so fruitful a source of learned discussion, we should be inclined to believe, that the hatred which the rude nations of the North bore to those that they conquered, was not so inveterate as has been supposed; that if their impetuous valour, their dissonant joy, filled the mind of the Italians and their neighbours with awful terror, they, in their turn, were, in some degree, touched with reverence and admiration at the sight of that elegance, and those accomplishments, which they were partly to destroy.

The turbulent passions, formerly accustomed to rage without restraint, were to be moderated; the ardour for war was to be regulated by the maxims of punctilious and romantic honour; the love of the sex, once debased by grossness and brutality, was to be refined by sentiment and feeling, to be expressed by tenderness of demeanour and delicacy of language, and the institutions of chivalry were to arise upon the ruins of the Roman government: those institutions that were to spread a charming influence over the manners of Europe, that were cherished by the power of beauty and the

charms of love; when the bright eye of his mistress lightened up, in the bosom of the enamoured knight, the fire of ambition, and made him exclaim, when performing a feat of valour, *Ah! si ma dame me voyait!*

THE INDIAN OBSERVER, No. 18, Jan. 7, 1794.

## No. CLXXIII.

The proper study of mankind is man.
POPE.

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IF the ancients, ranging in the fields of fancy, and traversing the wide regions of possibility, were able to acquire perfection in works of imagination—if they were able to elevate the human mind by the sublimity of poetry, or warm it by the fire of eloquence; the moderns, not inferior, perhaps, in these attainments, have excelled them far in the pursuits of philosophy, in the application of her laws to the arts of life, and the investigation of truth. The schools of antiquity, the gardens of Epicurus, the portico of Zeno, the lycæum of Aristotle, were each distinguished by their favourite dogmas; which, too frequently, having no existence but in the wildness and vivacity of imagination, were brought forward to solve the phænomena of nature; they led to endless error, presented false mediums of contemplation, and entangled the mind in the intricacies of its own delusions. It belonged to a more recent æra in the history of the world, to be adorned with men, who, passing the narrow limits of scholastic litera-

ture, read the history and the laws of nature in her own ample and instructive page; it belonged to Bacon, to Newton, to Hume, and other illustrious names, to shew the difference between hypothesis and science, to demonstrate that we are to ascend the peaceful regions of truth, by the gradations of experiment; that, having left the enchanted enclosures of deceitful theory, and launched out into the wide ocean of inquiry, we can alone find relief in the harbour of reason, and rest on the bosom of philosophy. It is this mode of reasoning, first adapted to the explication of nature, and afterwards applied to the elucidation of human affairs, that we have assumed in the two preceding papers; in which we have attempted to trace out those circumstances in the history of man, that have raised him to eminence or sunk him to depression, and, by an appeal to actual fact, to establish some general laws with regard to his nature. Consistently with this plan, the rise and fall of the Roman empire, the migration of the barbaric nations of Germany, and the institutions of chivalry, were remarked, and perhaps accounted for, from an attentive observation of those facts which history has recorded.

The philosophic historian, who, in writing the

history of the German tribes, bequeathed to posterity a most valuable treasure, has furnished information on this subject, which it were improper to neglect. A rude people, not under the restraints, which, in more cultivated society, moderate the passions, and amend the heart, are apt to indulge in violent emotions: impatient of control, and averse from the details of industry, they have no feelings which they do not gratify; and in the pursuits of hunting, they procure a subsistence, and supersede the minute labours of agriculture, to which it would be painful for them to condescend.

The spirit of war and fondness for exploit, diffuse a congenial influence through their religion, and their god is the god of Battles; in the hour of danger, he protects the hero, gives vigour to his arm, and confidence to his mind: not unacquainted with the tenderness of love, women are regarded with respect; and while they adorn the quiet scenes of domestic life, they sometimes sit in the artless councils of their tribes, and influence the measures of its government—such, by an appeal to the writings of the immortal Tacitus, could be shewn to be the leading features in the character of those nations by whom the Roman empire was subverted, who, while they entertained some degree of contempt for the effeminate

minds and dissolute manners of the conquered, were not altogether insensible to the aspect of cultivation and elegance that opened to their view. "In general it may be affirmed," says an elegant and ingenious author, "that rude nations are touched with some degree of reverence or admiration at the sight of dignified appearances; that they honour, at some distance, the state of the arts towards which they are tending, and that it is only in cases when the distance is too immense for their prospect, or conception, that they acquiesce in their condition with an apparent insensibility, and allow their superiors to possess unenvied greatness." (Dunbar's Essays.)

The German, then, did not acquiesce in his condition with insensibility; but in contemplating surrounding refinement, he felt the force of imitation; his military ardour was humanised, not repressed. Christianity exalted his piety, whilst it moderated his superstition; his love of the sex was sublimed into admiration; and the rude decorations of his shield, while he wandered in his native forests, were now to be exchanged for those brilliant ornaments that shone on the arms of a knight, those which, next to his god and his mistress, he regarded with enthusiasm, which were the companions of his youth when he gloried in his strength, and the

solace of his age, when he wept over his weakness :—and the emblematic figures of which were to lay the foundations of heraldry, which the pride of nobility, and the servility of their dependants, have dignified with such importance.

A system of manners romantic yet noble; bold yet tender, was soon to be sullied. The ardour of devotion and of love, which warmed the breast of the pious and enamoured knight, did not escape the watchful eye of priesthood, and the ministers of a pure and holy religion were to belie their humble master, by practising upon unguarded sensibility. Devotion and love were so intimately connected, that the priest, in discharging the functions of the one, too often interfered in the affairs of the other; he not only undertook to prepare the mind for the joys of heaven, but he assumed the province of administering to earthly pleasures, became conversant in the mysteries of love; and it is to be feared, that instead of the solemn cares of his profession,

> Far other dreams his erring soul employ
> Far other raptures of unholy joy.

It was at this period that society was to be insulted by an abuse of its brightest ornament;

that the fairest of the creation were to be immured in the

"Deep solitude," and "the awful cell;"

that the eye of beauty was to be obscured in monasteries and in silence, or to light the unhallowed ardours of priesthood. Happily, in more recent times, the piety, the moral conduct, and the profound learning, of the ministers of our religion, have wiped off the stain which we are obliged, though reluctantly, to impute to their predecessors; and have shewn themselves not unworthy of that master, who has exhibited an example to the world which cannot be imitated without the security of immortal happiness.

The discovery of America, and the voyages that explored the coasts of India; commerce, with its various and endless details, and navigation, its sister art, produced a change in the manners of Europe, that was hostile to the delusions of chivalry, and to the impositions of priestcraft: they were to be dispelled by the bright rays of knowledge; and the enchanted castle, with its Elysian gardens, were to vanish at the touch of reason. Thus have we endeavoured to trace the various stages of improvement and decline in the history of nations;

and if the subject has appeared to be rather grave, for the generality of readers, let it, at the same time, be remembered, that to know that a people have been great, and the means by which they have risen to that greatness; to know that they have fallen, and the causes that have produced their fall, are events of an instructive nature, in the present scenes of convulsion that exist in Europe; and let us, living under a free government, while we cast a weeping eye towards the misery that afflicts, or has afflicted surrounding states, learn to avoid the unhappiness which we deplore; and, while we reflect on the splendour of Greece and Rome, let us rival their worth,

"Live o'er each scene,"

and be what we admire.

THE INDIAN OBSERVER, No. 19, Jan. 14, 1794.

## No. CLXXIV.

Τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.

HOMER.

We pay this tribute to the departed.

WHEN you desire me to tell you what is poetry, and who are the best poets in the English language, you impose a task that would require talents far superior to mine, to execute in a proper and satisfactory manner. I shall not, therefore, attempt to answer your queries particularly, but shall merely offer a few hints that may tend to lead you into what I should deem a just train of thought, when you yourself shall think proper, at a future period of your life, to prosecute the subject more fully, than I can pretend, or have ever attempted to do.

Every person, when he hears of poetry and prose contrasted to each other, at first sight, would believe that there could be no difficulty, in distinguishing the one from the other, on all occasions; yet here, as in many other cases, when he comes to investigate the subject nearly, he finds it a matter of no small difficulty to

mark exactly the limits that distinguish the one from the other.

Mankind are pretty generally agreed in admitting, that the most essential characteristics of poetry are, that the ideas should be striking or sublime, the language bold and figurative; and its disposition such as to admit of being uttered with ease, in a flowing melodious manner, and with some sort of rhythmical or measured cadence. The last circumstance here mentioned, the rhythmical cadence, is the most obvious peculiarity, and therefore it has been by many persons considered as the peculiar distinguishing characteristic of poetry; and numerous devices that have been extremely dissimilar, have been adopted at different times, and in different nations, for giving this rhythmus. This diversity of practice shows that every system of rhythmical construction that has been adopted, is merely artificial, being the creature of fancy and imitation alone; and that, of course, no one system of rhythmical arrangement that has ever been adopted can be supposed to constitute the essential characteristic of poetry.

Among the Greeks and Romans, who were the only civilised nations in early times, with whose writings we are well acquainted, the hythmical cadence of poetry was produced in

a manner extremely different from that which is adopted in modern times; and in the ages that have passed away since the overthrow of the Roman empire, various systems of poetical rhythmus have started up, prevailed for a time, and then been abandoned, till, at last, what we now call rhyme, or the coincidence of similar sounds, recurring at the end of a certain number of syllables, has acquired the predominance above all others, and is now, by many, thought to constitute the discriminative characteristic of poetry.

The rhythmical cadence of the Greeks and Romans was so accurately settled, that it could be distinguished in whatever way it was written; but as by this rhythmus the whole composition was divided into regular parts, by peculiar cadences recurring pretty regularly, these divisions, consisting each of a certain number of lesser metrical divisions, which have been technically named feet, have been called lines, and are now regularly written or printed, each in a stretch without a break, one below the other. In imitation of this particular, modern poetry is, in general, arranged into lines likewise, each line consisting of a certain number of syllables, which must be so arranged as to follow each other in a kind of cadenced flow. Generally, two of these lines terminate with a syllable

having a similar sound, and this is called rhyme.

All these things, you yourself sufficiently know; nor will it probably have escaped your observation, that many writers, if they can tag together a certain number of lines, with the necessary appurtenance of rhyming syllables at their end, conceive that they are writing poetry; and immediately dub themselves poets. But here, you will perceive, that by mistaking a part for the whole, and that part too the meanest of all the constituent parts of poetry, they are guilty of a sad misdemeanour, and confound the making of verses, with the writing of poetry. These are two things extremely different; for poetry may exist even without verse, and far more without rhyme; and rhyme may be very perfect without the smallest spark of poetry.

Let me, therefore, caution you to endeavour to discriminate between these in the compositions of others; but above all things to guard against the too common error of believing, that you yourself are a poet, in case you should at any time accidentally discover that you have a knack at writing, with tolerable facility, a number of rhyming lines, usually called verses. I believe there is no person existing, who has an

ordinary fund of ideas, who cannot write verses. It is, indeed, a mere mechanical operation; and if a man has a natural ear for rhythmical arrangements, he will be able to make the syllables follow each other very smoothly. But if he has not a talent for great and bold conceptions; or for placing objects in such positions, as to excite new and vivid ideas, that produce pleasing images in the mind of the reader, the essence of poetry is wanting, and it is merely a dead and lifeless form. But if these great requisites are present, though the form of the verse itself, and rhymes, be totally wanting, it will be accounted poetry, in the strict and proper meaning of the word. The book of Job, for example, because it possesses these requisites in a high degree, is, by all mankind, admitted to be a poetical composition, though, in our version at least, it possesses none of the characteristics of verse. So far is verse indeed from being necessary to poetry, that we can produce many instances of poetical compositions being greatly injured by having been converted into verse. Of this the Psalms of David are a noted example: and there have been some poetical paraphrases, as they have been called, of several sublime passages in the Bible, lately made by well meaning men, which are still more liable

to objection, as degrading the Scriptures, than the version of David's Psalms, by Sternhold and Hopkins itself. These are striking examples, that verse may not only exist independent of poetry, but that it may even be employed as the means of murdering poetry where it already existed.

An old acquaintance of mine whom I much esteemed, who possessed a strong and vigorous understanding, and great talents in many respects, but upon whom heaven had not conferred the smallest share of the vis poetica, having discovered that he could number syllables, and class together similar sounds, in short that he could make verses, believed that little more was necessary to emulate Homer; and that he could write a poem, which would be equally immortal as the Iliad itself. He therefore set himself to contrive the plan of an epic poem, on the model of Homer; and, by dint of immense labour and perseverance, at length produced a work, consisting of a great many thousand verses divided into a certain number of books, which he called an epic poem. This performance was constructed according to the rules of Aristotle. It had a regular beginning, a middle, and an end. In imitation of Homer, too, it began with an in-

vocation; many battles were fought between valiant heroes, much blood was spilt, and various wounds were inflicted and described, with, I suppose, great anatomical precision:—episodes too were introduced,—orations were pronounced,—funeral games were celebrated,—similes, and all the figures of speech that have been enumerated by rhetoricians as necessary to add dignity to composition, were occasionally introduced to embellish it. It was, in short, as exact an imitation as the writer could make of Homer's Iliad, but without one spark of poetical fire from the beginning to the end. It might be said to bear such a resemblance to the Iliad, as the corse of Hector, when chained to the chariot of Achilles, bore to the living Hector, triumphant as he drove the trembling Grecians to their ships. It was a resemblance that brought nothing but the melancholy recollection of the loss that had been sustained by the absence of the original. I need scarcely add, that the work to which I here allude, is the Epigoniad of Wilkie. Wilkie was a man whom I knew well, and whom I esteemed both for his talents and disposition, almost above all others. And though it was impossible for him to discover defects which nature had deprived him of the faculties of discriminating; so that

he deemed it a valuable production till his dying day: yet he told me himself, that the labour of this composition had been such, as so much to impair his constitution, that it never was afterwards re-established; and the emoluments he derived from it were so inconsiderable, that he would have earned more money had he been employed all the time in hoeing potatoes, at the rate of eight-pence a day; the common wages of a labourer in his neighbourhood at the time he wrote it. At an after period, he published some fables in verse with much happier success; for, in that species of composition, judgment is chiefly concerned, and a due selection of proper words, so as to constitute easy verse; in both which respects he was far from being deficient. Indeed, in respect to mathematical learning, philosophy, historical and political knowledge, and strong sense in regard to the common occurrences of life, Mr. Wilkie had few equals in any part of the world; and I have often regretted, that in place of wasting his time in a vain attempt at poetical excellence, he had not turned his attention to historical disquisition, in which, I am satisfied, he would have made a greater figure than, perhaps, any British author that has appeared within the present age.

Pardon this involuntary digression in favour of a man whom I respected much in life, and whose memory I shall ever highly revere.

The foregoing disquisition will not, I hope, be entirely useless to you; for if it shall impress your mind with the full conviction that verse and poetry are distinct things, it may save you a great deal of unnecessary reading, and perhaps writing too, in your progress through life. How many men who waste their time in idly writing verses, that they call, and believe to be poems, might be diverted from this unsatisfactory pursuit, to others of a more useful tendency, could they be satisfied, with an ancient bard, whose verses I cannot quote, because the book is not to be found here at present, that "Poetry wants more than verse," to entitle it to that name; and were persuaded that nothing is such useless lumber in the literary world as voluminous productions in verse, destitute of the spirit of genuine poesy.

Milton introduced a new species of verse into the English language, which he called blank verse. Indeed, Shakspeare before him had employed the same in his dramatic compositions; but Milton, I think, was the first that brought it into use in poems of another sort. In this verse an equal attention to rhythmus is

required as in rhyme; and as the sense is less marred by the artificial recurrence of certain syllables, it gives a fuller and bolder flow to the melody of sounds, and variation of cadences: so as to admit of expressing the passions and affections of the mind with greater energy. Some critics indeed affect to deny that this can be called verse at all*; while I, on the contrary, consider this as the only species of verse, which in our language is suited to works of considerable length. In small performances, the recurrence of rhymes will often have a good effect; and in ludicrous compositions, the very awkwardness of these gingling arrangements frequently tends to heighten the effect of the picture; as when,

> The pulpit, drum ecclesiastick,
> Is beat with fist instead of a stick.

But in serious or sublime compositions it can seldom, I think, have a good effect.

Shakspeare, as a dramatic writer, deserves, without dispute, the first rank, if the most perfect delincation of human characters, easy natural dialogue, and energy and propriety of language, are allowed to be the principal characteristics of dramatic excellence. In these respects there never yet has appeared a writer

in any European language, who could be put in composition with Shakspeare. His powers, indeed, were so much superior to all other men in these respects, that he can only be looked upon as one of those prodigies, that heaven vouchsafes sometimes to produce, to give an idea of the possible powers of the human mind, and to moderate the vanity of those who are disposed to assume to themselves a superiority above others. The dramatic performances of Shakspeare seem to have been produced without any effort from him, and he appears to have viewed them with great indifference himself; for he took no care to guard against their being injured by the interpolations of others. They were put into the hands of men, who, willing to obtain the applause of an ill-informed public, made liberal interpolations of scenes of ribaldry, and low humour, to make the vulgar laugh. Shakspeare himself, indeed, with that infinite versatility of powers so peculiar to him, has drawn low characters, and ludicrous scenes, with the same unrivalled propriety as the sublime and the pathetic. But it is easy to perceive, that many passages which are now incorporated with his works never had been written by him; though the tares have been so long allowed to grow up

promiscuously among the wheat, that it would now be a difficult task to separate them.

But though few writers have ever equalled Shakspeare, in regard to the rhythmical flow of poetic cadence, when the nature of the subject required it, yet wherever he attempted rhyme, he sunk greatly below the meanest poetaster of the present day. His rhymes are indeed so very bad, that were it not for their uniformity in badness, I should be inclined to rank them among the interpolations that have been foisted so freely into the writings of that extraordinary man. I dare not venture to form even a decided opinion on this head.

Milton may be allowed to hold the second rank in point of dignity among the English poets. His Paradise Lost is a sublime monument of the power of human genius. Its sublimity indeed is its principal characteristic; and Milton has discovered, in the construction of his verse in this work, a perfect knowledge of the power of poetical rhythmus, in contributing to the force of the picture he intended to produce. In some of his lesser poems, Milton has, in this respect, been less attentive; and though the fame he has so justly acquired for his Paradise Lost has given a degree of respecta-

bility to all his other writings, yet in all of these we discover more of labour than is suitable to the ease of light compositions. In the Allegro, indeed, the measure he has adopted is not unsuitable to the subject, and all the objects brought under view are of the pleasing kind. But whoever will compare these with the light pieces of Anacreon, or the odes of Hafiz, will easily perceive that the Allegro has been written by a grave man, who made every effort to be cheerful; while the others indicate an internal fund of gaiety of disposition. But Milton has forgotten himself still more in his Penseroso; for there, adopting the same measure he had contrived for the Allegro, which is perfectly unsuitable to the subject, he has gone directly contrary to those rules which his own practice, in most cases, shewed he thought were essential. The Lycidas, too, in spite of some just thoughts and happy expressions, is, upon the whole, a stiff unnatural performance; and as utterly destitute of feeling as the monody of Lord Lyttelton; which is but a laboured imitation of it. I would not give one single stroke of the true pathos of nature, for five thousand pages of such frigid lamentations.

Milton, perhaps, never wrote a poem in which

his genuine feelings were brought so fully forth as the Comus. In his other works he speaks, for the most part, to the understanding; in this to the heart,—to the heart, I mean, of such men as had ideas of a similar stamp to those of Milton, for these were always great; nor could the smallest spark of levity ever find access to his mind. His ear for the charms of musical sounds seems to have been exquisitely delicate; and to a person who has felt the overpowering ecstasy which can be derived from this source, the language of Milton in his Comus speaks "unutterable things." I will not hesitate to declare, that were I ever to become ambitious of the character of a poet, I should be more proud to have been capable of writing the Comus of Milton than all his other works, the Paradise Lost itself not excepted.

You see, that though age has damped somewhat of that enthusiasm, which was apt to hurry me sometimes, in the early parts of life, beyond the bounds that men with other propensities thought strictly reasonable, I still cherish these feelings with ineffable delight. In matters of taste, it is to the perceptive powers, and not to the reasoning faculty, that application should be made. A poet who pro-

ceeds only by line and rule is a perfect solecism in nature. Adieu.

THE BEE, vol. xvi. No. 143, p. 265, August 21, 1793.

The opinion here expressed relative to Comus, is perfectly correct, and full of feeling; it is, indeed, the most delightful poem of its author.

## No. CLXXV.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
  From wandering on a foreign strand!

WALTER SCOTT.

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So bountiful has the Creator of this universe been to his creatures, that he hath disseminated those things which can minister to human enjoyment in a much more equal degree through the different regions of the earth, than can easily be perceived by a superficial observer: on one region he hath conferred blessings of a particular kind, which he hath withheld from another, while advantages of a different kind make up for the partial want. To those who know how to make a proper use of the blessings that fall to their share, this wise disposition of providence is pleasing: but the peevish and the ignorant seldom experience the sweet solace that arises from a grateful contentment with the lot that hath fallen to their own share. While they feel the evils to which they themselves are subjected, they look around them, and, perceiving that

others are not subjected to the same hardships, they hastily conclude that they enjoy a happier lot than themselves. Not having felt the ills, perhaps, of a severer kind, to which others are exposed, they perceive them not at all, and rashly conclude, that heaven hath strewed the path of other men with roses only, while nothing but briars and thorns, and noxious weeds, spring up in the dreary road which they are compelled to tread. Their minds become thus peevish and discontented. All nature assumes to them a gloomy appearance; and they dare to lift up their presumptuous eye even to heaven, and blaspheme the merciful Creator of the universe, by accusing him, in their hearts, of partiality and injustice.

In no one particular are men more apt unjustly to complain of their lot, than by depreciating the climate and the country in which they live. In other respects, the grievances of individuals vary so much, that each is reduced to the necessity of uttering his own solitary complaints, without being joined by others; but in this respect the complaint of one man is reechoed by another, and they so cordially agree in exciting the bad humour of each other, that they act without restraint. The same complaints are so often repeated, that they come at length

to be believed as sacred truths which admit of no dispute.

It is in this way we hear repeated, every day, such loud and unqualified complaints of the nature of the climate in which we live, that many persons have brought themselves seriously to believe it is the most inhospitable region in the universe. Here the effects of cold, in particular, are at times so severely felt, that most people are inclined to believe, that those who live in warmer regions are, in every respect, more comfortably situated than ourselves: we think of the delicious fruits that are natives of these regions, and languish for the gratifications that these would afford to us: we spy the rose, while not within our grasp; its balmy fragrance enchants us, its delicate blush invites us to pluck it, but we perceive not the thorn with which it is accompanied. It pricks us only when we take it in our hand. In the ecstasy of admiring what is not our own, we forget the good things that have long been in our possession.

To speak without a figure. Italy has long been called the garden of Europe; and, to young men of fortune, the desire of visiting this garden is irresistible. Home becomes to them a prison, so delightfully inviting do foreign parts appear to them at a distance: nor are their

parents ever suffered to be at peace till they grant permission to them to go thither. "I could not sleep in quiet," said once to me a gentleman of great ingenuousness of disposition; "I sickened at every object around me: I became peevish, fretful, and discontented, till my father was prevailed on to allow me to go to Italy. I travelled thither in anxious expectation of charms I never found; and after having spent a twelvemonth without having got a sound sleep, from having been constantly eaten up with vermin, stewed with heat, and involved in nastiness, from which it was impossible to escape, I was happy, at last, to be permitted to return to that unhospitable region, as I once thought it, which gave me birth; where I have since experienced, both as to climate, food, and cleanliness, a kind of satisfaction that I never could feel in those enchanting regions so much famed in classic story, which had made such a lively impression on my youthful imagination." The person who said this is a sensible man; and what he said, made such an impression on my mind, as to have occasioned these reflections.

Grapes, oranges, melons, figs, and pine-apples, are, without all dispute, delicate fruits, that are highly grateful to the palate. But such things as these, in any country, can form but a

small share of the food and sustenance of the people. Were they even capable of yielding a substantial nourishment, they could not be taken in sufficient quantity for the purpose: the very poignancy of their flavour prevents it. By frequent use, they would cloy the palate, and become nauseous to the stomach; these, therefore, are delicacies which can only be prized where they are scarce, and must be disregarded as useless superfluities, where they are plentiful. Such things, therefore, are imaginary goods, rather than real blessings. It is articles of food only, that can give one country a decided advantage above another in this respect: and how stands the balance between temperate climates and warmer regions in regard to this particular.

In place of those few exotic fruits, which we cannot rear in perfection without artificial heat, we have others of our own, not perhaps inferior to these either in delicacy or nutritious quality. But allowing their fruits the pre-eminence they claim, we have in their stead, wheat, rye, barley, oats, potatoes, and innumerable legumes, roots, and garden-plants, in such abundance, as to supply the inhabitants with the certainty of obtaining a healthy nourishing repast at all times. And if, in warm climates, these things also can,

in some measure, be obtained; yet in respect to the more invigorating viands of beef, mutton, lamb, and veal, they fall infinitely behind us. The genial temperature of our summer heats serve to cloth our plants with a rich and lasting verdure, which affords a never failing plenty of succulent food, that gives to the flesh of our domestic animals, a tender juiciness that the inhabitants of warmer climates never know. There the thirsty fields, parched up by the over-powerful influence of the summer sun, exhibit scarce a blade of grass. All is dry and withered. The cattle stinted for food, instead of beef, afford, when brought to the shambles, a kind of sticky flesh, more like a dried ham, than any thing else. Milk too, that luxurious delicacy which nature hath granted in abundance to the lowest of our people, is there to be had only in scanty quantities, at a high price; and butter is scarcely known. Let an honest Englishman look at his well-stored larder, and then say, if he would exchange it for all the oranges and melons that Italy can afford.*

* The following notices are taken from Walker's Travels (p. 300), lately published. "We call Italy the garden of the world; I can by no means think so. The climate is certainly a happy medium between the torrid and frigid zones; rather warmer, indeed, than an English constitution can well bear.

In respect of sustenance, therefore, we have no reason to complain of our lot, when compared with that of warmer regions.

Let us next state the parallel, in respect to health, and personal enjoyments.

Man was evidently intended for labour. He must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. But with the bread he thus earns, he, likewise, earns a more valuable blessing, health, and an appetite to relish that food. Whatever gives health and vigour to the body, gives energy and activity to the mind. But labour gives this vigour; and cold, to a certain degree, inspires a taste for labour. Happy above all others, then, are the inhabitants of temperate climates, where the regions verge towards cold. Labour

But the soil bears no grass, and, of course, their beef, mutton, &c., is wretched. Venison they have little or none; and what they have, we should esteem carrion in England. Their fowls are a nuisance in the streets of Rome; yet I have never seen a large or a fat fowl in Italy. The fish from the Mediterranean are very good; fine lobsters, plaice, sardines, mullets, &c. The bread is chiefly of Indian corn, dark-coloured and tough. Butter they have none an Englishman can eat. The pork they brag much of, but I have seen none yet I could eat; and the wild boars I have had no desire of tasting. All this may be rooted and inveterate prejudice. I have certainly come too late in my life to Italy; my habits are too much established to conform to innovation in domestic matters; but yet few, I believe, who ever came hither, have enjoyed the curiosities of it more than I have done.

to them becomes pleasant; activity constitutes the basis of their recreations; health of body and vigour of mind are the consequences. Shall we then complain, because heaven hath cast our lot in a region of this nature!

But setting future consequences aside, let us look only towards the enjoyment of the present hour. At certain seasons of the year, we feel the cold, in some respects, severer than we could wish; but how easy is it to guard against it? An additional fold of clothing, a little more exercise, a warm pair of gloves, a good fire, effectually drive away every uneasy sensation resulting from this cause; and how few persons are there, that cannot command one or all these remedies? But in warmer regions, how can the oppressive power of heat be overcome? The direct rays of the sun, acting in certain cases on the head, sometimes prove the cause of death, as instant and certain as the stroke of a bullet. The parching wind, called sirocco, stifles the unhappy traveller, who is surprised by it at a distance from shelter. The poisonous nature of its effects are experienced even in the inmost recesses of the best constructed palaces. A feverish languor creeps through every vein; and universal sickness prevails.—Even when these effects are not experienced in this degree,

it becomes extremely difficult to remove that languor, and that uneasy sensation, which always accompanies a too high degree of heat upon the human frame. The clothes that are necessary to prevent the sun from blistering the skin become a load that cannot be easily borne; and at night, when the body, exhausted by the languid fatigues of the day, seeks for repose, it often seeks for it in vain. Unquiet slumbers, the usual attendants of too much heat, are ever and anon disturbed by the buz of insects; the bite of fleas, which no human effort can banish; and the crawling of other vermin:—In vain are the bed-posts put into dishes of water to prevent the insects from ascending: some overleap the mound; others mount up by their wings.—All night long, the attention is called off by some one or other of these disagreeable objects; which, to a person who has not been accustomed to them, presents to the imagination the most disgusting idea. At last the exhausted watcher drops into a kind of slumber; he dreams; a gentle compression about his neck suggests the idea that it is the arm of the nymph he loves. He enjoys, for a moment, the luxurious idea of being embraced by the idol of his heart. He awakes; but judge of his surprise, when, instead of the arm of his mistress, he finds it is a snake that

has entwined itself about his neck! Are these the pleasures we pant after? Are these the joys for which we despise our own comfortable home, where, after the head is laid upon the pillow, nothing can disturb repose, that does not proceed from the mind of guilt, or anxious care?

I will not disgust the reader with a longer detail of the disagreeable effects that result to the human frame in warm climates. I will not shock him with a minute enumeration of the ravages produced at all times by locusts and flies; by which whole nations have been nearly exterminated, and extensive regions, abandoned by man, left as a habitation for reptiles of the vilest sort; for even the strongest and the fiercest animals have been obliged to migrate from the regions where they abound. I will not dwell upon the horrors that have arisen from the bite of vipers, snakes, centipedes, tarantulas, and other poisonous animals. I will not enumerate the ravages that are too often produced in these climates by hail, and thunder, and tornados. It is enough for me barely to mention, that these are ills, to which every inhabitant of these happy regions, as we have been accustomed to think them, are for ever exposed. Leaving these dreary scenes, I would wish to turn the attention of the reader to the

delightful serenity that every inhabitant of Britain must have experienced in a social walk, during a fine evening in the summer months. Nothing that depends upon climate, or the effects of external air, can equal it; temperate without heat; serene without glare; peaceful without gloom. Every object in nature seems to vie with another, which shall administer in the most perfect manner to gratify the senses and to calm the mind. Thus the poet with great justice describes a summer evening in Scotland:

Serene and mild the genial evening comes,
Inspiring soft benignity and peace.
The setting sun, with parting ray uprear'd,
Ben Lomond last of all our mountains gilds,
Then sinks beneath the hills:
Yet still the lengthen'd day,
As if averse to leave the pleasing scene,
Slowly retires far north, and, lingering long,
Not quite forsakes,
But verging eastward, gilds the orient sky:
And soon the sun returns again
More fair, more bright,
To glad with morning beams
Ben Lomond's pathless top.

From Loch Lomond, a Poem, altered.

Of such a scene the inhabitants of warmer regions can have no idea. As we cannot form an adequate notion of the plagues of flies, and

grashoppers, and lice, that successively destroy the Egyptians; so neither can they form an idea of the enchanting delights of a summer evening in Britain.

Let us then be contented with our lot, nor envy the situation of others, but improve to the utmost of our power the advantages we ourselves possess; for, were we to shift places with any other people, we should perhaps find we had lost much more than we had gained by the change.

THE BEE, vol. ii. p. 81, March 23, 1791.

## 'ALLEN BROOKE, OF WINDERMERE.'

Say, have you in the valley seen
A gentle youth of pensive mien?
And have you mark'd his pallid cheek,
That does his secret sorrow speak?
Perhaps you'd wish his name to hear—
'Tis Allen Brooke, of Windermere.

But, ah! the cause that prompts his sigh,
That dims with tears his sparkling eye;
That bids his youthful cheek turn pale,
And sorrow's hue o'er health's prevail;
That cause from me you must not hear—
Ask Allen Brooke, of Windermere.

Yet needless were his words to prove
This sorrow springs from hopeless love;

Go to the youth—of Jessy speak,
Then mark the crimson on his cheek;
That blush will make the secret clear
Of Allen Brooke, of Windermere.

And, oh! believe his Jessy's breast
Is still with answ'ring cares oppress'd;
But know, a father's stern command
Withholds from him my willing hand:
All but a father's frown I'd bear
For Allen Brooke, of Windermere.

Then, gentle stranger, seek the youth,
And tell him of his Jessy's truth;
Say that you saw my alter'd cheek,
My faithful bosom's anguish speak;
Say that till death, I'll hold most dear
My Allen Brooke, of Windermere.

THE CABINET, vol. ii. p. 317.

# No. CLXXVI.

Sweet sounds! that oft have sooth'd to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
And charm'd away mine infant tears:
Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
That in the wild the traveller hears.

Oh if, as ancient sages ween,
Departed spirits, half-unseen,
Can mingle with the mortal throng;
Tis when from heart to heart we roll
The deep-ton'd music of the soul,
That warbles in our Scottish song.

LEYDEN.

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Sir,

PERMIT me, through the channel of your miscellany, to suggest the expediency of a short and liberal inquiry into the use and progress of the admired songs, that are sung to melodies peculiar to the Scottish Low-landers.* The purpose of the following hints is rather to obtain information, than to establish any favourite system of my own. I mean, however, to confine myself to the words; the music having been treated of in a learned dissertation published some years ago.

* For the difference between them and the Highland vocal airs, consult Mr. Mac Donald's collection of the latter, published in the year 1784.

I shall first state some circumstances that seem to impeach the high antiquity of these admired lays. In a very rare and curious book,* entitled Scotland's Complaint, printed at St. Andrews, soon after the fatal battle of Pinkey, the author takes occasion to give a list of the poems, the tales and the dances, that were then in most repute. The poems are thirty-five in number, which, from their titles, may have been partly songs. The man of system will, however, be mortified to find that the Hunts of Cheviot and the battle of Harlow are the only ones familiar to modern ears. There is, indeed, one † relating to the Duke of Albany and Delabante, who was slain by the Homes, in the minority of James V. Hardiknute is one of the tales, some of which were probably in verse; and to the dance-tunes we are equally strangers. It may be said, this is only a specimen; but surely the author's learning and good sense would have led him to prefer excellence to mediocrity; nor was he likely to omit the Flowers of the Forest, or a number of other songs, which do honour to the taste and feelings of his countrymen. At the same time, this objection strikes with equal

* See Pinkert. Anc. Poem. Introd. p. 107. Vol. ii. p. 543.
† Pitscottie's History, Ed. 1778, p. 201.

force at the existence of all our ancient poetry, in direct opposition to the most convincing evidence.

But this is not all; neither in the Bannatyne nor Maitland collection, do we find any of the pastoral songs that are reckoned ancient; and in the former, there is but a single humorous one of any merit.* From the specimens of fifty-six love songs inscribed in it, we learn, that the authors were courtiers and scholars, rather than simple swains. If they followed the model of the old English songs,† the music of which was entirely in harmony, it need not be wondered at, that they were never popular in a country that delighted only in simple melodies.

Even this omission goes only to prove, that the compilers of the two collections mentioned above, contented themselves with transcribing pieces written by poets who had figured in the republic of letters. They were, perhaps, too fastidious to gather the songs and ballads that were the delight of the common people. But though the antiquity of the pastoral and humorous ones in question cannot be proved from old manuscripts, they may have existed at

* Anc. Poems, 1568, p. 191, 192. 212.

† Pinkert. Ancient Poems, vol. ii. p. 498.

a still earlier period, among an idle, illiterate people. Having no connection with courts or colleges, they were in no hazard of forming to themselves an artificial taste, on quaint metaphysical models. In that state of society, the effusions of untaught genius are seldom committed to writing, being handed down from father to son by oral tradition. Nothing, indeed, is more easily acquired, or longer remembered, than songs or tales, conjoined with national music, especially when the words touch upon the favourite pursuits and passions of a people.

There is, however, a circumstance which may help to throw some light upon the present question. The scene of the finest pastoral songs is commonly laid upon the Tweed, or some of its tributary streams: from this it may be inferred, that the authors were natives of the country. Though, doubtless, a species of poetry and music flourished there, long before the sixteenth century, the pieces now under consideration cannot be referred to the border minstrels. The fragments of their compositions that have been transmitted to us breathe a rugged spirit, well suited to a people whose trade was arms, and whose love-tales were sometimes connected with family feuds. Had the southern countries been, at that time, the favourite seat of pastoral

poetry and congenial vocal airs, can it be imagined that Sir Richard Maitland and his daughter, who lived in the neighbourhood, would not have admitted some of the choicest pieces into their collection? Supposing the taste of the father to have been vitiated by fashion, the sweet touches of nature they contain would have recommended them to a female mind. Among the many poets of that century, there is none to whom his contemporaries or biographers adjudge the palm of delineating rural manners and rural scenes, as they actually existed in his own age and country. The learned editor of some excerpts * from the Bannatyne collection, makes a very just remark on the Golden Terge of Dunbar: "That, though rich in allegory and description, the scene might have been laid with as much propriety in Italy as in Scotland, and with more propriety during paganism, than in the sixteenth century." The only real Doric pieces in that collection are Jock and Jenny,† and the wife of Auchtermuchty, if indeed the last be as old as the year 1568.

In a matter where no light can be had from history or tradition, one would be disposed to

* Anc. Poem. 1598, p. 227.

† Anc. Poem. 1368, p. 158, 215, and 316.

conclude, that the sweetest and most beautiful tunes were at least clothed with new words, after the union of the crowns, when there was no longer any thing to fear from enemies foreign or domestic. The inhabitants of the borders, who had formerly been warriors from choice, and husbandmen from necessity, either quitted the country, or were transformed into real shepherds, easy in their circumstances, and satisfied with their lot. If the rents were much higher than in the feudal times, their profits were much more considerable. Some sparks of the chivalry of their forefathers remained,* sufficient to inspire elevation of sentiment, and gallantry towards the fair sex. The familiarity that had long subsisted between the gentry and commons could not be all at once obliterated; a circumstance which tended to sweeten rural life, and to level distinctions of rank, whilst their way of life provided health of body, and tranquillity of mind.

In this happy state of innocence, ease, and serenity of temper, the love of poetry and music could hardly fail to maintain its ground, though it might at length assume a form more suited to the circumstances of the country. The minstrels,

* Troipart Bishop Leslie.

whose metrical tales used once to rouse the borders like the trumpet's sound, were now discouraged, and classed with rogues and vagabonds.* Amidst those Arcadian vales, one or more original geniuses might arise, either together or in succession, who were destined to give a new turn to the taste of their countrymen. They would have the good sense to see, that the events and pursuits which checker private life were the fittest subjects for popular poetry. Love, which had formerly held a divided sway with glory and ambition, became now the master-passion of the soul. To pourtray in lively and delicate colours, though with a hasty hand, the hopes and fears, which, by turns, agitated the breast of the amorous swain, afforded ample scope to the rural poet. Some love songs, of which Tibullus himself needed not have been ashamed, might be composed by an unlettered, uneducated shepherd. At least, if the character be assumed, the author speaks the language of pure nature, which is not easily counterfeited. The images and illusions are not purloined from ancient or modern classics, but taken from real life, and well-known scenes. With unaffected tenderness and truth, topics are urged most

* 1579, c. 74.

likely to soften the heart of a cruel and coy mistress, and to promote a happy union. Even in such as have a melancholy cast, a ray of hope breaks through and dispels that deep and settled gloom, which marks the sweetest of the Highland vocal airs.

Some of the more lively and droll songs may, perhaps, appear to the present generation coarse and indelicate. Such, however, was the very style, in which a simple sequestered people, strangers to artificial rules of breeding, behaved in their hours of gaiety, and exuberant mirth. They are still faithful landscapes of the manners and economics of our old-fashioned sheep-farmers. In them, it must be confessed, some objects are brought into open view, which a more artful painter would have thrown into shade.

As these heaven-born poets regarded their talents for versification as an amusement, not as a profession, they could not be stimulated to exert themselves by the hopes of gain, or literary fame; and therefore, their effusions being commonly suggested by circumstances, had seldom occasion to exceed the bounds of a love-song or a ballad of humour or satire; for the love and hatred of the tuneful tribe is ever in extremes. These were the compositions most likely to please the small circle of their friends

and admirers, whose applause they wished to obtain. As their works were carefully treasured up in the memory of their neighbours, they never thought of printing, and seldom of committing any thing to writing. * Yet, now and then, strangers of taste, who were occasionally in the country, might take copies. Being neither known to the learned, nor patronised by the great, they were allowed to live and die in quiet and obscurity. And hence, by a strange fatality, their story, and, at length, their very names, were totally forgotten, at the very time when their songs were universally esteemed.

Whether this conjecture be well or ill-founded, the moment that a proper model for pastoral songs was exhibited, there would be no want of imitators. To succeed in this species of compositions, soundness of judgment, and sensibility of the heart, were certainly more requisite, than the flights of imagination, or pomp of numbers. Though it is impossible for us to trace its æra or progress, yet, in some such way, capital changes may have taken place in song-writing; and hence, so few of the pieces admired in Queen Mary's time can now be discovered in modern collections. * It is also possible, though

* In the voluminous collection of ballads, begun by Mr. Selden, and finished by Mr. Pepys, are several of the last cen-

exceedingly improbable, that the music may have remained nearly the same, whilst the names and words of the tunes were entirely new modelled.

In this situation matters seem to have stood, when Allan Ramsay began his poetical course. Of the dawnings and progression of his genius very little is known; there not being, I imagine, any life of him published. As he had talents for pastoral poesy that were never surpassed in any age or country, so he had considerable merit as an editor of ancient pieces in that way. Besides the Evergreen, taken chiefly from the Bannatyne manuscript, he published a well-known collection of songs. From what sources he procured them, whether from manuscripts or books not generally known, or from the memory of the aged, may perhaps be explained by some persons still alive, who are well acquainted with the story of our Scottish Theocritus. Had it not been for the seasonable interposition of him, and his friends, a number of old songs would soon have perished irrecoverably: but, spite of all their

tury,† to Scottish tunes. Though these are still known and admired, not a word is said of the names or abodes of the authors, or of the time they flourished.

† Pinkerton's Ancient Poems, vol. ii. p. 467.

industry, pieces of unquestioned merit, and considerable antiquity, might elude their search, and lie concealed in a remote district, or a single family, till chance threw some stranger in the way, who took care to make them public.

If, in the Evergreen, he rashly attempted to improve some of his originals, in all probability he used still greater freedoms with the songs and ballads; not a few of which had been transmitted from one generation to another by tradition. What polish, or variations, he, or his fellow-editors, thought proper to give these pieces, cannot be known, till manuscripts older than the present century shall be produced. To a good many tunes, which either had no words, or only ludicrous fragments, he made verses worthy of the sweet melodies which they accompanied; worthy indeed of a poet of the golden age. They are perfectly intelligible to every rustic, yet justly admired by persons of refined taste, as the genuine offspring of the pastoral muse. The numbers are easy and flowing, though just and natural, expressed with a tenderness and simplicity that touch the heart. With great judgment, he left the old songs, at least, their original garb; but in those that are printed among his works, he appears to have

aimed at dressing them up in an English idiom, the chief Scotticism being the sounds of the vowels and the softening of certain consonants. But that signified little to the persons that were to sing them, as they could not help giving them a provincial cast. In some respects, he had peculiar advantages: a song in the dialect of Cumberland, or Somersetshire, could hardly be popular in England, because it was never spoken by people of fashion; whereas, in the days of Allan Ramsay, every Scotchman, from the peer to the shepherd, spoke a truly Doric language. It is true, the English moralists and poets were by that time universally read by every person of condition, and considered as standards for polite writing. But as national attachments and dislikes were still strong, the busy, the learned, and the gay, continued to express themselves as their fathers had done; and that with an elegance and force, of which the young part of your readers (whose prejudices are all English) cannot have a just notion. I am old enough to have conversed with Mr. Spittal of Leuchat, a scholar and man of fashion, who survived all the members of the union parliament in which he sat. His pronunciation and phraseology dif-

fered as much from the Scotch commonly spoken, as the language of St. James's from that of Thames street. Had we retained a court and parliament of our own, the tongues of the two sister-kingdoms would indeed have differed like the Castilian and Portuguese; but each would have had its own classics, not in a single branch, but in the whole circle of polite literature.

As the company and conversation of Allan Ramsay were greatly courted by men of wit and fashion of his day, so several of them, by his persuasion, attempted to write poetry in his manner. Persons, too lazy or too dissipated to think of compositions that required much exertion, succeeded very happily in making tender sonnets to favourite tunes, in compliment to their mistresses:* and, as became their assumed character, they caught easily the language of impassioned shepherds.

I shall conclude with some queries.

1st. What is the oldest book of Low-land vocal airs in Scots, either in public or private collec-

* I shall mention one instance:—Above sixty years ago, Mr. Robert Crawford, eldest brother of the late Auchinames, wrote the modern song of Tweed Side. Of the old one, my informer could only recollect a few words: "I carried my noddle so high."

tions?—Some of their names are doubtless ancient. We have a tradition, that the second bishop Chisholm of Dunblane used to say, " Was he to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way, as to hear the tune ' Clout the Cauldron ' played."

2d. Did not Oswald the musician make a new model of a number of tunes?

3d. What is the most ancient manuscript or printed book, in which the songs that carry intrinsic marks of antiquity are inserted?—From the well-known accuracy of the gentleman who supplied Dr. Percy with some beautiful ones,* I suspect they had never appeared in print till Allan Ramsay's time.

4th. How many of the tunes, connected with indecent or ludicrous words, appear, from their structure, to have been originally church anthems?

5th. In the book called " Ane compendious boke of Godlie Sangs," is it possible to discern any thing like these now known among the ones " written to the tunes of profane ballads common in 1597?" A specimen of these was printed at Edinburgh, in 1765.

* Reliques of Ancient Poetry.

6th. In whose hands are the Manuscripts of Allan Ramsay, and Thomson the publisher of the Orpheus Caledonius? I am,

Sir, Yours, &c.

March, 1791. J. Runcole.

The Bee, vol. ii. p. 201, April 13, 1791.

Much light has been lately thrown upon the origin and antiquity of the Scotish Ballad and Song, by the Collections of Walter Scott and Mr. Jamieson, to which the reader is referred.

## No. CLXXVII.

Raro antecedentem scelestum,
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.
HORAT.

Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Justice o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.
FRANCIS.

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THOSE personages who form the subject of the following pages, though long since mouldered into dust, must present, in the recital of their history, a striking instance to the reader, of the punishment attendant on vice, and the rewards which follow virtue.

In one of the small villages, with which the south of France abounds, lived a peasant, whose only wealth consisted in those mental possessions which adorn greatness, and dignify poverty. He had acquired, by the integrity of his heart, and the honesty of his principles, the esteem of all his neighbours, and the approbation of the master whom he long had served in the capacity of under bailiff. He gained an honest livelihood by indefatigable industry, and in his hours of leisure he delighted in the discharge of his parental duty, by cultivating the native graces of an only child. Emma, at the age of

eighteen, was lovely in her person, gentle in her manners, and virtuous in her principles. Their cottage was the scene of rustic peace, and their little garden a bower of intermingled sweets. Bernard had long served, with fidelity and zeal, the Marquis of Clairville, who possessed a sumptuous chateau and extensive domains in the neighbourhood. Justice, generosity, and innate excellence of heart, were his characteristics; and he was the idol of the surrounding country, as well as of all those who were happy in his acquaintance. The innocent Emma assisted her father's honest toils by employing herself in spinning and netting, which contributed to acquire those comforts that rendered them happy and contented.

The duty and affection of Emma was unparalleled: oft would she climb the verdant steep, or wander in the silent vale, to wait the return of her father from his daily labours, when the evening sun cast its faint gleams upon the summer scene. Sometimes, seated by this venerable sire, she discoursed with him on the virtues of her departed mother, whom fate had summoned from the world in the early infancy of her daughter; and they shed the mutual tears of genuine sorrow and regret to her loved memory. Sometimes, in the seasons of festivity, Emma

would join in the rural dance with the villagers, or chant her melodious notes to the soft flutes of the youthful peasants.

> How often has she blessed the coming day,
> When toil, relenting, lent its turn to play;
> And all the village train, from labour free,
> Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
> While many a pastime circled in the shade,
> The young contending, while the old survey'd.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

Such was the life led by Emma and her father; though fortune enriched them not with her golden stores, peace and conscious innocence smiled in each countenance, and bestowed on them that undisturbed happiness, which seldom visits the gilded roofs of gorgeous palaces. But they were too soon destined to experience a fatal calamity, in the death of the Marquis de Clairville, whose loss was universally lamented. For some days after his decease, the eyes of his tenants and dependants ceased not to flow with tears of gratitude and sorrow. At the funeral of the marquis, conducted with all the pomp due to his rank and distinguished station, the inhabitants of the surrounding hamlets attended: grief was imprinted on every countenance, as they followed the body in mute dejection. A young stranger, returning to Switzerland, from

a tour, which he had taken on the continent, chanced to strike out of the road as he approached near the castle, tempted by the beauty of the long avenues which led to it. He reached the gates just as the mournful procession was beginning to move. Inquiring the name of the deceased, one of the peasants informed him, that in their master, the Marquis de Clairville, they had lost the best of lords, and most generous of patrons; the tears which rolled down his cheeks as he spoke, gave evidence to his feelings. Albert dismounted from his horse, and giving charge of it to his servant, mingled with the peasantry, and moving slowly arrived with them at the church, about half a mile distant, where the remains of Clairville were to be deposited in the vault of his ancestors: he placed himself near the grave: before the ceremony was ended, and while a solemn dirge was chanting, he observed the mourners to fall back, and form on each side an opening, through which he beheld advancing a group of village maidens, with baskets of flowers on their arms, which they strewed in profusion over the coffin. Albert's attention was soon attracted towards the loveliest object he had ever beheld; she was distinguished from her companions by a superior elegance of mien and grace of feature,—she

wore a vest of white stuff, fitted to her shape, and around her slender waist was bound a scarf of black gauze; a small cap, whiter than Alpine snows, attempted vainly to confine her flaxen tresses, which fell in waving ringlets on her shoulders, and strayed over her fair forehead. When she had emptied the fragrant contents of her basket, she bent on one knee upon the brink of the grave, then raising her tearful eyes of celestial blue to heaven, she seemed to breathe a silent prayer for the soul of the departed marquis; then, accompanied by the village maidens, she returned from the spot, passing through the vacancy which again was formed for them. Albert followed the sweet mourner, who, bidding adieu to her associates, moved down the church, looking around with anxious eyes, as if in quest of some object interesting to her affections: suddenly she sprang towards a venerable old man, who was tottering to the porch, and throwing around him her fair arms, she supported him to a seat, where, placing herself by him, they passed some moments in the eloquent silence of unaffected grief. Never had Albert beheld so beautiful a picture.—It was Emma,—who supported on her bosom the silver head of Bernard, while from her eyes, tear after tear, in quick succession, dropped on

his furrowed cheek! The stranger respected too much their mutual grief to interrupt it; and perceiving the funeral train returning from the grave, he accosted one of the peasants who was nearest him, and eagerly inquired the name of the maiden who seemed to lead the young group that strewed flowers at the grave: the peasant gave Albert every information which he desired; and, as the day was declining fast, he offered the traveller a bed at his cottage, which, being contiguous to that of Bernard, proved a temptation not to be resisted. Honest Pierot led Albert a short cut through some fields; and, after having recommended his guest to the attention of his wife, he hastened to the castle gates, in quest of the servant whom Albert had ordered to wait there his return. In this humble but neat dwelling, the young stranger determined to reside some days, under pretence of exploring, at his leisure, the extensive domains of the castle, but in reality to introduce himself to the lovely Emma and her father. The impression, which her artless beauty had made on his heart, was of so serious a nature, that he indulged the hopes of making her his wife, if he found, on acquaintance, her mind as charming as her person, and she would accept his proffered vows.

We must make a short digression while we return to the state of the family affairs of the late marquis, for some years previous to his decease. He had been married, late in life, to an amiable and accomplished woman, by whom he had an only son: having passed the winter at Paris, he was unexpectedly called away to attend some important business at Clairville-castle; he set off immediately, leaving his lady and an infant son, then about three years old, to follow. After the fatigues of a busy day, on the evening that he expected the marchioness to arrive, he was waiting her approach upon a terrace which commanded his fine park: as his anxious eyes were turned towards the grand avenue, which led to the castle, he perceived one of the domestics who had been left to attend her, advancing, with as much speed as the tired state of his horse would allow: the marquis hastened towards him to receive tidings of his beloved wife; but what were his sensations, when the servant informed him that the carriage of the marchioness and her retinue had been attacked by an armed banditti, who rushed out of a wood about a league distant from the castle: The attendants, who were likewise armed, surrounded the carriage, and, for some time, made a stout resistance; but he had every reason to fear

that, overpowered by numbers, they had scarce a chance of defending their mistress from the fury of these assassins, and in all probability they had fallen victims with her to the murderous swords of their assailants. The messenger of these dreadful tidings had been tempted, by an early flight, to escape to the castle, impelled by the feeble hope of gaining them some assistance; but the road being solitary which led to the chateau, he had met no human being on his way. The marquis lost no time in useless lamentations, but instantly arming himself and several of his brave domestics, who were ready to encounter any danger for so beloved a master, they mounted their horses, and in a short space of time reached the fatal spot: they here found a spectacle of horror, the mangled bodies of the servants lay prostrate and lifeless round the carriage, in which the murdered marchioness and her two women remained, with wounds yet bleeding!—In the midst of this desolation, the marquis sought in vain his infant son, whose absence inspired, amidst his sorrows, a secret and presaging hope that he had been either rescued or preserved: he placed himself and his followers in ambuscade in the wood for the remainder of the day, with a view to surprise the villains should they return at night, and either

revenge this horrid massacre, or fall in the attempt:—his hopes were vain; the wretches, sated with their bloody deeds, approached no more the fatal spot. Early the ensuing morning, they began to remove the slaughtered victims; they had been joined by all the neighbouring villagers, who assisted in the sad office. As they were raising some of the lifeless attendants, they were startled by a groan from one of the bodies; on an immediate search, they found a dying stranger, whom they concluded to be one of the banditti, who had fallen by the hands of the domestics, during the contest; and who had, probably, from being concealed under several dead bodies, escaped the recollection of the villains.—They raised and supported the wounded wretch; hoping, if he recovered, by the assistance of a surgeon who had followed the marquis, by his orders, to this scene of death, and had in vain attempted to restore the marchioness and her unfortunate suite, they might obtain information of the fate of the young marquis.

He seemed to revive a little by an effect which the attention had upon him. The marquis assisted in supporting him, while the surgeon poured a cordial down his throat.—His faculties, in some degree, appeared to return; he

gazed on the marquis and attempted to speak, but in vain. Clairville then addressed him thus: "I conjure thee by thy hopes of mercy here and hereafter, tell me, if thou hast power to speak, where is my son?—does he survive? Answer that question only for the present, and I will wait the event of thy recovery for farther information."

The dying man made repeated efforts to articulate, but, for some moments, he remained speechless: at length he faintly uttered, "Young Clairville lives." He could no more,—the exertion overcame him, and, successive convulsions seizing his whole frame, he expired in agonies.

This confession, in the midst of so severe an affliction, long kept alive in the bosom of the marquis some feeble embers of expiring hope: he returned to his solitary castle, so late the scene of all his happiness, where he shut himself up for several days, to give vent to the first emotions of his just sorrows. The suspense, which he yet endured, relative to his son's destiny, had such an effect upon his spirits, that he determined to retire wholly from the world, and to deplore, in the solitude of his castle, the misfortunes of his family: but he did not so much yield to the impressions of grief, as to be regardless of his tenants and dependents: his generous nature would not permit him to be un-

mindful of their interests; they had long been the objects of his bounty, they now became the children of his adoption; and, lost to domestic felicity, he centred all his remaining consolation, in dispensing happiness to all around him. Years followed years, in this manner; every search after his beloved son had been fruitless; and he long ceased to indulge the flattering prospect, which he had at first entertained of recovering his lost treasure; and though his pious resignation permitted him not to murmur at the decrees of Providence, yet no ray of hope cheered his declining age.

He beheld death approaching, with that secret satisfaction, which anticipated a blest reunion with those dear objects, who had already so long partaken of the rewards of innocence and virtue. On the decease of the marquis, his estate devolved, by inheritance, on the Baron de Morenzi, who was of a character haughty, cruel, and revengeful; whose reason and actions were subservient to his passions, and who scrupled not at the commission of any excess, to gratify his ambition, his avarice, or his sensuality.

Over these vices he had, by art and cunning, drawn a veil, which imposed on strangers; and to unfold which, a considerable share of saga-

city and penetration was requisite: on those whom his heart secretly detested, he could smile with ease. A character so hypocritical, could not fail of becoming the aversion of the adjacent country: for however the deceiver may conceal his vices, in the formalities of courts and public life, they will always appear in their true light, to those, to whom they are objects of neither fear nor regard. His new vassals and dependents received a specimen of that treatment which they were in future to expect, from the first moment of his arrival at his new abode.

They had collected together in the court of the castle, to celebrate his approach. "Wherefore," said he, as he descended from his carriage, "are you assembled here with gloomy faces and sable habiliments? Is this the welcome you give your new lord? I think you might have spared these trappings of woe for a departed master, to wait with joy the commands of his successor." A universal silence succeeded this ungracious harangue, which so exasperated the baron, who expected to be received with acclamations of pleasure, that he broke forth in the following words: "Depart, you minions of that indolent supineness, which marked the character of him whom you mourn in vain;—quit my

castle, and if you have any business to transact, I refer you to my steward, who has attended me hither, and who will impart to you my commands." Awed and shocked to silence, the humble train retired from the presence of a man, whose dominion over them promised nothing but the exertion of tyranny and oppression. In a day or two after his arrival, the system of affairs was entirely changed:—the old steward was discarded, and his place supplied by a man, who had gained the confidence of the baron by the abject servility of his flattery.

The faithful servants were discharged, and succeeded by others who had been the instruments of his vices. Bernard only, and a few more, who from the meanness of their situations had escaped his notice, were still permitted to occupy their several departments. Instead of the condescension, with which their late lord had treated all around him, the new master of these domains kept them at an awful distance, and never permitted the plaints of poverty to reach his ear, or the groans of oppression to plead for mercy: suffering virtue never obtained redress from his compassion, nor innocence from his justice. He had lived a life of luxury and debauchery, which had involved his private fortune in difficulties, from which his great acquisition

was calculated to extricate him. A multitude of importunate creditors disturbed the first moments of smiling fortune; and instead of appropriating to the payment of his debts a part of the princely revenue, the enjoyment of which he so little merited, such was his mean avarice, that he immediately devoted to the axe some lofty rows of venerable trees, for many successive centuries the greatest pride and ornament of the castle of Clairville.

THE RANGER, No. 23, May 31, 1794.

## No. CLXXVIII.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.
HORAT.

Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Justice o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.
FRANCIS.

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WE will finish our digression and return to Albert, who soon gained that introduction, at the cottage of Bernard, which he so anxiously sought; and by frequenting the society of this worthy old man, he had daily opportunities of seeing and conversing with his lovely daughter. Powerfully charmed, at first sight, by her personal attractions, he now found, on acquaintance, an irresistible fascination in the superior beauties of her mind. Nature had formed her sentiments just, delicate, and virtuous; and her education had, for two years, received great advantage from a frequent intercourse with a lady of birth and distinguished talents, who had, on the decease of her husband, retired into a small habitation, situated in a vale near Bernard's cottage: this amiable widow had lived many years in the great world, and had partaken both of its prosperity and adversity, sufficiently to

shew her the instability of fortune: with her beloved lord, she had lost the superfluities of life; but, satisfied with competence, she devoted the remainder of her days to solitude and religion.

She conceived for the young Emma, then just fifteen, a strong attachment, and easily obtained Bernard's permission for his daughter's frequent visits. The good woman delighted in cultivating a mind, whose capacity and genius promised every success; Emma read aloud for hours, uninterruptedly, to her kind patroness, and read with an attention, that impressed upon her memory every thing worthy to be retained; and the subjects were constantly calculated to improve the morals and enlarge the understanding. At the end of two years, death stopped the progress of Emma's education, by suddenly depriving her of this most excellent friend; her little income reverted to the family of her husband, and she had nothing to leave the child of her adoption, but the simple furniture of her little dwelling. Emma mourned, with affectionate regret, a loss so great; but determined to persevere in those studies, for which she had acquired so correct a taste; and which she was happily enabled to do, by becoming the possessor of the valuable and select collection of books, which formed the small library of the deceased.

By rising very early in the morning, Emma was enabled to pursue her favourite employment, without trespassing on those hours, when her filial duties or domestic cares demanded her attention.

Young Albert soon discovered in the conversation of Bernard's lovely daughter, a well informed mind, and an understanding which blended the artless simplicity of rural life, with the more refined sentiments of cultivated education.

The mental accomplishments of Emma, completed the conquest which her beauty had begun, in the heart of Albert; nor was it long ere a reciprocal and gentle flame was communicated to her bosom. The young and ardent lover, in the first flattering moment of aspiring hope, declared his passion, and offered at her feet his honourable vows: she blushed modestly, and referred her assent to her father's will. The heart of Bernard, at this unexpected proposal, felt all a father's rapture, but the strict rectitude of his sentiments checked the momentary joy; and, with that honest sincerity which marked his character, he declined so unequal an alliance, and represented to his young friend the impropriety of his forming any union unsanctioned by his family. "Accept our grati-

tude," said Bernard, "for the honour which you intend us; were you less distinguished by rank and fortune, I should be proud to call you son: Emma's only dower is virtue, and her birth is too humble for her to become your wife. Never shall false vanity nor sordid interest, betray me to an action at which my conscience would revolt. I will still be worthy your esteem, and the child whom you have honoured with your love, shall merit, at least by her conduct, the rank to which you would generously raise her:—but you must meet no more; this is the stern decree of unsullied virtue, and irreproachable honor. Return to your native country, with every wish that grateful friendship can bestow." Albert had listened in silent admiration to the words of Emma's venerable father:—when Bernard ceased to speak, he thus replied, "Could I offer a diadem to your incomparable daughter, she would, by accepting it, confer, and not receive the honour. I would not have presumed to solicit her affections or her hand, could I have admitted a doubt of my father's approbation of a choice directed by reason and sanctioned by virtue. I will renew no more my humble suit, till authorised by him to demand the hand of Emma: farewell! my return hither

shall be as rapid as the impatience of love and hope can render it." Thus separated the venerable Bernard and the youthful Albert; nor could all the moving rhetoric of the latter prevail upon the father of Emma to permit a parting scene between the lovers. He wisely thought the impassioned adieu of Albert might leave an impression too tender on the heart of Emma, and which, as he foresaw, would endanger her peace of mind, if indulged; he therefore determined to use every argument, which could banish the flatterer hope from her bosom.

Bernard returned not to his cottage till Albert had quitted the village; when he entered, Emma advanced to meet him, her eyes surcharged with tears; she presented him with a letter, which Albert, retiring to write for a few moments before he mounted his horse, had ordered his servant to leave as he passed the door. It breathed the language of eternal love, and assured her, that as he quitted her only to accelerate their union, she might soon expect his return to claim her promised hand: Bernard, folding up the letter when he had read it, and putting it in his pocket, thus addressed his trembling daughter, who waited silently her fate, "Beware, my child, how you suffer your

heart to betray your happiness; trust not to the protestations of a lover. An inconsiderate vow is more frequently broken than kept. You may be the present object of Albert's affections; but man, by nature inconstant, can easily transfer his heart to successive objects. The world will, probably, soon efface you from his remembrance; or should he even still retain his faith unshaken, can you flatter yourself that his family will admit into their society an humble villager, whose lowly birth they would proudly deem unworthy their alliance? Never shall Emma's hand be united to a husband unsanctioned by the authority of his parents.—Make, therefore, every effort, my beloved child, to conquer a prepossession fatal in its tendency, and hopeless in its effects. You have never yet deceived me, and I have that confidence in your discretion, which persuades me you will not deviate from the path of rectitude; nor, by a clandestine conduct, act unworthy of your own spotless character." Emma sunk at the feet of her venerable sire, and embracing his knees, "Never, never," exclaimed she, while tears rolled down her pale cheeks, "shall your child wander from the path of honour! You shall guide and direct all her actions, your counsels shall fortify the weakness of her heart,

and assist her to subdue every sentiment disapproved by you; and if she cannot immediately forget the conspicuous virtues of her lost Albert, at least, she will humble her ambitious hopes, which had the presumption to soar above her obscure birth, and aspire to an alliance to which she had no pretensions, but what the delusive voice of love and Albert awakened in her bosom." Bernard folded her in his arms with all a father's fond delight, and applauded the sentiments which flowed from a heart capable of sacrificing every inclination to that duty which she owed him. Emma possessed a strength of mind superior to her years; and though she tried in vain to forget an object so tenderly beloved, she so far reasoned herself into a persuasion that the friends of Albert would never consent to their marriage, without which she was resolutely determined never to accept his hand, that she renounced every idea of being united to him, and banished the seducing hope of beholding him again.

Whilst Emma was thus meritoriously submitting to the rigid laws of filial duty, fate was hastening to involve her in a snare more dangerous than that which she had nobly overcome. As she was spinning, one sultry day, in a bower of honey-suckles, near the gate of their

little cottage, accompanied by one of her young female neighbours, the Baron de Morenzi passed by on horseback, and casting his eyes on the fair Emma, was so struck with her beauty, that he suddenly stopped, and, dismounting, approached the wicket; taking off his hat, he complained of a dizziness in his head, for which he politely requested a glass of water: Emma arose, and, tripping into the house, quickly returned with a crystal draught, which she presented to him with a native grace that accompanied all her motions. He had, during her short absence, informed himself that she was the daughter of Bernard, who served him as under-bailiff. He accepted the cup from her hand, and while he swallowed the contents, he drank at the same time, from her bewitching eyes, a draught which spread an irresistible poison through his veins. The baron was indebted to nature for a fine person, and to art for that imposing elegance of address, which seldom failed to insinuate his wishes with success, when the dominion of a tender passion tempted him to gloss over his haughty demeanour with dissembled condescension. Just as he was returning the cup to the lovely Emma, who stood to receive it, with her looks bent upon the ground to avoid the fixed gaze of his penetrating eyes,

Bernard suddenly appeared, and afforded his daughter an opportunity to retire into the cottage.

The good old bailiff accosted his lord with a respect, which, while it acknowledged his superiority as a master, was unmixed with that kind of servile humility which demeans the dignity of man. He had never before attracted the notice of the baron, who, forgetting the distance which birth and fortune had placed between them, recollected only that he was the father of Emma, and might, perhaps, assist him in the views he had formed to corrupt her virtue: accosting him therefore with kind familiarity, he requested that he might take a survey of his little dwelling, which he should be welcome to exchange for one more convenient and comfortable. "My lord," replied Bernard, "in this humble dwelling my infant eyes first opened, and here I would wish to close their aged lids."

"But," interrupted the baron, "you begin to bow under the weight of years, and stand in need of rest and indulgence: I shall feel a true satisfaction in rendering your latter days happy." "Permit me to assure you," said Bernard, "that a life of honest industry, and uncorrupted innocence, has always ensured to me that happi-

ness in its closing scene, which an irreproachable conscience can only bestow, but which riches can never give." "You have a daughter, however," interrupted the baron, "too young to have adopted your stoical ideas." "I have a daughter," retorted Bernard, "who inherits her mother's virtue, and has been taught by precept and example those sentiments, which have rendered her too contented in her situation, to harbour an ambitious thought in her bosom." The baron reddened at these words; but commanding, for his own secret purposes, the rising indignation of his mind, he condescendingly bid the venerable Bernard adieu; saying, that he still hoped, mature reflection would induce him to accept the favours which he was anxious to confer, upon a man, whose respectable character, and long life of unsullied virtue, claimed a singular reward.

So saying, he mounted his horse and returned to the castle, revolving in his mind every practicable scheme for the seduction of the devoted Emma. He reflected that he never had beheld a female half so lovely; and as he, on no occasion, had accustomed himself to combat his inclinations, or subdue his passions, he resolved to lose no time in accomplishing his design. The humble situation of Emma gave him, in his opinion, an

uncontrolled right to her submission; but he was solicitous, if possible, to gain an ascendancy over her heart, by awakening with her gratitude tenderer sentiments; for this purpose he determined to wear the mask of hypocrisy a little longer, and then to attempt, by every art of soft deception, to secure her affections in his favour. A week elapsed after the baron's visit at the cottage, without any renewal of his great offers; a circumstance that contributed to dispel those fears which had been awakened in the bosom of Bernard, by the interview of the baron with Emma, and his generous professions of friendship to himself,—professions, so opposite to the natural ferocity of his temper: Bernard considered them no longer in any light, but in that of a temporary inclination towards humanity and kindness, which could have no root in a soil so barren. He pursued therefore, without further suspicion, his usual labours; taking, however, the precaution never to leave his daughter without a companion, in his absence.

One morning when he had quitted the cottage about an hour, a hasty messenger from the castle terrified Emma with an account that her father was taken with a sudden indisposition as he passed the gates; and having been supported

into the house by some of the domestics, who observed him sinking on the ground, the house-keeper had thought it proper to send for his daughter, who by being accustomed perhaps to these seizures, knew best how to treat them. The trembling Emma, alarmed to the utmost degree at a disorder which had never yet attacked her beloved father, delayed not a moment to follow her conductor; and taking the arm of her friend Agnes, who had been listening to her as she was reading aloud, proceeded with tottering steps to the castle, distant from her humble cottage about a mile. When she arrived in the great hall, she met a female of a respectable appearance, and of an advanced age: she eagerly inquired after her father, and earnestly requested to be permitted to see him. The house-keeper answered Emma, with the appearance of much sensibility, that Bernard was so perfectly recovered, by a cordial which she had administered, that he had returned to his daily occupation, ignorant that his illness could have reached his daughter's ears. "Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the innocent Emma; "O, madam, accept my humble gratitude for your kind care, and suffer one of the domestics to direct me to the spot where I may find my dear father; I will watch by his side during the

labours of the day, or attend him to our cottage if he will permit me to lead him thither."

"Be no longer anxious, my lovely child," replied the matron; "your father will be here at the hour when the turret bell shall call the family to dinner; he promised to meet my lord's steward, to receive some orders from the baron." The unsuspecting Emma thanked her kind informer, and was departing; but, pressed condescendingly to continue there till the return of Bernard, and, in the interval, to take a survey of the apartments in the castle, in some of which alterations were making, she consented to wait her father's return. While her obliging guide was leading her into a large saloon, she turned round to seek for Agnes, whom, till that instant, she imagined to have been still near her side. She expressed some anxiety at her absence, to the house-keeper, who observed, that her friend had remained in the first hall, and immediately sent a woman, then descending a staircase, to escort her to them. Emma, in the mean time, pursued the steps of her conductress, who, having passed several state apartments, opened a door that led to a library, and which she had no sooner entered, and directed the attention of Emma to a fine portrait of the late Marchioness de Clairville, that hung over

the chimney, than she disappeared. Emma, for some moments, was lost in contemplating the angelic countenance of a woman, whose sad fate she had heard so frequently and so tenderly deplored, when she was suddenly roused from these melancholy reflections, by the opening of a glass door, which led to a colonade filled with exotic plants. If she felt embarrassed by the appearance of the baron, who entered from thence into the library, what were her sensations, when, on making an immediate attempt to quit it herself, she found the door of the apartment locked, and beheld the Baron de Morenzi at her feet, in an attitude of respectful tenderness!

THE RANGER, No. 24, June 7, 1794.

# No. CLXXIX.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.
HORAT.

Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Justice o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.
FRANCIS.

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THE confusion and surprise of Emma, at the humble posture of the baron, could only be heightened by his address. She had instantly retreated a few paces from the door, which she had vainly attempted to open, and supported herself with difficulty against a bookcase. "Be not alarmed, charming Emma," said the baron, in a voice of assumed softness, "you see before you a man, who, till he beheld your incomparable beauty, never completely lost his liberty. Regard me no longer as the master of your father, but as a slave and lover of his daughter, and who only waits her commands to shew by his obedience the truth and generosity of his sentiments." During this speech, Emma's gentle frame was agitated by a variety of inexpressible emotions:—amazement, fear, and indignation, prevented her interrupting the baron: but when, on his rising and advancing to her at the

close of his speech, he attempted to take her hand, "My lord," said she, shrinking from his touch, "you must permit me to assure you, that I have no wish but to return to my father; in his cottage all my ideas of happiness are centred. Condescend to open this door, or to admit my departure through that colonnade;—my intrusion here was entirely owing to Madame de Chalons, who proposed to shew me the castle." "How much indebted am I to her," replied the baron, "for this interview; which gives me an opportunity to unfold the sentiments of a heart devoted to you alone.—No longer shall such beauty, formed to shine in palaces, be concealed in a cottage:—accept my affections, and command my fortune."

Indignant blushes dyed the cheeks of Emma, at a proposal which she could not misconceive; and all the pride of wounded delicacy rushing into her bosom, suspended, for a moment, its natural timidity, and animated her to pronounce these words: "That fortune, my lord, from which you assume the privilege thus to insult the daughter of a peasant, can neither dazzle my vanity, nor tempt my ambition; my humble birth inspires in me no pride, but that of virtue, and the possession of no dignity, but that of conscious innocence. Allow me to retire, my

lord; my father doubtless wonders at my absence." "Your father, froward beauty, waits my pleasure in the castle," returned the baron, with a look of anger, "your compliance or rejection of my generous offers, will decide his future fate:—recollect, Emma, the extent of my power;—dread my resentment, or deserve my gratitude,—they each shall be unbounded. If you shall reward my passion, your father will reside in this castle, freed from the toils of servitude, the witness and partaker of those benefits which my love shall heap upon you: receive this casket of jewels as a trifling earnest of a liberality, which shall know no limits." While the baron displayed the sparkling treasure to the eyes of the unambitious Emma, she pushed them from her in disdain, "Once more, my lord," said she, "let me assure you that I have a heart impenetrable to vanity, or to any grandeur, to which the power of wealth could raise me." "But," cried the baron, interrupting her, softening the natural ferocity of his features, and gazing tenderly on her, "is your heart impenetrable to love, and cannot it be moved to yield a generous return to sentiments so sincere? Let me owe to mutual affection that which you deny to ambition; and accept the honours which shall be offered you, as tributes

due from my gratitude, rather than as bribes to allure your compliance." "Never, never," replied Emma; "my heart will ever continue as untouched by love, as by your proffered gifts; it is proof against every sentiment that would injure my honour and debase my virtue!" "I understand you, presumptuous girl," returned the baron, "you would raise your daring hopes to share by legal ties my name and rank."— "No," exclaimed Emma, "could you stoop so low as to demand my hand in an honourable alliance, my heart would reject the offer, and my tongue disclaim a union, which no entreaties could induce, no authority compel, me to accept!—After this honest confession, my lord, you will suffer me to quit your presence." The enraged baron was now raised to a pitch of resentment, which banished at the moment every passion, but that of anger. Mortified pride stung him to the quick; and viewing her with a look of contempt, "'Tis well," said he, "your audacity has dispelled the charms of beauty: unworthy of a prepossession which covers me with disgrace, you may return to that obscurity and indigence, which befit the meanness of your birth, and the grovelling sentiments of your soul." Uttering these words, he took a key from his pocket, and throwing it

on the ground, left her at liberty; she instantly seized the opportunity to unfasten the door, and to escape: hastening through the hall, instead of turning towards the offices by which she had entered it, she took advantage of the great door, that stood open, and descending a flight of steps with a celerity urged by her fears of detention, she flew across the court, darted through the iron gates, and gained the end of the front avenue in a few moments: she then stopped for want of breath, and sunk, almost spent, under the shade of a lofty elm. Recollecting, however, that she was not yet beyond the reach of pursuit, should the enraged baron change his mind, and attempt to recall her, she arose, and casting an apprehensive look towards the castle, she perceived her father advancing towards her with slow steps; assured by his presence, she hesitated not to wait his approach; and he had no sooner reached the spot, where she stood trembling to receive him, than they clasped each other in a silent embrace: but Emma, urged by the dread of a moment's delay, entreated her father to suspend all interrogations, till they should have regained their cottage, which they had no sooner reached, than they each gave vent to the agitations which mutually oppressed them.

The story of Bernard's illness had been a fabrication, invented merely for the purpose of entrapping his daughter, in the snare laid for her. As he passed the castle in the morning he was met by Monsieur Du Val, the steward, and requested to wait there to receive the commands of his lord, who had some designs to communicate to him, greatly to his advantage. The good old man, who never yet had formed a wish beyond the sufficiency which his humble station had allowed him, heard this circumstance with cold indifference; but out of respect to the baron, waited his pleasure: he was introduced into a pavilion in the garden, and requested not to quit it till the baron, who proposed to join him there, should have dismissed him.

He remained about two hours, in vain expectation; the steward at length entered, and informed him that he had the liberty to depart, as the baron's sentiments were changed in regard to him, from the ungrateful rejection, which Emma had presumed to offer to proposals that did her too much honour, and would have raised her and her family to a situation which must have rendered them the objects of envy to the surrounding peasantry. Bernard, strongly agitated, replied to this harangue,

"Then may I truly glory in my child, whose steady virtue teaches her to resist the treacherous arts of seduction, and to spurn at an elevation which would sink her far beneath her lowly birth and humble education. Let me hasten from a spot once the residence of worth and honour, but now become the scene of infamy and shame." "Have a care, old man," replied Du Val, "how you tempt the vengeance of your master by such daring language." "I fear no danger," interrupted Bernard, "but the loss of honour, and own no real master, but that power Omnipotent, who, guarding the innocent, forsakes the guilty!" Having thus said, he reached the lodge; the porter opened a private gate which admitted him through the avenue, where he joined, as we before related, his beloved daughter.

The enraged baron, in the first emotions of his resentment, had been induced to banish from his presence, the woman, who had presumed to despise his offers, and reject his love. A momentary hatred took possession of his mind, but it soon gave place to softer sentiments; her beauty, the simple elegance of her form, her unstudied graces, and even the innocence which he meditated to destroy, returned to his imagination, and disappointed

passion once more raged with greater violence than ever. In the first transports of his anger, he had commanded Du Val to dismiss Bernard with contempt, as an object beneath his future notice; he now summoned again into his presence this trusty messenger, this confidential friend of all his vices. The wily minion soon pacified the perturbed spirit of his lord, with that subtle flattery which he well knew how to administer; he artfully and respectfully ventured to blame the barón for setting at liberty the prey which he had once secured in his net, and advised him to avail himself of the power that his rank gave him over his dependents, and to take by force the object of his wishes from the cottage of her father. Such a method, he doubted not, would ensure his victory over her stubborn virtue, which probably might be affected only to enhance her consequence; or which would certainly yield, when fears for the safety of her father should be roused, on her separation from him. This point settled, Du Val obtained the thanks of the baron for his friendly counsels, and the promise of a large gratuity to recompense his services, when, by his assistance, Emma should be enclosed once more within the castle walls.

When Bernard had received from his daughter

a minute detail of her late visit, although he rejoiced at her present escape, he foresaw her future danger, and trembled at the fatal consequence which might yet ensue. He knew Morenzi to be devoid of every principle of honour and humanity; he dreaded the influence of his power; and felt his own defenceless situation; which he feared would not enable him to protect his devoted child from arbitrary force, and lawless violence: after revolving in his mind every possible circumstance, he had worked up his apprehensions to such a height, as to decide, suddenly, that an immediate flight could afford the only means of security from an enemy so formidable. The castle of Brinon was the sole asylum which he could fix on as eligible; there a sister of his late wife had lived for many years superintendant of the family; and here he hoped he might be permitted to conceal his daughter without danger of discovery: it was distant about twenty miles, and he hoped that they should be able to reach it in a couple of days. He proposed the scheme to Emma, who readily undertook a journey, which would remove her beyond the power of the dreaded Morenzi:—they had no time to lose, and therefore, without farther deliberation, began the preparations necessary for an

expedition so important to their security. Bernard prudently determined to repose no confidence in any of his neighbours; although he knew himself to be beloved by them sufficiently to secure their secresy, yet he was unwilling to expose them to the baron's resentment, by entrusting them with the secret of his journey: Bernard took with him his little store, the honest earnings of industrious years; Emma made up a small parcel of linen; and neither of them being inclined to repose, they sat down to a simple meal, of which, for the sake of each other, although devoid of appetite, they mutually forced themselves to partake, that they might the better be enabled to encounter the fatigues which they had to undergo.

The village clock struck eleven,—the hour when they had agreed to begin their journey: Emma took a mournful survey of the beloved cottage, where she had passed her life of innocence;—she cast her eyes upon her spinning-wheel and sighed;—then turning to a wicker armed chair, which was the constant seat of her father, she sunk into it, and burst into tears.—"Alas," said she, "I hoped for years to come to watch the calm repose of him who gave me being; to tend with duteous affection his declining age, who reared my infancy with anxious

love: I, who would wish to be his dearest companion, am doomed to bring sorrow on his silver head!" "Rather," replied Bernard, extending his hand to lead her from a spot where fond remembrance seemed to arrest her lingering steps, "say that my Emma was born to bless her father by her exemplary virtues:—I triumph in my child, who nobly prefers honourable indigence, to splendid infamy!—let us hasten from impending persecution:—let us quit a place, where every moment endangers her liberty and innocence." Emma started up, cast a fearful look around, and encircling her arm in that of Bernard, they quitted the cottage, passed through the sleeping hamlet, and reached the road which led to their destined asylum. The moon shone in pensive majesty,—all was still,—the gentle breeze of night wafted refreshing odours,—and solemn silence reigned,—save the soft notes of warbling nightingales, chanting their tuneful song, among the fragrant hedges; or, perchance, the distant bleating of some wakeful lamb. Emma's delicate frame felt sometimes rather exhausted, and obliged her to rest for a few moments, but her fears did not permit her to indulge long in a repose which endangered her safety: Bernard comforted her by the assurance, that they ap-

proached a village, where there was a public inn, in which they might venture to take some refreshment, and where he hoped to procure a chaise, to convey them about twelve miles farther, which would place them at an easy distance from the castle of Brinon, and consequently diminish the danger of pursuit: Thus encouraged, the timid Emma moved onwards with renewed courage; and the fugitives reached the inn just as a travelling-carriage drove into the court-yard. While the landlord and his wife were busily engaged in attending to the newly-arrived guests, Bernard applied to one of the servants to accommodate him and his daughter with a room, until a chaise could be got ready for their use; his request was granted, and they were shewn into a small apartment that looked into a garden, where they waited with some impatience the arrival of the carriage, in which they were to pursue their little journey.

Having urged their request to be served with expedition, the landlord entered, and informed them that by sun-rise they might depend on a chaise, but that he would not suffer his horses to leave the stables, until they had been sufficiently refreshed to do their duty:—observing Emma to cast a disconsolate look upon her father, said he, "Your young companion may

be weary; I recommend her to take some rest in a quiet chamber, whither my wife shall conduct her." Emma, oppressed by the fatigue which she had undergone, and finding they had no chance of pursuing their journey for the two next hours, accepted the proposal, and consented to retire into an upper chamber, where, reclining upon a bed, just as she was, notwithstanding the agitations of her mind, she sunk into a profound repose.

Let us now quit awhile the virtuous fugitives, to follow Albert into Switzerland: he quitted the village where Emma dwelt, with a heart deeply impressed by the perfections of a woman, whose noble rejection of his hand, from the most delicate motives, had raised her in his esteem. The Count de Bournonville, his father, was a man truly respectable in rank and character; he lived but to promote the happiness of his friends, and he had been so uniformly indulgent to the wishes of Albert, that he had every thing to expect from his generosity and kindness. The education of this only surviving son had been cultivated with the utmost attention; he possessed a brilliant genius, a solid understanding, and a heart replete with honour, sensibility, and virtue.

The count welcomed his son with those marks of tenderness, which promised every thing to the ardent hopes of Albert. On the evening of his return, impatient to urge a suit, upon the success of which his happiness depended, he requested a private audience of his father, who appointed an interview in his closet before they should retire to their separate apartments for the night. They met at the stated hour, each bearing testimony, in his expressive countenance, of the important secret which oppressed his heart: the youthful impetuosity of Albert arrested the count's attention, by an instant confession of his passion, and by his reliance on parental indulgence to crown his wishes: the Count de Bournonville listened without interruption to the character of Emma, painted with all the ardent enthusiasm of love, in the glowing colours of perfection. Albert ceased;—the pause of a moment succeeded;—when his father, looking steadfastly upon him, thus replied, "Ever ready to promote your felicity, I shall not attempt to reason you out of an attachment, which you describe as so worthy of your choice, in every thing but birth and fortune. You are undoubtedly the safest judge in a point of such consequence as a union for

life:—but a subject of still more present importance now demands your attention: you must in future decide your own destiny: I no longer can claim from you the duty of obedience: you are the child alone of my adoption, but the real, the indisputed son of a noble and unfortunate marquis, the heir of a princely fortune, the real Henry de Clairville! wronged of your natural rights by an usurper, who doomed you to a death in early infancy, from which Providence rescued your innocence."—"And who murdered, with barbarian hand, my honoured mother?" exclaimed Albert, attentive with increasing wonder to the words of the count; and whose imagination had been wrought up almost to a pitch of frenzy at the close of the speech. "This arm," continued he, "shall revenge her sacred blood in that of an assassin!" But suddenly his features softened to a look of grateful tenderness, recollecting himself, and falling at the feet of Bournonville, he thus continued; "Forgive, oh, parent of my deserted infancy, the force of nature, that suspended in my breast the endless debt of gratitude which I owe you: here let my heart ever acknowledge the tribute due to filial love; while my sword avenges the blood of murdered

innocence, from whose honoured source I drew my own existence.—But say, my lord, whence do you derive this strange intelligence?" The count then informed him, that in his late absence he had taken into his family a servant, discharged from the castle of Clairville, on the death of the late marquis, and who, being a native of Switzerland, had returned to an uncle residing there in credit, by whom he had been recommended. That Prevot, interrogated relative to the motive of his quitting France, had given him a circumstantial account of the occurrences which had passed in the family of the marquis, including the fatal death of the marchioness, and the loss of her young son. "These events," continued the count, "I found from Prevot's recital, passed at a period when I was returning with my wife through France to Switzerland; but so expeditious was my journey, that the foregoing circumstances never reached my ears; an infant son had accompanied our tour; and by a sudden illness incident to children, it pleased heaven to recall the gift, with which it had blessed us for a short time: the countess was inconsolable, and I feared grief would have had a fatal effect upon her delicate frame;

when an extraordinary incident roused her attention from the indulgence of her private woes, to exercise it on an object, whose interesting age claimed the offices of humanity from her maternal care."

THE RANGER, No. 25, June 14, 1794.

## No. CLXXX.

Raro antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede pœna claudo.
HORAT.

Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Justice o'ertakes the trembling villain's speed.
FRANCIS.

ALBERT listened with attentive silence, while the Count de Bournonville continued thus his narrative: "My faithful Durand accompanied us in our travels; he has spent his youth in my service, and, by his firm attachment, has merited the place which he holds in my esteem. As we were passing a frequented road, Durand, who followed us on horseback, perceived upon the ground a sleeping infant: surprised to see no person near, and that the child had been left apparently unprotected, he stopped his horse; when, from a wood which bordered the road, a man suddenly started forth, and thus addressed Durand, in a tone of agitation: 'If you have an inclination to do an act of mercy, take charge of this desolate infant: his life will be forfeited, should you refuse to save him:—spare his innocence, and snatch a soul from guilt: he is of noble blood, born to inherit a splendid fortune,

but vengeance will pursue and overwhelm him, unless you shall generously rescue him."—With these words, not waiting for a reply, he bounded again into the wood, and left Durand in the utmost consternation: the honest fellow, trembling for the fate of the child, would not risk a moment the threatened danger, but, lifting the little infant gently from the ground, and placing him on his horse, soon overtook our carriage, and, stopping it, hastily related the adventure, and presented us with the foundling, who, awakened by the motion, was pouring forth his little sorrows: the countess snatched him eagerly to her bosom; he smiled innocently in her face, and ceased to cry, as if recollecting in her arms a mother's fond embrace.—'Yes,' said she, dissolving into tears, 'thou shalt be protected, lovely infant; thou shalt replace in my vacant affections the loss of my mourned Albert. —My care and tenderness shall supply that of a fond parent, and shelter thee from thy barbarous enemies!'—The better to secure your safety, we all agreed to call you by the name of our lamented son, and to conduct you to Switzerland as such.—We swore to secresy Durand and the countess's woman, who attended us, on whom we could depend, and who have inviolably kept the secret; which, till this hour,

has been concealed from all the world, even from yourself, whom I adopted with a tenderness equal to parental sentiments.—Heaven not having thought fit to bless me with other children, I fixed my hopes on you, and had long ceased to expect, and I will confess even to wish, that fate would disclose the hidden mystery of your birth. You well remember the dying scene of the incomparable countess, who had so tenderly fulfilled for you a mother's duties; you received her blessings and mourned her loss with filial sorrow. I complied rather reluctantly with your desire to travel, and obtained your promise not to be absent from me on your first expedition more than three months. The account which we received from Prevot of the unfortunate death of the marchioness de Clairville, and the unknown fate of her infant son, corresponding exactly with the time and circumstances of your adoption, left Durand and me little doubt, but that you were the devoted victim of the concealed assassin: we determined, however, not to let our suspicions transpire before your return, which I daily expected from the last letters that I had received. A week since, Durand, passing through the streets of Zurich, was accosted by a stranger, whom he soon recollected, in spite of the vestiges of time,

to be the person who had intrusted him with the care of the infant Albert.—'Thank heaven,' exclaimed the stranger, 'I have lived to meet you once again! You have never quitted my remembrance, although many years have passed, since I recommended to your protection a persecuted child: if he still should live, heaven may restore him to his rights.—Condescend to follow me to my habitation, where I will unfold a story terrible to relate, the concealment of which has cost my conscience so dear.' Durand readily complied with his request, and learned from him the confession; that being a servant in the family of the Baron de Morenzi, he had been bribed by promises, and intimidated by threats, to assist his master in the seizure of the Marchioness de Clairville and her son on the road to Clairville castle; but that, having been previously haunted by a horrid dream, he had determined to save, if possible, the young marquis; that he consulted with a brother, who was also in the baron's service, and who afterwards lost his life in the action, and they both agreed together, at all events, to rescue the child, the chief object of Morenzi's malice and certain impediment to his wishes of inheriting the revenues of Clairville castle. In the beginning of the engagement, Fargeon declared, that, with

a view to save him, he snatched the infant from his mother's arms, who had swooned on the approach of the armed villains; and having escaped with him to the wood he lulled him to sleep on a bank near the road; where he watched the approach of some passengers whom he hoped to move with compassion; that he waited not long, as Durand was soon after sent by providence to be the fortunate instrument of his preservation: Fargeon added, that he then returned to the baron, who himself had headed the villainous troop, and found it not difficult to persuade him, that he had with his own hands strangled the child, and buried him deep in a ditch. Soon after these occurrences he had married, and retired to Switzerland with his wife, where he had lived, with an upbraiding conscience, ever since, upon the wages of iniquity;—with this sole consolation, however, that he was in appearance alone guilty of murder: he had lately arrived at the knowledge of the late marquis's decease, and of the succession of the baron, which awakened in his mind such remorse for the share taken by him in the deception, that he had almost resolved to return to France, in order to divulge a secret, which oppressed his conscience; when he unexpectedly met and recollected Durand, to whom he re-

solutely confessed the whole. My faithful domestic lost no time in imparting to me this momentous secret: I had not yet disclosed to Prevot the discovery which his intelligence had made to me of your family, but had immediately confided it to Durand, whose report of Fargeon's confession added a strong confirmation of circumstances sufficiently evident before: the secret yet remains between us undivulged:—but now is the crisis of your fate, and the moment is arrived for you to assert your claims,—to prove your existence,—to expose to justice the usurper of your rights,—" "and the murderer of my mother!" exclaimed Albert; "little did I conceive, when I attended the funeral of the lamented Marquis de Clairville, that I was performing an act of duty, and following a parent to the grave!"

Sleep visited not the eyelids of Albert, who passed the remainder of the night in revolving the wondrous events which had been imparted to him: abhorrence of Morenzi's crimes, and meditated revenge, animated every faculty of his mind;—but, in the midst of these filial emotions, the seducing form of Emma would sometimes glide into his ideas, enlightening the future prospect of his life with brightest hope. When the count met Albert in the morning, he

found him, impelled by youthful ardour and the thirst of vengeance, resolved to hasten to Clairville Castle, and to challenge the assassin of his mother. The count endeavoured to soothe his impetuosity, by representing to him that the judicature of France would do him ample justice; and that they were fortunately armed with evidence sufficient to condemn a traitor, whose atrocious crimes ought to be publicly punished by the exertion of those laws which he had violated. He proposed, however, without loss of time to accompany him to France, and to take immediate measures for seizing the person of the Baron de Morenzi.—Albert submitted to the opinion of the count, and they set out accordingly the next morning, with a large retinue, among whom Durand, Fargeon, and Prevot were included.

We will leave the travellers to pursue their journey, while we return to the Baron de Morenzi. Du Val, ever indefatigable in a cause wherein his own advantage was concerned, had resolved to make use of the first opportunity which should offer, to secure the lovely Emma, in the absence of her father: for this purpose, he arose at break of day, and with two trusty domestics, in whom he could confide the basest designs, took his secret stand behind a thick

hedge, that fenced the small garden of Bernard, with an intent to watch his departure from the cottage, and to seize the unprotected victim whom he had devoted to his own avarice and the licentious passion of Morenzi. While this wretch was lurking in ambush, some peasants, accustomed to call their well-beloved neighbour to the occupations of the day, having repeated their usual signal to no purpose, knocked at the door; they received no answer; an universal consternation prevailed among them: after consulting some time, they agreed to force the door; which having effected, they entered, and found to their astonishment the cottage deserted. Du Val and his associates had, by this time, joined in the search; and, having no difficulty to account for the flight of Bernard and his daughter, hastened to the castle to inform the baron of a circumstance so mortifying to his passion. Morenzi, exasperated with rage and disappointment, vowed vengeance on the fugitives, and ordering a carriage to be got ready, threw himself into it with Du Val, determined to overtake the objects of his fury: although well convinced that they had been too cautious to attempt concealing themselves in the village, before his departure he ordered, that every cottage should be searched. They took the same

road which Bernard had chosen; and they pursued the wanderers as closely as the interval of some hours would admit. While Morenzi was engaged in the pursuit of this venerable old man, Bernard, studiously anxious to protect his persecuted daughter, impatiently waited the approach of morning, when the landlord had promised him a carriage: he had locked the door of his daughter's chamber, intending not to disturb her repose until the moment of departure should arrive, and had returned to his room below; where, anxiously solicitous for the return of day, he stood at a window contemplating the declining moon: he was roused from his reverie by the entrance, through the door, of a large dog, which, jumping up to his knees, began fawning upon him, as recollecting an old acquaintance. Bernard soon called to his remembrance the faithful creature; when his master, who had missed his favourite, traced him to that apartment, and, entering it, discovered to the astonished Bernard the unexpected form of Albert: a mutual surprise and pleasure made them exclaim the same instant, "Is it possible." An explanation soon took place on each side; and the Count de Bournonville having joined them, he received Bernard with every mark of friendship and condescen-

sion. While the good old man was recounting the occasion of his flight, and the designs formed by Morenzi, to betray the innocence of Emma, the rage of Albert rose beyond all bounds; and he solemnly vowed that the monster who had thus injured him by complicated villany should fall the devoted victim of his avenging arm.— "But where," said he, "is my incomparable, my glorious Emma? Let me, by my presence, reassure her tender apprehensions, and swear no fate shall separate us more; but that from this moment she shall find in her devoted Albert, the protector of her innocence, the champion of her honour, the avenger of her wrongs!" At that instant a carriage drove furiously into the yard, and two persons alighted from it, in one of whom, as it was now day, Albert recognized Morenzi.—The impulse of the moment induced him to follow the baron. They entered a room at the same time.—"Villain, traitor, usurper," exclaimed Albert, shutting the door, and inattentive to his own unarmed situation, "defend thyself, if thou darest encounter the just resentment of Henry de Clairville, whose mother's blood demands the justice of a son's revenge, from a son, who calls upon thee to expiate with thy life thy monstrous crimes."

The coward heart of Morenzi, struck with the

horrors of all-conscious guilt, froze in his bosom; and he stood fixed in mute wonder and dismay. The Count de Bournonville, accompanied by Bernard and his attendants, had joined, by this time, the unarmed Albert, who might have fallen a victim to the baron's resentment, had not a sense of his own villany, together with his astonishment and terror at the sight of the injured son of Clairville, arrested the trembling arm of Morenzi. The cautious friends of Albert almost by force dragged him from the room, and leaving Du Val only with Morenzi, fastened the door upon them, which was guarded on the outside by the count's armed retinue to prevent escape. The baron had caught a view of Fargeon, and recollecting in him the man whom he had employed to assassinate the young Henry, he felt a strong and fatal presage of his own impending fate: his brain was seized with sudden desperation; he snatched from his pocket a loaded pistol, and before Du Val could wrest the weapon from his hand, he lodged its contents in his own head, and fell thus self-convicted, the devoted sacrifice of his conscious and accumulated crimes.

Du Val, terrified, flew to a window, and throwing open the sash, proclaimed murder, in a voice so audible that he instantly collected to-

gether a concourse of persons, who, urged by curiosity, surrounded the house, and demanded admittance into the room from whence the alarm proceeded. The affrighted landlord likewise peremptorily claimed liberty to enter; which being granted on condition that the prisoners should not be suffered to escape, they rushed into the room, found the baron lifeless, and Du Val leaning over his dead master, with looks expressive of horror and consternation. When Albert viewed his fallen enemy, he stood for some moments wrapt in silent wonder—then exclaimed, "Chaste shade of my departed mother, be appeased!—The arm, which shed thy guiltless blood, has in his own revenged thee, and marks, by this dread deed of justice, the unerring hand of heavenly retribution." He then quitted the apartment, and withdrew with the Count de Bournonville, who had given orders that proper attention to the body should be paid: they now consulted what measure they should take to conceal from Emma a catastrophe so fatal, till they could remove her from this horrid scene.

Bernard determined to go to his daughter's chamber; and undertook with cautious tenderness to unfold to her the extraordinary circumstance, that Albert and the count had alighted

from their chaise at the moment of Emma's arrival.

Harassed by the violent agitations of mind and body which she had undergone, Emma had enjoyed for some time the most refreshing and profound repose; from which she was roused at length by confused sounds of voices, that proceeded from below: she started up, and recollecting all at once her perilous situation, which the light of the sun, beaming through the curtains, painted in strong colours, she felt her apprehensions of pursuit renewed; hastening therefore to adjust her dress, she tied on her straw bonnet, with an intent to rejoin her father, when he suddenly entered; and tenderly inquiring after her health, he found her so apprehensive of danger, from the interval of time which they had lost at the inn, that he ventured to inform her of Albert's arrival, and of his waiting impatiently to be admitted into her presence: the glowing blush of momentary pleasure animated her lovely cheek, but instantly retreating, was succeeded by a deadly paleness. "Ah, my father," said she, "how shall I avoid him? We must meet no more.—I have taught my heart to renounce each fond idea which it had dared to form: honour demands the sacrifice: let us fly then from redoubled danger."

"O my exalted girl," interrupted Bernard, while tears of transport glistened in his eyes; "well dost thou deserve the bright reward which now awaits thy courage and thy virtue; descend with me into the garden, where thou mayest guiltless behold again the worthy Albert, thy faithful lover, and thy destined husband. Let me lead thee to him; he shall resolve thy timid doubts, and banish that incredulity which speaks in thy countenance."—Emma followed her father, in silent astonishment, to a small shrubbery at the end of a serpentine-walk, where Albert waited her approach, when, in an instant, she beheld him at her feet. "Receive," said he, with a look of rapture, "the heart, the hand of Albert, or rather of Henry de Clairville, the lawful heir of that usurped castle and its wide domains. I hail thee mistress of those sacred shades, where first my vows of constancy and love were offered in the attesting ear of heaven! within those hallowed walls a solemn ceremony shall bind our faith.—The Baron de Morenzi is no more."

"Alas," interrupted Emma, in a tremulous voice, "has Albert then drenched his sword in blood!—do I behold a murderer?"—"No," replied the lover, "Morenzi fell the victim of his conscience, and of heaven's avenging judgment.

Accept a guiltless hand, a constant heart, and a name unsullied."—The Count de Bournonville at the same instant reached the spot; when the young lover presented to him the fair object of his affections, whom he saluted with respect and cordiality, felicitating them both on their approaching happiness.

Events so extraordinary being soon circulated through the adjacent country, they were received at the castle of Clairville with dread and wonder, but in its neighbourhood with unfeigned transport and exulting joy. The unlooked-for restoration of a family to which they were strongly attached by every tie of affection, gratitude, and filial duty, broke at once the galling yoke of that oppressive slavery under which the tenants had groaned during the short reign of an usurper, and promised them at once liberty and happiness.

The approach of the young marquis to the mansion of his ancestors being announced, he was met some miles from the castle by all the peasantry, who welcomed and followed him with acclamations of unfeigned delight.

The return of Bernard and his beauteous daughter, who were universally beloved, was likewise hailed by their rustic neighbours, with an honest simplicity of heart, to which that envy

is unknown, which so often mingles with the sentiments of those born in the superior ranks of life; and they cordially congratulated Bernard, on the rewards which awaited his merits, in the advancement of his virtuous daughter.

As the high and venerable turrets of his native castle rose to the view of Henry, emerging from the thick foliage of the lofty trees by which they were surrounded, a thousand varied emotions filled his noble heart; tears to the memory of his unfortunate and revered parents rolled down his manly cheek; while gratitude to heaven, for the restoration of those rights that empowered him to diffuse happiness around him, softened his filial sorrow.

Bernard and Emma entered their little dwelling with sensations very different from those with which they had so lately quitted it. They wafted their mutual thanks to that Being, whose mercy had preserved them from the machinations of a once dreaded, but now vanquished enemy. The prosperous fortune that awaited Emma, filled her bosom with humble gratitude; but the lowly unambitious mind of this child of innocence, impenetrable to pride and vanity, felt no haughty exultation in the prospect of her approaching elevation to a rank, the splendour of

which could neither dazzle her eyes, nor mislead her judgment.

The Marquis de Clairville suffered not the object of his true and tried affection to remain long in her humble retreat; he reminded Bernard of the promise which he had given him of his daughter's hand.

The scruples of delicacy, the conflicts of duty, and the claims of honour, no longer could be urged as obstacles to oppose such generous wishes: sufficiently had Emma proved the conscientious virtues of her heart; superior therefore to the arts of disguise and affectation, she obeyed her father's summons to meet her noble lover at the altar, where they exchanged their mutual vows, and were crowned by an approving Providence with that refined happiness, which disinterested love and irreproachable honour alone can merit.

For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds,
And though a late, a sure reward succeeds.

CONGREVE.

THE RANGER, No. 26, June 21, 1794.

# No. CLXXXI.

——*Natura sublimis et acer:*
*Nam spirat tragicum satis et feliciter audet.*
HORAT.

For high and ardent is his native vein,
It breathes the spirit of the tragic scene,
And dares successful.
FRANCIS.

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THE scenery of this play is laid in Germany, and the actions are supposed to have taken place in the early part of the sixteenth century. Maximilian, Count de Moor, has two sons, Charles and Francis; the younger, jealous of his brother's seniority, by cowardly and malicious insinuations, endeavours to prejudice his father against Charles, who is absent at Leipzick; he succeeds—and induces him to write a letter of disinheritance couched in the most unkind and forbidding terms. Driven to desperation, the hero of the piece becomes the captain of a band of robbers in the forests of Bohemia; returns in disgrace to the habitation of his father in Franconia (after a report had been industriously communicated of his death), and finds that Amelia, whose reciprocal attach-

ment had been attested by the interchanging of rings, proves inconstant; that letters of contrition to his father had been intercepted by Francis, who, at that time, had also privately imprisoned the old man in a tower, for the purpose of starving him to death, that he might anticipate the inheritance. By accident, Charles de Moor discovers that his father is yet alive, having been secretly supplied with food by a servant; the old man is released; and, as a punishment for Francis, he is made to supply his place; but Charles, impatient of the appellation of treachery and weakness, which the robbers gave to his desertion of them, and his love to Amelia (with whom the tenderest reconciliation had taken place previous to the disengagement from their connexion), as an act of heroism he stabs her, and delivers himself up to a poor wretched officer, who labours by the day for the bread of eleven children, that he might enjoy the reward which had been offered for the head of Charles de Moor.

Such are the outlines of this play; but in dramatic compositions we generally look for some GREAT character as an object of imitation; in The Robbers we are disappointed: but as nature guides the pencil of Schiller, a more

animated and faithful portraiture of human life may be expected, than if he had studied under the cold tutorage of art: no single character is in reality worthy of imitation throughout; therefore every representation of perfection is unnatural, as being the representation of what does not exist; it is this consideration which induces me to admire the address of our author —though I suspect the admiration is singular —in making Amelia fall in love with her Charles (whom she imagines to be dead) under the disguise of Count de Braund: every reader of sensibility and feeling must weep over the weakness of her conduct—but hushed be every censure on the poet; let him rather pour a sigh upon the frailty of our nature, and reluctantly acknowledge, that this trait of the human mind is just. The generality of modern composers, I am aware, tamely unwilling to sully the purity of their favourite character, would have issued from the lips of Amelia every possible variety of contempt and abhorrence on the supposed stranger, for the arrogant and untimely intrusion of his addresses; but here the genius of Schiller, from an acquaintance with the springs of human passions, has artfully made her love for Charles the very cause of inconstancy.

(Act iv.—Amelia *alone, after her conversation with the stranger.)*

"'You are in tears Amelia!'—these were his words—and spoken with that expression—Oh, it summed up a thousand dear remembrances—scenes of past delight—as in my days of happiness—my golden spring of love—hark! —'tis the nightingale! O, such was thy song, sweet bird, in those blest days—so bloomed the flowers—and when I lay enraptured on his neck——Sure, if the spirits of the dead hover around the living, this stranger is the angel of my Charles—O false and faithless heart! and dost thou seek thus artfully to vail thy perfidy? No, no, begone for ever from this breast the weak, the impious wish.—Here, in this heart, where Charles lies buried, shall never human being fill his place——and yet this stranger; this unknown—'tis wonderful my thoughts should dwell thus strong, thus constantly upon him—as 'twere my Charles's picture—his features seem to melt into the very image—of my only love 'You are in tears Amelia!' Ha! let me fly."

The firmness of Amelia is withered by her extreme susceptibility: her character has but little of the heroine; warm and passionate in her affections, a tale of sorrow would agitate

every fibre in her frame; equally ardent and implacable in her resentment. Her conversation with Francis, to whose malignity she attributes the disinheritance of her lover, is a fine specimen how animated is language when dictated by hatred and abhorrence.

"FRANCIS. *(Approaching.)* What have these poor violets done to offend you?

"AMELIA. *(Starting.)* Is it you! you here! whom of all mankind I most desire to see.

"FRANCIS. Me? Is it possible! me of all mankind!

"AMELIA. You, sir, even you—I have hungered—I have thirsted for the sight of you—stay I conjure you.—Here, poisoner, let me enjoy my highest pleasure—let me curse thee to thy face.

"FRANCIS. Why am I thus treated? you wrong me child;—go to the father who—

"AMELIA. The father—ha! that father, who gives his son the bread of despair to eat, while he pampers himself with the richest delicacies; who gluts his palled appetite with costly wines, and rests his palsied limbs on down, while his son—his noble son—the paragon of all that's worthy, all that's amiable, that's great—wants the bare necessaries of life—shame to you, monsters of inhumanity, unfeeling, brutal monsters! his only son!

"FRANCIS. I thought he had two sons.

"AMELIA. Ay! he deserves many sons such as you—yes, when stretched on the bed of death, he shall extend his feeble hands, and seek to grasp for the last time his injured, noble Charles, let him feel thy icy hand, thou fiend, and shudder at the touch!—O, HOW SWEET—HOW DELICIOUS THE CURSE OF A DYING FATHER!"

He who can read this passage without the strongest emotions—without feeling his blood run cold through every vein—may close the book, and seek amusement in a mathematical proposition.

In the character of Francis, we should hope that Schiller has created a monster which nature would have been ashamed of; such foul malevolence, so general a negation of whatever is good, such a consummation of atrocity, could only have entered into the composition of a fiend. His soliloquies, however, very frequently remind us of Richard Duke of Gloucester, afterward Richard III. In the first act he says, "I have a heavy debt of hatred against nature, and by my soul! I'll make it good—why was that hideous burden of deformity laid upon me alone; —of all my race on me alone?—Hell and damnation! on me alone—as if she had formed me only of the scum, the very refuse of her stuff she damned me from my birth! and here I swear

eternal enmity against her—I'll blast her fairest works:—what are to me the ties of kindred! I'll burst those trammels of affection—bonds of the soul—I never knew your force. She denied me the sweet play of her heart, and all its persuasive eloquence—what must its place supply? Imperious force—henceforth be that the only servant of my wishes—and all shall yield before me." Again, in Act 2: "Pardon me, dame Nature! if I owe you a grudge for the form you have given me—complete your work by stripping me of every vestige of humanity!" So in Richard III. Glo'ster says,

I that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, &c.——
——Since I cannot prove a lover,
I am determined to prove a villain.

Again in Henry VI. Part 3, Act 5, scene 6, he says,

Then since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

In the character of Richard, courage was a

prominent feature—Francis is the veriest coward imaginable: in the battle of Bosworth, Richard fell like a hero; Francis, frightened at a pistol-shot, is taken like a poltroon. The dream of Richard, however, on the eve of his engagement with the Earl of Richmond, when the ghosts of all that he had murdered came to his tent, proclaims the horrors of a guilty conscience:

——Soft—I did but dream—
O coward conscience,—how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue—is it not dead midnight?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I fear? myself?

Schiller has, with equal success, haunted the dreams of Francis with the black catalogue of his own crimes; the terrible sublimity of the quotation will plead my excuse for transcribing it.

" FRANCIS. Nay, Daniel—I must tell you—'tis so odd—you'll laugh, I promise you:—you must know, I thought I had been feasting like a prince, and I laid me down, quite happy, on one of the grassy banks of the garden—there I fell asleep, and all of a sudden—but you'll laugh when I tell you.—

" DANIEL. All of a sudden—what?

" FRANCIS. All of a sudden I was awaked by a clap of thunder—I got upon my feet, and, stag-

gering, looked around me—when lo! the whole horizon seemed to be one great sheet of fire—the mountains, towns, and forests seemed to melt like wax in a furnace; and then a dreadful tempest arose, which drove before it the heavens, the earth, and the ocean.

"DANIEL. Good God! it is the description of the day of judgment.

"FRANCIS. Did you ever hear such ridiculous stuff? Then I saw a person come forward, who held in his right hand a brazen balance, which stretched from east to west—he cried with a loud voice, 'Approach ye children of the dust, I weigh the thoughts of the heart.'

"DANIEL. God have mercy upon me!

"FRANCIS. All seemed to be struck with terror, and every countenance was pale as ashes—'twas then I thought I heard MY NAME in a dreadful voice that issued in thunder from the mountain—a voice that froze the marrow in my bones, and made my teeth chatter as if they had been of iron.

"DANIEL. O may God forgive you!

"FRANCIS. HE DID NOT FORGIVE ME.—Behold, an old man appeared,* bent to the ground with sorrow—a horrible sight; for he had

* It is perhaps unnecessary to say that this figure represents his father, whom he supposed he had starved to death.

gnawed away one half of his arm from hunger. —None could bear to look upon him.—I knew him:—He cut off one of his grey locks, and threw it from him—Then I heard a voice issue from the smoke of the mountain: 'Mercy and forgiveness to all the sinners of the earth! THOU ONLY ART REJECTED.'—*(After a long pause.)* Why don't you laugh?"

Can any thing exceed the ghastly horror of this dream? and the idea of laughing at it—the wildest and most distempered imagination cannot conceive a parallel.

I should swell a single essay too much, were I to insert the whole of my observations in it: in the next number I shall take an opportunity of concluding them.

THE CABINET, vol. i. p. 84.

## No. CLXXXII.

*There is no thread so finely spun, as that which weaves the bands of guilt.*

ROBBERS.

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THE principal feature in this play is HORROR; and the power of exciting this emotion is, undoubtedly, the forte of Schiller: that energy of expression which thrills through every vein, that wildness of fancy which startles every reader, he well knew would lead along the most intractable attention, and wake the soundest slumbers of a stoic: he well knew that a tale of terror would work its way into the soul that was inaccessible to sorrow; he well knew that the heart must possess a refinement of feeling, and delicacy of sentiment, somewhat above the common portion of humanity, before it can sympathise with the anguish of disappointed love, and vibrate with every palpitation of a woman's breast. But man, in every gradation of character, and every variety of condition, from the depths of barbarity to the very summit of civilization, from a state of stupidity to sensibility itself, would feel affrighted at the daring councils of a desperate banditti, and shudder at the foul and unqualified

malignity of such a fiend as Francis. The terror of "Sir Bertrand," and the achievements of the "Old English Baron," will remain, when the languishments of unhappy passion, and the soft sighs which swell the imagery of poetic fiction, shall have faded away "like a sunbeam in the day of the gloomy storm."

The characters of this play, if they are uncommon, are consistent. I have already ventured a vindication of Schiller, in representing Amelia as inconstant to Charles; as it appears to me, in such circumstances, a weakness by no means unnatural; and I have given my reasons for the opinion. Cowardice and villany are generally concomitants: there are but two cowards in the piece, Francis and Speigelberg, and they are both villains; perhaps, I cannot reverse the proposition, and say—there are but two villains—yet, among the robbers, almost all the other characters have some solitary spark of generosity or grandeur, which beams through the thick cloud of vice, and flashes admiration on the moralist himself. When the band are sleeping on the ground, and Speigelberg is tempting Razman to the assassination of their captain, Switzer gets up secretly: "Ha! villain —I have not forgot the Bohemian forest—when you screamed like a pitiful scoundrel, that the

enemy was upon us—'twas then I swore it by my soul—have at your heart, you murderer."—Moor shortly afterwards entering, he runs to meet him, "Welcome, captain! I have been a little choleric in your absence (shews him the dead body). Be you judge between me and this man—he wanted to murder you,—to stab you in the back.

"MOOR. Avenging power! thy hand is here! Was it not he whose syren song seduced us?* Here consecrate this sword to the avenging God, whose ways are incomprehensible.—Switzer! 'twas not thy hand that did this deed?

"SWITZER. Zounds! but it was my hand, and may I be cursed if I think it the worst action of my life. *(Throws down the sword upon the body, and goes out in a passion.)*" Mark the reflection of Moor—"*(Moor very thoughtfully)* I see it plain! Father of heaven! I know it. The dry leaves fall around—the autumn of my days is come!—take him out of my sight." †

But a service, though not of such importance,

* Speigelberg, under the expectation of being proclaimed captain, was the first who proposed to his companions and Moor, that they should form themselves into a band of robbers; he had a grudge against Moor, in consequence of the disappointment.

† In the above passage, a reader of Ossian may recognise a language of "the times of old."

which discovered a more amiable and tender trait of character, is remarkable, when Moor after the rescue of Roller, fatigued with fighting, throws himself on the ground—"I must rest here—my joints are shook asunder;—my tongue cleaves to my mouth—dry as a potsherd."*

* To excite thirst, is an effect of wounds. When Hotspur gives Henry IV. an account of the engagement between Mortimer and Glendower, he says,

> Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
> Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood.

I must now beg the reader's indulgence, whilst I offer an explanatory critique on a passage in Shakspeare, which certainly is irrelevant to the subject; but I may not have an opportunity even so good as the present, at any other time. In the first part of Henry IV. (Act I. S. 3), speaking of "DAMNED GLENDOWER," he calls him the "GREAT MAGICIAN." Profuse as are the commentators on Shakspeare, I have seen no one who has endeavoured to assign any reason for the application of this term; it seems to be this: after the capture of Mortimer, in 1401, Glendower still continuing his depredations on the country bordering on Wales, the king marched against him, two several times, and returned without any success, from the superior address of Glendower, in retiring among the mountains of Snowden, where he was inaccessible. Thus disappointed, Henry was preparing, a third time, to ravage the country, when the weather becoming suddenly very stormy, he was obliged to desist from the undertaking:

> Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
> Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
> And sandy-bottomed Severn, have I sent
> Him bootless home, and weather-beaten back.

From this circumstance, the English army imagined that

Switzer, seeing the situation of his master, although equally tired and weakened himself, silently steals out, and after a time returns: "Captain, here, drink!—water cool and fresh as ice."—This trifling attention displays a disposition so affectionate and kind, that we cannot but admire it.

the Welch chieftain had made a contract with the Devil, to dissipate the cloud which threatened to overwhelm his country.

Shakspeare might possibly have put the words "GREAT MAGICIAN—DAMNED GLENDOWER," into the mouth of Henry, ignorant that such a story was in circulation. No one knew better than himself, how to describe the manners and superstitions that mark the earlier stages of society; he knew that every event which is extraordinary—peculiarly either fortunate or unfortunate—is then attributed to the supernatural agency of good or evil genii, and that TEMPESTS are more particularly considered as being under their direction. To this day, in the Highlands of Scotland, the vulgar entertain a notion, that the "spirit of the mountain" shrieks a prognostic of every storm. That such was the opinion formerly, may be collected from various passages in Ossian: in "Conlath and Cuthona," when Toscar describes his flight with the latter, to his friend Fereuth, he says, "The night was stormy. From their hills the groaning oaks came down. The sea darkly tumbled against the blast. The roaring waves climbed against the rocks. The lightning came often, and showed the blasted fern. Fereuth, I saw the ghost that embroiled the night. Silent he stood on yonder bank. His robe of mist flew on the wind. I could behold his tears. An aged man he seemed and full of thought!" The exquisite beauty of this passage will have already pleaded my excuse for transcribing it, and I will not lengthen my digression by any apology.

I have already shewn the similitude between the character of Francis and that of Richard III.; and I cannot help observing that the character of Glo'ster, in King Lear, strongly resembles that of old Moor, in credulity and weakness; each parent suffers the younger son to chill the warmth of his affection for the elder.—Charles is banished from his father's house, and disinherited. Edgar—Poor Tom—Poor Turlygood! "by the happy hollow of a tree, escaped the hunt," and to avoid being seized for the sake of a reward which was offered by proclamation,

——— Bethought
To take the basest and the poorest shape,
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast.

The outcast child, in both instances, becomes the saviour of his father: Moor is rescued from the jaws of a dungeon by the injured, yet forgiving Charles; and the hand of Edgar, in disguise, prevents the leap of Glo'ster down the dizzy cliff of Dover; the vices too of Francis and the bastard Edmund, bring to each the punishment of death.

I am ignorant whether Schiller was acquainted with the writings of Shakspeare;—a circumstance highly probable, and there are undoubt-

edly many passages, as well as characters, in the one, which remind us of the other: I do not mention it as a truth in the least derogatory from the merit of Schiller, for it certainly is not; and if the language and imagery of Ossian be occasionally interwoven, no reader will risk his reputation as a man of taste, by censuring the imitation. "Oh were this my Charles's hand! But he is gone!—He is in the narrow house! he sleeps the sleep of death!—he cannot hear the voice of my complaint—I must die amidst the strangers—no son have I to close my eyes!" Thus Cuthullin, after his defeat, laments the loss of his heroes, and the probability of his dying among strangers: "Pale, silent, low on their bloody beds, are they who were my friends! O spirit of the lately dead, meet Cuthullin on his heath! Speak to him on the wind, when the rustling tree of Tura's cave resounds. There, far remote, I shall lie unknown. No bard shall hear of me. No grey stone shall rise to my renown." *

The incidents of this tragedy are striking, but not confused; no labyrinth of plot to bewilder—to imprison the imagination: at one time it is suffered to frolic amid the luxuriance of description—now it glows with admiration on

* Fingal, book 3.

the excellencies of Charles—and now—with pity pauses on his faults! now it shrinks with horror from the unprincipled atrocities of the gang—and now it is suffered to languish on the pale, trembling bosom of Amelia.

The Robbers has been censured, as a production baneful to society. The rigour of the Germanic institution prohibited the exhibition of it, and, under pain of imprisonment, the author was forbidden the use of his pen. As a most elegant and ample vindication, however, of the general principles it contains, is given in the preface, I shall content myself with particularizing some few passages, at once fraught with humanity and goodness.

After the formidable and tremendous rescue of Roller from the hands of the executioner, the conversation in the second act, between Moor and Schufterle, proclaim how abhorrent were the feelings of the former, from the monstrous barbarity of the latter.

"SWITZER. Schufterle, can you tell how many were killed?

"SCHUFTERLE. Eighty-three, they say—the steeple crushed sixty of them to death.

"MOOR. *(In a very serious tone.)* Roller, you were dearly bought!

"SCHUFTERLE. Pah, pah! what signifies all that? indeed, if they had been men—but they

were mere babies in leading-strings—mere bantlings—or old mother Shiptons, their nurses—and perhaps a few poor atomies that had not strength to crawl to their doors—all that had any soul or spirit in them were at the show—'twas the mere scum, the dregs that stayed at home.

"MOOR. Poor wretches! the old—the decrepit—and the infants!

"SCHUFTERLE. Ay—Devil burn 'em! a few sick wretches too—women in labour, perhaps, or just at the down-lying—Ha! ha! in passing one of these little barracks, I heard something squalling—I peeped in, and what do you think it was? a child—a stout little rogue, that lay on the floor beneath the table, and the fire just catching it!—Poor little fellow, said I, you are starving for cold there—and so I chucked him into the fire!

"MOOR. Did you so, Schufterle? May that fire consume your body and soul, to all eternity! Out of my sight, you monster! never to be seen in my troop again!"

I have already been too liberal in quotation; for this reason I must satisfy myself, however unwillingly, with only referring my readers to a very fine soliloquy of Moor, in the fourth act, when the robbers are all asleep; it reminds us

of that celebrated one in Cato on the same occasion. "A long, long night! on which no morrow e'er shall dawn.—*(Holding a pistol to his forehead.)*—This little tube unites eternity to time! This awful key will shut the prison-door of life, and open up the regions of futurity. Tell me! Oh tell! to what unknown, what stranger coasts thou shalt conduct me! The soul recoils within herself, and shrinks with terror from that dreadful thought."—

Thus Cato:

———Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
* * * * * * *
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.*

The reasonings of the two heroes, however, lead to opposite determinations: Cato falls upon his sword, whilst Moor throws away his pistol, "And shall I then rush to death, through slavish dread of living here in torment—No—I will bear it all. My pride shall conquer sufferance —let my destiny be accomplished."

* The reader will thank me for referring him to a speech of Claudio, in Measure for Measure, on the same subject, which in sublimity very far exceeds them both: "Ah, but to die, &c," Act 3. scene 1.

This principle of fatalism pervades the play, and we cannot help compassionating the man, who "considers himself as bound to guilt, by fetters which he has the constant wish but not the strength to break."†

Moor's delirious kind of melancholy, in the third act, where he laments, that innocence is now an alien from his bosom, is excessively interesting and tender.

"MOOR. There was a time when I could not go to sleep if I had forgot my prayers.—

"GRIMM. Have you lost your senses? what! yet a school-boy!—'twere fit indeed such thoughts should vex you!

"MOOR. *(Resting his head on Grimm's bosom.)* Brother! Brother!

"GRIMM. Come, be not a child; I beg it of you.

"MOOR. A child! O that I were a child once more—Oh that I could return once more into the womb that bare me! that I hung an infant on the breast! that I were born a beggar—the meanest hind—a peasant of the field! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep—the rapture of one single tear!"

His parental advice to Kozinski, who wished

† Preface to "The Robbers."

to initiate himself into the band of robbers, abounds with tenderness and humanity; and his last parting scene with Switzer and Kozinski is so exquisitely affecting, that insensibility herself must retire and weep,

To apologise for those frequent violations of the grand unities both of time and place, which are observable, may not be an easy task; from Franconia to the frontiers of Saxony—from Leipzic to Bohemia, with the rapidity of imagination: Doctor Johnson, in his preface to Shakspeare, which, for harmony of diction, for justice of remark, and elevation of thought, may be coeternal with his author, defends that poet from the fulminating censures of criticism, on the principle that no "representation is mistaken for reality. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation: if the spectator can be once persuaded that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles, is the plain of Pharsalia, or the banks of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason or of truth, and, from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature."

Dr. Aikin, in the Manchester Philosophical Transactions, vol. iv. part 1, has ably and elegantly combated this reasoning—when two such gladiators enter on the campus, the spectators must keep an awful distance: Dr. A. contends that we experience a real delusion, but acknowledges that a violation of what are termed "the unities of time and place is perhaps the least injurious of any; for we find by experience," says he, "that the mind possesses the faculty of accommodating itself to sudden changes in these particulars." It appears to me that it is only real delusion which can authorise this violation. If the first scene of a play were laid in Athens, and the last in Sicily, the audience would be startled at so sudden and preternatural a removal, did not reason slumber, and imagination soar. We bow to the sway of fancy in some instances, why not in the present? under her wanton reign, vegetation luxuriates amid the cheerless snows of Lapland, and the beams of an Indian sun freeze the plains of Hindostan —hills and vallies, trees and lawns, "live in description, and look green in song."—A cold and wintery scene, painted on canvass, will chill us for a moment in the height of summer, and the well-told story of a ghost will people the

midnight shades with spectres, ghastly and fearful.

It must be acknowledged, if the sanction of authority may be pleaded in favour of Schiller, that our own immortal Shakspeare will prove an eloquent advocate: our passions are appealed to by each of these two writers; and the youthful genius of both bounds, with scorn, over the contracted circle which the cold hand of art, with a presumptuous magic, has imperiously waved for its confinement. Taste will preserve the beauties of Schiller—whilst candour "will drop a tear over his faults, and blot them out for ever!"

It would not be doing justice to the translator, were we not to acknowledge the spirit he has displayed and the energy he has exerted; some few inaccuracies may be discovered, but too inconsiderable to be noticed. Let us hope, therefore, that the productions of a Schiller will not be confined to the forests of Bohemia, if the translator of "The Robbers" be in existence.

THE CABINET, vol. i. p. 153.

The following scene from this powerfully-written play, together with the attendant remarks, are taken from an essay in my "Literary Hours" on the Evening and Night Scenery of the Poets, as mingled or contrasted with pathetic emotion.

The pangs of remorse and despair, as contrasted with the sublime and splendid repose of a setting sun, are no where so admirably drawn as in The Robbers of Schiller, a drama

that does honour to Germany, and to modern genius. Moor, the principal character, and captain of a band of ferocious banditti, gifted by nature with every amiable, every generous propensity, is plunged into a state of absolute misanthropy and despair, through the villany of his nearest relatives. Thus situated, he embraces the idea of fatalism, and conceives himself destined to pour upon others the vengeance of an irritated God; he indulges, therefore, a gloomy and terrible delight in the execution of what he deems his dreadful mission; believing, however, that for the punishment of his own sins he is thus condemned to act a part that shall blast his name with infamy, and consign his soul to hell. From such a character the most excruciating remorse might be expected; and the art of the poet is in no portion of the piece more exquisitely displayed than in the following scene, where the employment of evening imagery will readily be acknowledged, by every critic, powerfully to heighten the effect. An engagement has just taken place between the Bohemian dragoons and the banditti, in which the latter proved victorious.

" SCENE, THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE.

" *The Robbers stationed on a height, while their horses are grazing on the declivity below.*

" MOOR. I must rest here. *(He throws himself on the ground.)* My joints are shook asunder;—my tongue cleaves to my mouth—dry as a potsherd—I would beg of some of you to fetch me a little water in the hollow of your hand from yonder brook, but you are all weary to death. *(While he is speaking, Switzer goes out unperceived to fetch him some water.)*

" GRIMM. How glorious, how majestic, yonder setting sun.

" MOOR. *(Lost in contemplation.)* 'Tis thus the hero falls;—'tis thus he dies,—in god-like majesty!

" GRIMM. The sight affects you, sir.

" MOOR. When I was yet a boy,—a mere child,—it was my favourite thought, my wish to live like him! *(Pointing to the sun.)* Like him to die. *(Suppressing his anguish.)* 'Twas an idle thought, a boy's conceit!—

"GRIMM. It was so.

"MOOR. *(Pulling his hat over his eyes.)* There was a time.—Leave me, my friends,—alone.—

"GRIMM. Moor! Moor! 'Sdeath! How his countenance changes!—

"RASMAN. Zounds! what is the matter with him?—Is he ill?

"MOOR. There was a time, when I could not go to sleep, if I had forgotten my prayers!—

"GRIMM. Have you lost your senses? What, yet a school-boy! 'Twere fit indeed such thoughts should vex you!

"MOOR. *(Resting his head on Grimm's bosom.)* Brother! Brother!

"GRIMM. Come, come—be not a child, I beg it of you.—

"MOOR. A child! Oh that I were a child once more!

"GRIMM. Fy, fy! Cheer up that cloudy brow! look yonder, what a landscape! what a lovely evening!

"MOOR. Ay, my friend! that scene so noble!—this world so beautiful!

"GRIMM. Why, that's talking like a man.

"MOOR. This earth so grand!

"GRIMM. Well said! That's what I like!

"MOOR. And I so hideous in this world of beauty—and I a monster on this magnificent earth—the prodigal son!

"GRIMM. *(Affectionately.)* Moor! Moor!

"MOOR. My innocence! O my innocence!—See how all nature expands at the sweet breath of spring.—O God! that this paradise—this heaven—should be a hell to me!—When all is happiness—all in the sweet spirit of peace—the world one family—and its Father there above!—who is not my Father!—I alone the outcast—the prodigal son!—Of all the children of his mercy, I alone rejected. *(Starting back with horror.)* The companion of murderers—of viperous fiends—bound down, enchained to guilt and horror!

"RASMAN. 'Tis inconceivable! I never saw him thus moved before.

"MOOR. *(With great emotion.)* Oh! that I could re-

turn once more into the womb that bare me! that I hung an infant on the breast! that I were born a beggar—the meanest hind—a peasant of the field! I would toil till the sweat of blood dropt from my brow, to purchase the luxury of one sound sleep, the rapture of a single tear!

"GRIMM. *(To the rest.)* Peace, O peace!—the paroxysm will soon be over.

"MOOR. There was a time when I could weep with ease. O days of bliss!—Mansion of my fathers! O vales so green, so beautiful! scenes of my infant years, enjoyed by fond enthusiasm! will you no more return? no more exhale your sweets to cool this burning bosom!—Oh never, never shall they return—no more refresh this bosom with the breath of peace. They are gone! gone for ever." *

There cannot be a nobler subject for a picture than the preceding scene. The figure of Moor, agitated by remorse, yet characterised by a wild and terrible grandeur, surrounded by a set of banditti savage as the beasts of the desert, and who are stationed on a rugged cliff contemplating the beauty of the setting sun, and the landscape tinted by its beams; the Danube rolling at their feet, and their horses grazing on its verdant banks!—The pencil of Salvator Rosa could alone do justice to the conception of the poet.†

* Schiller's Robbers, p. 72, edit. of 1795.

† Literary Hours, vol. ii. No. 24.

# No. CLXXXIII.

Fundamentum est omnium virtutum pietas in parentes.
CICERO PRO PLANC.

Piety towards parents is the foundation of all virtues.

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OF the virtues which are adapted to the capacity and practice of a young man, the loveliest is, perhaps, FILIAL PIETY. It is at once his ornament, his interest, his honour, and his pride. Good men will esteem it the brightest jewel in his conduct, and the wise will regard it as the best proof of his virtue and prudence. A youth, who is obedient to his parents, will gain credit for a good disposition; for if he were not well disposed, he would be unruly and headstrong, instead of submitting to the restraints of parental authority. He will have credit also for morality and goodness of heart; for he that listens willingly to the lessons of age, and suffers his youthful passions to be regulated by the admonitions of parental experience, can hardly be immoral: nor can he who repays the care and tenderness of a parent with affection and reverence, possess other than a heart capable of gratitude, of benevolence,

and of love. In the performance, therefore, of the direct duties of filial piety, are centred some of the most amiable virtues of humanity; and in the turn of mind necessary to feel and practise it in its fullest extent, are contained the seeds of the noblest, the most useful, and the most sacred virtues. It is for this reason, that the moralists of all ages have held out temporal advantages, and the blessings of the present life, as the reward of those who obeyed the commands of their parents, and observed the precepts of their lips. And that the holy writers have made use of the same argument, that the express commandment of religion on this subject promises length of days to those who honour father and mother, are circumstances, which it is, I trust, superfluous here to state. Why present and immediate advantages should be the result of the practice of this duty, I have already hinted; and farther reasons may be discovered for the assertion, by considering how many good qualities are united in this one virtue. Gratitude, sensibility, and honour, a fear of God, and a respect for men, are essential and component parts of a dutiful character; and as in the youth they produce humility, submission, and love, so in the man will they direct to self-government, equanimity, and jus-

tice; and, by confirming him in the early practice of moral duties, ensure him the happiness of well-regulated passions, and well-tempered dispositions.

In illustration of this duty, I shall present a few observations on the character of Æneas, in which the finest and most prominent trait is FILIAL PIETY. It was, indeed, his distinguishing virtue, his well-grounded title to the epithet PIUS. In the course of that admirable poem, of which he is the hero, we admire this quality in him on a thousand interesting occasions, and under the most trying circumstances. In the fatal night when Troy was stormed, Æneas, with patriot courage, rushed forth to arms, summoned his companions, and exerted himself to stop the progress of the destroying Greeks: he is unsuccessful, however, and is at last eye-witness to the murder of the aged Priam. At this sight he is struck with horror, and recollecting his own aged father returns, terrified, to protect him. "At me tum primum," &c. says he, in his description of that dreadful affair; or, as Mr. Dryden has translated it,

Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood
Congeal with fear; my hair with horror stood;
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.

In his return he is commanded by Venus to leave the city. He proposes, therefore, to his father to accompany him, which Anchises refuses, on the ground of his extreme age, his inability to support the hardships of exile, and his determination not to survive the fate of his country. The son urges his proposal; and, finding his father obstinately resolute, determines again to mix in the tumult, and hazard his own life, rather than seek a place of safety for himself, while his parent was left behind. "Rursus in arma feror," &c.

Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death must give?
Can I without so dear a father live?
You term it prudence what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?

Encouraged, however, by a celestial omen, Anchises, at last, determines to go with his son, who addresses him, "Ergo age, care pater," &c.

Haste, my dear father ('tis no time to wait),
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.

He then takes up his father, and carries him, from the scene of slaughter and death, to the

safe retreat of a neighbouring mountain: "Succedoque oneri," &c.

——Then on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take.

What a sublime picture is this! what a great, what an uncommon display of filial affection! Who is there, that reads without rapture these delightful passages? who is there, that is not in love with the character of this dutiful son—this truly magnanimous hero? Scouring the streets of Troy in quest of the invading Greeks, he was like a lion, undaunted, determined. Now he is all alarm; he starts at every sound, and shrinks from every shadow. Why? Hear his own account: "Et me quem dudum," &c.

I, who, so bold and dauntless just before,
The Grecian darts, and shocks of lances bore,
At every shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear.

How great must have been the influence of those principles of gratitude and affection towards a father, that could thus change the hero into a coward, and palsy the man with vain terrors, and womanish fears, who but a moment before had met the hostile foe in arms, with the calmest intrepidity, and most resolute cou-

rage! It is not foreign to my purpose to remark, that Æneas demands our admiration equally in the characters of a father and a husband, because I have asserted that filial love is the root of other virtues—the source of general duties. With his father, he took also his son and his wife from the ruins of Troy, but, by an accident, the latter was lost in the hurry of their flight. When Æneas had safely deposited his father, he missed his beloved Creüsa, and felt, in its fullest force, all the bittered grief of a widowed husband: "Ascanium, Anchisenque," &c.

Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country—gods I left.
In shining armour once again I sheath
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.

Careless of danger, and rendered wild by the loss of her who was his "better half," he rushes again into the flames of the city, again risks his own life for the recovery of his wife; till, at last, having been miraculously informed of her fate, he returns disconsolate to his parent. Then—"Cessi," &c.

I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire.

We trace the filial piety of our hero, not only in these acts of affection and duty towards his father, but also in his obedience to him, and his regard for his admonitions. Although he was the leader and chief of the exiled Trojans, who were seeking another country on the shores of Hesperia, yet we do not see him acting with the self-will and authority of the first in command, but consulting and regarding, on all occasions, the advice of Anchises. Such conduct, had he been dependent on his father, or had absolutely needed his counsel, would have been less meritorious; but, in the situation of Æneas, was a proof of the highest respect, and most dutiful deference. I cannot pass over, without notice, their affecting meeting in the Elysian groves, whither Æneas had been admonished to penetrate by the repeated appearance of his father's ghost. In obedience to his commands, and to obtain his farther advice, the hero, conducted by the Sibyl, arrives at last in those delightful fields, where the good are fabled to resort. His father sees him first, and cries out,

Venisti tandem, tuaque expectata parenti
Vicit iter durum pietas!

O long expected to my dear embrace,
Once more 'tis giv'n me to behold thy face!
The love and pious duty which you pay
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way."

Mr. Dryden, in his translation, seems to have had in particular view, the illustrating of this great virtue in Æneas, when he called him in so bold a figure THE FILIAL DUTY, an expression which, though not warranted by the original, is at once beautiful and appropriate:

> To this THE FILIAL DUTY thus re·lies:
> Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
> Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
> But reach your hand, oh parent shade, nor shun
> The dear embraces of your longing son!

The limits of my paper will not permit me to enlarge on this occasion, though the subject and the example are capable of a much better and more extensive elucidation: I canno however leave the Æneid without remarking, that Virgil evidently put the highest value on this duty, and makes it a prominent feature in all his good characters. I am particularly struck with that exquisite passage, where he makes Nisus deliver as his concluding and strongest reason, why he was unwilling to take with him his friend Euryalus on a dangerous enterprise, that if any accident should happen to him, it would be the most terrible affliction to his mother. This was a great proof of the filial love of Nisus himself, though his concern, in

this case, was not for his own, but for the mother of his friend: 'Neu matri," &c.

O let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue;
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When ev'ry weary matron stay'd behind.

THE SYLPH, No. 25, January 16, 1796.

# No. CLXXXIV.

Tunc hoc faciet, tabulas dabit, atque
Ut legat orabit :——invenietque
Nil sibi legatum, præter plorare, suisque.
HORAT.

Begs him to read the will aloud,
When, ah ! no legacy appears
To him and his, save fruitless tears.

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HASSAN BEN-AIOUB, a rich citizen of Balsora, a widower, and without children, saw himself attacked by an incurable disorder, and his end approaching. One day, as some friends were with him, he owned he had sent for the cadi, to make his will. Agib, one of them, made him many tender reproaches for so premature a resolution ; "but, however," added he, "I see, my dear Hassan, the motive which makes you act thus ; you think you cannot too soon consider what may become of those great riches, after your decease, which heaven has given you ; you are afraid lest they should fall into hands undeserving of them, and the criminal use they make of them should be imputed to you. Wise Hassan ! I have nothing to add in such a case. I will go myself for the officer you wish, and will bring him here immediately." Agib went

out, wiping his eyes that did not cry, and, in less than half an hour, came back with the cadi. The sick man drawing a sealed packet from under his bolster, said to the magistrate, "Light of the law! these are the last requests of a dying man; I deposit them in your pure hands, which the gold of corruption has never dared to sully. As soon as the angel of death shall have disengaged my soul from prison, have the goodness to open this testament in the presence of my relations and friends; but above all, in the presence of my good friend Agib."

Hassan died a few days afterwards: scarce were his lips closed, when Agib hastened to conduct to the cadi, all those whom the defunct had desired might attend. The mussulman judge, after he had shewn the seal whole and entire, broke it himself, and gave the testament open to his secretary to read, who with a loud voice, read as follows:—

"In the name of a just and merciful God, before I quit the caravansera of this world, where I have passed a bad and short night, I, Hassan, son of Aioub, son of Abdalla, leave here this writing, by which I dispose of those pretended goods which I shall not carry with me. I threatened my nephews, Daoud and Achmet, that I would make them repent of

their conduct, which has sometimes displeased me; and I will keep my word with them, quite otherwise than they expect. They are young and a little giddy; but were they more so, they are the sons of a brother who loved me, and the grand-children of my father. I bequeath them, then, all the fortune which my father left me, and that which through Providence I have added by my care and economy: if they abuse my benefaction, the sin be on their own heads. I leave them, I say, all I possess; on condition, however, that they faithfully pay the under-specified legacies. I bequeath nothing in favour of poor dervises; nothing even in favour of hospitals: my hands, thank heaven, were always open to pay indigence the tribute they owed; but in dying I keep them shut; it is for my heirs to open theirs. What merit should I have, to give to God what he is going to take from me? With what eye does he see these posthumous charities, which flatter the pride of the testator, and cost his avarice nothing?

"I will, to count from the day of my decease, that all my slaves, without exception, enjoy absolutely and for ever their liberty. They deserve it so much the more, because they do not desire it; but since they are afraid of losing me, I bequeath to those among them, whom age or

infirmities render unable to work, an annuity in proportion to their wants; but none under fifty pieces of gold. With regard to the others, I love them too well to expose their virtues to the dangers of idleness. They will live as honest citizens by the trades I have had them taught; and I content myself with a legacy to each of them, of a hundred and fifty pieces of gold, which they will employ in forming their little establishments.

"I bequeath to the emir Mansour, my Arabian horse, with his authenticated pedigree, and his furniture ornamented with pearls of Baharem.

"I leave to the Molla Saheb, my gold writing-stand; and to the Iman his brother, an ancient Alcoran, written with gold letters on thick vellum; the same, as it is said, which the caliph Omar read on the Fridays, to the faithful assembled in the great mosque.

"This book excepted, I leave to the philosopher Amrou all the library which he had the trouble to collect for me himself. I know he loves books, and that it will be more easy for him to make good ones, than buy them. I leave him mine; but, on this express condition, that first of all he accepts a purse of a thousand pieces of gold, which for twenty years I have been endeavouring in vain to make him receive:

if he refuses still this last mark of my friendship, I renounce him for my friend from this moment; and I intreat our common friends to revenge my insulted memory, by ceasing to visit so unreasonable a philosopher.

"I shall have less trouble, I believe, to make my good friend Agib accept a legacy. What do I not owe this dear Agib? He attached himself to me almost in spite of myself, as soon as he saw I was old and infirm; and he never quits me one moment from the time I was given over. It was him who made me see a thousand perfections, I, nor any of my friends, imagined I possessed. It is him who observed with a severe eye all the giddy tricks of my nephews, and who gave me an account of them, rather more than true. But what shall I leave such a zealous and officious friend? A good counsel that I hope he will profit by. 'Choose better your dupes, my dear Agib, and never act your part of friend, but to one, who to his riches adds vanity and weakness; you will find a hundred of this sort!'

"Done at Balsora in the 322d year of the Hegira, the 9th day of the moon Regeb.

"HASSAN BEN-AIOUB, Servant of GOD."

THE BEE, vol. vii. p. 239, Feb. 15, 1792.

SURE 'tis a voice divine that wakes yon strings,
And calls the power of music from her cell;
Bids her unlock her most melodious springs,
And make each tone with choicest sweetness swell!

Hark! in yon distant note, what softness dwells!
Attention, breathless, sits to catch the sound,
While Fancy's hand unbinds her secret spells,
And all her airy visions float around.

Come, ye whose breasts the tyrant sorrows own,
Around this breathing harp, obedient, throng;
Here all your woes shall meet an answ'ring tone,
And hear the plaint that doth to each belong.

Solemn and slow yon murm'ring cadence rolls,
'Till on th' attentive ear it dies away;
To your fond griefs responsive; ye, whose souls,
O'er friends just lost, affection's tribute pay.

But hark! in regular progression move,
Yon silver sounds, and mingle as they fall;
Do they not wake thy trembling nerves, O Love!
And into warmer life thy feelings call?

Again it sounds; but, shrill and swift, the tones
In wild disorder strike upon the ear;
Pale Frenzy listens—kindred Wildness owns,
And starts appall'd the well-known sounds to hear.

Lo! e'en the gay, the giddy, and the vain,
In deep delight the vocal wires attend;
Silent they catch the ever-varying strain,
And pleas'd the vacant toils of mirth suspend.

So when the lute on Memnon's statue hung,
At day's first rising, strains melodious pour'd,
Untouch'd by mortal hands; the gath'ring throng
In silent wonder listen'd, and ador'd.

But oh! most welcome to soft Fancy's ear,
Is the wild cadence of these trembling strings:
At the sweet sound, she calls her spirits near,
And waves, in smiling joy, her painted wings.

Sometimes she whispers, that the melting strains
Sprung from the angelic choir, in bright array,
Bearing on radiant clouds, to yon bright sphere,
A soul just parted from its mould'ring clay:

And oft at eve, her bright creative eye
Sees to the wind their silken pinions stream,
While on the quiv'ring trees soft breezes sigh,
And through the leaves disclose the moon's pale beam.

O breathing instrument! be ever near,
When to the pensive muse my vows I pay;
Thou inspiration on thy wires canst bear,
And bid each feeling own thy potent sway.

Then oft from busy crowds, o'erjoy'd, I'll steal
To where my hand has rais'd thy tuneful shrine;
There from thy varying tones I'll learn to feel,
And, sweet inspirer, own no aid but thine.

THE CABINET, vol. iii. p. 128.

## No. CLXXXV.

**Saxa et solitudines respondent.**
**CICERO.**

**Each rock, each lone recess replies.**

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THE poetical inscription, as it has been exemplified by eminent writers, both ancient and modern, may be considered as a distinct species of poetical composition. We may therefore, in ascertaining its merits, consider the specific principle on which it is founded; and estimate its execution in particular instances, according to their consistency with the prevailing principle.

The design of the poetical inscription is, to inform the reader, or call his attention to what, it is supposed, he would not otherwise have known or attended to; and to excite in him, as flowing from the incident, object, or fact suggested, some suitable sentiment or reflection. The things suggested to our observation may either be past or present. The epitaph, for example, is a monumental inscription suggesting past events; and suggesting, in particular, with some feelings of sorrow, the respectful or affectionate remembrance of the dead.

The monitory, rural, and moral inscription, which we are now considering, may also regard past events; but is chiefly, or very often, connected with present objects. It is very often intended to excite some particular feeling, and corresponding reflection, by fixing our attention on those circumstances in the scenes that have a natural tendency to excite such feeling or reflection.

But here it may be asked, "Why point out circumstances that are themselves obvious? If a landscape has a natural tendency to excite certain thoughts and sentiments, these will arise without the intruding aid of the monitory inscription."—We may observe, however, in reply, that such thoughts and sentiments will not always arise, even though the scenery be well fitted for exciting them. The interesting tints and features of a landscape do not present themselves, even to persons of taste and experience, on a cursory view. Nor have even such persons inconsiderable enjoyment in perceiving, if they are themselves touched by real excellence, that their feelings are in unison with those of the artist. We will however allow, that the particular beauties of a fine field or country, considered as unconnected with one another, may attract the notice of the susceptible or

intelligent passenger; yet he may not discern their general effect in combination with one another; while, at the same time, he recognises all that excellence, the same instant it is duly suggested. He may pronounce the tree, the rock, or the meadow, considered even detachedly from one another, uncommonly beautiful; but he cannot at once discern, or receive pleasure from their effects, in union, and blended in one assemblage. An inscription, therefore, ascertaining either directly or indirectly the character of a landscape, whether it be gay or solemn, soft or melancholy, terrible or tranquil, and awakening correspondent reflections, has surely, when properly executed, a very pleasing effect.

An inscription, however, can scarcely be improperly executed, if the writer give due attention to the three captivating graces, the graces of perspicuity, brevity, and simplicity; and if, at the same time, he express himself in a manner suitable to his subject. It is indeed obvious, as the design of an inscription is secondary, for the reader is supposed to be chiefly occupied in contemplating the things around him, that it must be so clear, as to occasion no trouble in conceiving it; so short, as not to engage too much attention; and that the

thought it conveys must seem so natural, and so much the result of the object itself, that the reader shall have the great enjoyment of almost anticipating the reflection, or of being surprised at his not having done so. The particulars in the descriptive part cannot with propriety be very numerous; nor will the poet indulge his fancy, in presenting any more images than what are necessary for presenting the sentiment. Not more too than one reflection, and that also rather hinted than formally or fully expressed, ought ever to have admission into the truly simple and interesting inscription. Is it necessary to add, that as it neither expresses, nor intends to excite, any violent passion, it affects no irregular or very figurative language? The diction, while perfectly correct, is not permitted to be ostentatious. Without the labour of inversion, the pomp of epithet, and glare of imagery, it must aim at no other excellence than easily and plainly to convey the intended sentiment. Several of these particulars are well illustrated in Shenstone's inscription on a gothic alcove:

O ye that bathe in courtly bliss,
Or toil in fortune's giddy sphere,
Do not too rashly deem amiss
Of him that bides contented here.

Nor yet disdain the russet stole,
Which o'er each careless limb he flings;
Nor yet deride the beechen bowl
In which he quaffs the limpid springs.

So may he pardon fraud and strife,
If such in courtly haunts he see:
For faults there be in busy life,
From which these peaceful glens are free.

Though this inscription be simple and pensive, both in sentiment and expression, yet, to a reader of very accurate taste, it may seem to be somewhat redundant. Is it not too diffuse, both in sentiment and detail of circumstances?

The inscriptions, indeed, of most modern writers transgress against the canon of brevity; and are, in this respect, not only different from, but inferior to, many of those that remain from antiquity. May I also be permitted to say, that they are sometimes too numerous? Or shall I be held guilty of sacrilegious disrespect for the elegant and gentle divinity of rural taste, should such a divinity be allowed to have at least a poetical existence, if I venture to hint, that they are too numerous even at the Leasowes? Without agreeing with Wheatley in his dislike to, or at least in his no great love of inscriptions, I must however admit, that they ought to be used only on very striking occa-

sions, and ought not to obtrude too frequently on the thoughtful solitude of the rural walk.

Though the embellishments of imagery, and studied ornaments of expression, be inconsistent with the simplicity or with the plainness of inscriptive writing, yet the general plan or design of the poetical inscription may derive some romantic beauty from the direct, and very often from the indirect, delineations of fanciful ingenuity. If, for instance, a hermitage be pointed out to us, we think of the hermit, and of his devotional character; so that if the inscription be invented as his prayer, or address, either to a tutelary being, or any of the surrounding objects, it conveys to us a very interesting view of his situation and temper. Father Francis's prayer, by West, has suggested the remark, rather than furnished the illustration:

Ne gay attire, ne marble hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall, &c.
Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes! grant to Father Francis, &c.

In like manner grotesque scenery, with rocks, woods, and streams, may, to poetical imaginations, like those of Shenstone and Akenside, suggest, not improperly, the notions of Dryads, Naids, or Fairies:

Here, in cool grot or mossy cell,
We rural fays and fairies dwell, &c.

In the inscription on a statue of Time, by Poseidippus, the personified divinity is represented as answering the questions of a passenger:

Τίς πόθεν ο πλαστης; κ. τ. λ.

"The Maker whence?"--"From Sicyon."--"What his name?"
"Lysippus."—"Who art thou?"—"All-conquering Time."
"Why on thy tiptoe rais'd?"—"I always run."
"Thy feet are wing'd?"—"My speed is like the wind."
"Why in thy hand a razor?"—"I inflict
Wounds sharper than a sword."—"A bushy lock
Upon thy forehead waves?"—"That those who meet,
May seize me."—"But, behind, thy head is bald?"
"In vain would he, who lets me pass, recall
Or stay me. Stranger! in the public view,
For thy behoof, thus fashion'd, was I plac'd."

It was observed, that the monitory or rural inscription, though chiefly intended for the present objects, might sometimes, however, have a reference to past events. If any part of a landscape has been the scene of some famous action, the mention of it may not only afford amusement, but excite very proper reflections. Of this kind is Akenside's spirited yet solemn inscription for a pillar at Runnymede:

O stranger, stay thee, and the scene
Around contemplate well. This is the place
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,
Then rendered tame, did challenge and secure
The charter of thy freedom, &c.

Persons of unquestioned taste have sometimes, with singular felicity of application, employed as inscriptions, passages selected from classical authors. At Hagley, after walking through shady recesses, and lofty groves, where the view is a good deal confined, and where the sentiments excited are pensive, or even tinged with melancholy, you are carried up gradually, and almost imperceptibly, to an eminence. You emerge from the shade into clear and open sunshine. Instead of a very limited view, you have before you a wide and extensive prospect. As far as the eye can extend, you see a cultivated and populous country; woods, corn-fields, meadows, towns, churches, and even palaces, are scattered in gay and luxuriant profusion before you. The whole is bounded, and sometimes diversified, by distant and lofty mountains. In contemplating this gorgeous landscape, the mind is elated, and feels exultation. But while you are gazing with astonishment at

the magnificent prospect, an inscription attracts your notice; and you read from Milton,

> These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
> All-mighty! thine this universal frame,
> Thus wond'rous fair!———

When the mood subsides, the mood almost of ecstasy, into which a heart even of ordinary sensibility is apt to be thrown upon such an occasion, it is impossible not to think of Lyttelton, the great, the virtuous, and the pious Lyttelton; we tread as it were on consecrated ground; we think of the intercourse which he might have held in these sacred recesses, with enlightened and congenial spirits; and we regard him in our secret thoughts with reverential esteem.

THE PHILANTHROPE, No. 32.

# No. CLXXXVI.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.

JUVENAL.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.

JOHNSON.

---

OSREIDAN, of Damascus, was a heretic of the sect of Kadir, who believe in the freedom of the human will, and that good works are essential to the attainment of future happiness. Venerable for age and integrity, he was drawing nigh to death. By the slow yet progressive and perceptible decay of his vital powers, he felt his dissolution approaching. Affected, but not weakly affected, with the prospect of bidding adieu for ever to all earthly enjoyments, he retired into a lonely grove by the margin of the river Abana; and considering himself as soon about to appear in the presence of Allah and his holy prophet, he pondered the past events of his life. Solemn silence prevailed; the stream flowed gently, and without any noise; the shade from surrounding poplars became so gloomy, as to seem preternatural; veneration

and awe seized the soul of Osreidan: "Holy Allah!" he exclaimed, "before whom I am soon to appear, let my departure be tranquil, and may thy favour receive me!"

A sudden light beamed around him. It flowed from the snow-white raiment and shining tresses of a spirit that, in the form of a man, addressed him. "Be of good cheer!" said the gentle visitant. "I am thy genius, the guardian of thy life, the witness, and, as far as was given me, and as far as the freedom of thy will permitted, the director of all thy actions. I have heard thy sincere effusion; and am commissioned, in consideration of thine integrity, of thy piety, and of thy mercy, to animate at thy parting hour, and instruct thy devotion. Lift up thy soul to the Ruler and Creator of all things; and pour out the tribute of thanksgiving for all that has ever befallen thee."

"Alas!" said Osreidan, "my heart recoils from that awful office. I have never hitherto, from servile fear, nor will I now, at the close of life, disguise the thoughts of my soul. I will not feign a gratitude I cannot feel, nor appear before my judge and his holy prophet with base prostration, and the homage of lying lips. I will thank him for the good he has rendered me; for the cup of prosperity which I have

held; for the robe of honour which I haye worn; and these hoary locks of revered old age; but I cannot thank him for evil."

The genius, with a smile of softness, replied, "No real evil hath ever befallen thee." "How!" answered Osreidan, with surprise bordering on indignation; "when my son, my only child, the youthful and bold Albazan, whose stature was like mount Taurus, and whose fame saluted me like the breath of Arabian odour; when Albazan perished, did I not feel as a father, and did I feel no pain?" "Wouldst thou not rather," said the genius, "that thy son, unseduced by corruption, and unassailed by disgrace, should have died in the morning of life, extolled and lamented, than that he should have suffered, in the noon-tide of his age, the infamy and punishment due to enormous guilt?" "Would Albazan," exclaimed the father, "would Albazan have stooped to guilt? His soul was pure as the empyreal sky; and as the brilliant stars that diversify its expanse, were his numerous and splendid virtues."

"Tell me what thou beholdest," said the friend of Osreidan.—He saw, in the spirit of vision, a young man of prepossessing appearance. By the rapidity and intuition of the preternatural mood, he saw him ascending

the heights of honour, diversified as they seemed with groves, temples, triumphant arches, and obelisks inscribed with everlasting characters. He saw him assailed by a troop of temptations. The phantoms were of different shapes, and their appearances shifting. They displayed to the sprightly but devoted youth, cozened by magic spells, the pomp of illustrious attendance, the glare of the gorgeous banquet, the domes of the lofty palace, the seduction of smiling maids; they subdued and enslaved him. For, deviating from his upward course, he followed his gay enticers, and descended imperceptibly into the mazes of error. The winding path was bordered with shrubs and flowers; and was frequently darkened or overshadowed with fragrant groves. Ever and anon he partook of the delicious fruit that from the neighbouring branches enticed him; but, instead of refreshing, they made him weak, and, nevertheless, promoted unquenchable thirst. He then drank of a meandering stream that crept gently beside him; but the muddy stream of corruption, instead of relieving, fevered, or rendered him still more languid. He looked up with a sigh to the mountain of honour; but he had strayed so far around, that in his languor he could not think of returning; and the side now

exposed to his view was a rugged and unsurmountable precipice. Faint and hopeless, he retired for respite into an adjoining tent, garnished with flaunting banners, glittering with the unreal appearance of gold and precious stones. He knew not, alas! the recess and the retirement of falsehood. Reclining on silken couches of vain enjoyment, he drew around him curtains embroidered with various colours, the curtains of self-deceit; and was lulled to repose by the tinkling cymbal of folly. Short were the slumbers of his witless rest. He was awaked by the croaking of infamy, a large and preternatural raven, whose braying noise shook the rocks and groves; and was devoured by an enormous crocodile, that had watched him as he entered the maze, and had lurked by the noiseless stream.

"Thou beholdest," continued the genius, "the lot of thy lamented son, had not the angel of death, by the shaft of sudden and unexpected distemper, prevented his guilty shame. Stupified by dissipation, and ensnared by falsehood, he would not have been roused from his vicious indulgence, but by the peal of infamy, and the gripe of destruction. Sorrow for his crimes, and his sufferings, would have blasted the strength of his father's mind, and rendered

him incapable of virtuous exertion. Be thankful for the death of thy son!"

The aged cheek of Osreidan was bathed in a flood of tears. He wept bitterly; and, for a space, the anguish of his grief was silent. At length, in interrupted accents, "Why did I ever exist? Or why was I hailed with the name of father? But the will of Allah be done! He, whose arm is almighty, and whose blessedness is unimpaired, can never injure, nor, without a cause, afflict the least of his creatures. The will of Allah be done."

The countenance of the genius was for a moment bedimmed, and his visage seemed indistinct. But his form remained, and, in an instant, recovered its brightness. His eye was rekindled with the purest intelligence, and the smile that played on his lip was of the kindest benignity. He had withdrawn from Osreidan, and had left his assumed appearance behind him. With a celerity transcending all human conception, he had arisen to the sapphire throne, and had presented himself before the Ancient of Days. He had then returned; re-animated his appearance, and, resuming his speech in tones of soft consolation, "I am permitted," he said, "as the recompense of thy humility, of thy just, rational, and meek resignation, to reveal a part, so far at least as

thou art able to understand, of an awful mystery. Thy son was called into existence for the discharge of important functions; and to share, in process of time, and after various changes, the supremest happiness that man can enjoy,—the happiness arising from his powers and virtues. Some part of his office he has already performed; for he has afforded exercise to those virtues of thine, which by having been proved, and by having received their proper exercise, shall in the sequel exalt thy nature. Having done so, and not having sufficient powers to oppose the perils that must, as thy son, have assailed him, he has been called, in consideration of the merit he had already acquired, and by the mercy of heaven, to the trials of a new condition. He is exposed again to temptations; but, aided by the counsels and by the habits of early life, though he is at present unconscious of the sources from which his assistance flows, he has power to oppose them. He will thus acquire still higher endowments; and be enabled to combat even fiercer temptations, fiercer and more seducing than those which the vision shadowed. Renovation of life, the reinstated memory of past events, renewal and increase of affection, in ways too mysterious for human conception, shall, in another state, be the portion

of both father and son. For, to intelligent beings, death is not the close, but the means of awful and important variety in their mode of existence."

"But," said Osreidan, emboldened by the condescension of his celestial friend, "could not this have been accomplished without the smallest intermixture of evil?" "What proportion," answered the genius, "what proportion can you establish between an instant of time and a million of ages? What proportion can you establish between the smallest drop of dew that hangs on the point of the finest needle, employed by the maidens of Casimir in the needle-work of their queen, and the waters of the mighty deep? Far less the proportion of the present life, to the duration of future existence. Thy sufferings will vanish from thy remembrance, as the white vapour on the breast of the sky dispersed by the blazing sun. Consider too, that if the suffering thou accountest painful, transient as it must seem, shall become the means of securing, exalting, and improving the relish of thy future enjoyments, as the spices of Java improve the feast of the Caliph, what thou pronouncest suffering is no longer to be accounted evil."

The genius disappeared. All remembrance

of the facts and sayings that occurred in his visitation, was instantly effaced from the mind of Osreidan. He seemed to have had a vision, but could not tell what it was; yet its parting gleam had been bright and delightful. He felt its benign effects; for the remaining days of his life were soothed with complacency, with good will to mankind, consolation, and peace.

The writing of the vision was afterwards revealed to the hermit of Carmel, who was also a Kadirite; and by him set forth in a book for the consolation and hope of the faithful.

THE PHILANTHROPE, No. 24.

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## LA PARTENZA,

From METASTASIO.

AT length the parting hour is come!
Sweet maid a long farewell!
How shall I bear the cruel doom,
Remote from thee to dwell!
Unbless'd will then my hours appear,
From murm'rings never free;
But Flavia, who can tell, if e'er
Thou'lt deign to think on me.

When through the pleasing scenes I pass,
Where oft with thee I've stray'd,
I'll trace thy footsteps on the grass,
To find the print they made:

Then, fondly seated by thy side,
  I'll think I'm still with thee;
But ah! perhaps the hours will glide,
  And thou not think on me.

I'll tell the flinty rocks my pain,
  Though fruitless it must prove;
And bid them tell me, but in vain,
  Where roves my absent love.
From morn to night alone I'll stray,
  And tidings ask of thee;
But ah! perhaps from day to day
  Thou'lt never think on me.

Oft will I view the pleasant spot,
  By me so much belov'd,
Where all my cares were quite forgot,
  Because with thee I rov'd:
And each memorial that I find,
  Will sadly pleasing be;
But ah! who knows, if, nymph unkind,
  Thou'lt ever think on me.

Here by that fountain will I stray,
  Where once thy wrath I mov'd,
And where thy hand, with sweet delay,
  The pledge of pardon prov'd.
Here (shall I cry) on hope I fed,
  And here I sigh'd with thee:
But ah! who knows, thou much-lov'd maid,
  If e'er thou'lt think on me.

Unnumber'd suitors soon will crowd
  Their amorous vows to pay,
And at thy feet the rich and proud
  Will wealth and splendour lay;

Ah me! who knows, if then my fair,
  From lovers never free,
Who knows, alas, sweet maid, if e'er
  Thou then wilt think on me.

Oh! think upon my ardent love;
  Think on this sad adieu;
Think, that thy beauty's power I prove,
  And am for ever true;
That, though a prey to fell despair,
  I still shall doat on thee;
Oh! think,—but ah! who knows if e'er
  Thou'lt deign to think on me.

THE CABINET, vol. iii. p. 229.

# No. CLXXXVII.

Farewell Aruna !—"Still," in Fancy's ear,
As in the evening wind thy murmurs swell,
Th' enthusiast of the lyre,* who wander'd here,
Seems yet to strike his visionary shell,
Of power to call forth Pity's tenderest tear,
Or wake wild Frenzy, from her hideous cell!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

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HAUGHTON, Jan. 1, 1797.

Sir,

AUTHENTIC anecdotes of men of genius and learning must always be acceptable to the friends of literature. The following letters contain several particulars relative to the life and writings of the admired Collins, not to be found in the narratives of Langhorne or Johnson. I have met with them among the papers of a much-respected and ingenious friend * deceased, who had intended to give to the public a complete edition of the works of Collins, and an improved and more satisfactory account of his life and writings than has hitherto appeared. He was prevented by the stroke of that ruthless power, which neither genius nor virtue can

* Collins.

† William Hymers, A. B. of Queen's College, Oxford.

escape. I will thank you to give them circulation and permanency among your essays.

I am, &c.

W. B.

"I often saw Collins in London in 1750. This was before his illness. He then told me of his intended history of the Revival of Learning, and proposed a scheme of a review, to be called the Clarendon Review, and to be printed at the University press, under the conduct and authority of the University. About Easter, the next year, I was in London; when, being given over, and supposed to be dying, he desired to see me, that he might take his last leave of me: but he grew better, and in the summer he sent me a letter on some private business, which I have now by me, dated Chichester, June 9, 1751, written in a fine hand, and without the least symptom of a disordered or debilitated understanding. In 1754, he came to Oxford for change of air and amusement, where he stayed a month; I saw him frequently, but he was so weak and low, that he could not bear conversation. Once he walked from his lodgings opposite Christ-church, to Trinity-college, but supported by his servant. The same year, in September, I and my brother visited him at

Chichester, where he lived in the cathedral cloisters, with his sister. The first day he was in high spirits at intervals, but exerted himself so much, that he could not see us the second. Here he shewed us an Ode to Mr. John Home, on his leaving England for Scotland, in the octave stanza, very long, and beginning,

Home, thou return'st from Thames!

"I remember there was a beautiful description of the spectre of a man drowned in the night, or in the language of the old Scotch superstitions—seized by the angry spirit of the waters, appearing to his wife with pale blue cheek, &c. Mr. Home has no copy of it. He also shewed us another ode, of two or three four-lined stanzas, called the Bell of Arragon; on a tradition that, anciently, just before a king of Spain died, the great bell of the cathedral of Sarragossa, in Arragon, tolled spontaneously. It began thus:

The bell of Arragon, they say,
Spontaneous speaks the fatal day, &c.

Soon afterwards were these lines:—

Whatever dark aerial power,
Commission'd, haunts the gloomy tower.

"The last stanza consisted of a moral transition to his own death and knell, which he called "some simpler bell." I have seen all his Odes already published in his own hand-writing; they had the marks of repeated correction; he was perpetually changing his epithets. I had lately his first manuscript of the Ode on the Death of Colonel Ross, with many interlineations and alterations. The lady to whom this Ode is addressed was Miss Elizabeth Goddard, who then lived at or near Harting, in Sussex. In the first stanza, my manuscript has "sunk in grief," for "stained with blood." The fourth stanza stood thus:

Ev'n now, regardless of his doom,
Applauding honour haunts his tomb,
With shadowy trophies crown'd:
While freedom's form beside her roves,
Majestic, through the twilight groves,
And calls her heroes round.

"The sixth stanza had "untaught" in the first line, instead of "unknown." The present seventh and eighth stanzas were not in the manuscript. In the present ninth stanza, instead of, "If weak to soothe so soft a heart," the reading was, "If drawn by all a lover's art." Many variations I have forgotten. Dr. Warton, my brother, has a few fragments of some other odes, but too

loose and imperfect for publication, yet containing traces of high imagery. In the Ode to Pity, the idea of a Temple of Pity, of its situation, construction, and groupes of painting with which its walls were decorated, was borrowed from a poem, now lost, entitled the Temple of Pity, written by my brother, while he and Collins were school-fellows at Winchester College. He died at Chichester, and was buried in St. Andrew's Church, in that city, by the Rev. Mr. Shenton, on the fifteenth of June, in 1759. A monument has been erected to his memory in that church by his sister, now living at Chichester.

"T. W."

"The monument above-mentioned, which is on the south wall, next to the chancel of Saint Andrew's church, at Chichester, denotes that William Collins died June 12, 1759,* aged 39.

"Our poet's baptism is thus entered in the parish register of St. Peter's the Great, at Chichester: 'William, the son of William Collins, then mayor of the city of Chichester, and Elizabeth, his wife, was baptised the 1st of January, 1721-2, in the parish of St. Peter the Great, alias Subdeanery.'

* Dr. S. Johnson erroneously says, he died 1756.

"In illustration of what Dr. Johnson has related, that during his last malady he was a great reader of the Bible, I am favoured with the following anecdote from the Rev. Mr. Shenton, vicar of St. Andrews, at Chichester, by whom Collins was buried. 'Walking in my vicarial garden one Sunday evening, during Collins' last illness, I heard a female (the servant I suppose) reading the Bible in his chamber. Mr. Collins had been accustomed to rave much, and make great moanings; but while she was reading, or rather attempting to read, he was not only silent but attentive likewise, correcting her mistakes, which indeed were very frequent, through the whole of the twenty-seventh chapter of Genesis.' I have just been informed, from undoubted authority, that Collins had finished a Preliminary Dissertation to be prefixed to his history of the Restoration of Learning, and that it was written with great judgment, precision, and knowledge of the subject.

"T. W."

"Sir,

"As you express a wish to know every particular (however trifling) relating to Mr. William

Collins, I will endeavour, so far as can be done by a letter, to satisfy you.

"There are many little anecdotes, which tell well enough in conversation, but would be tiresome for you to read, or me to write; so I shall pass them over. I had formerly several scraps of his poetry, which were suddenly written on particular occasions; these I lent among our acquaintance, who were never civil enough to return them; and being then engaged in extensive business, I forgot to ask for them, and they are lost; all I have remaining of his are about twenty lines, which would require a little history to be understood, being written on trifling subjects. I have a few of his letters, the subjects of which are chiefly on business; but I think there are in them some flights which strongly mark his character, for which reason I preserved them. There are so few of his intimates now living, that I believe I am the only one who can give a true account of his family and connections. The principal part of what I write is from my own knowledge, or what I have heard from his nearest relations. His father was not the manufacturer of hats, but the vender. He lived in a genteel style at Chichester, and I think filled the office of mayor more than once; he was pompous in his

manners, but at his death left his affairs rather embarrassed. Colonel Martyn, his wife's brother, greatly assisted his family; and supported Mr. William Collins at the university, where he stood for a fellowship, which, to his great mortification, he lost, and which was his reason for quitting that place; at least, that was his pretext. But he had other reasons. He was in arrears to his bookseller, his tailor, and other tradesmen; but, I believe, a desire to partake of the gaiety and dissipation of London was his principal motive. Colonel Martyn was at this time with his regiment; and Mr. Payne, a near relation, had the management of the Collins's affairs, and had, likewise, a commission to supply the Collins's with small sums of money. The Colonel was the more sparing in this order, having suffered considerably by Alderman Collins, who had formerly been his agent, and, forgetting that his wife's brother's cash was not his own, had applied it to his own use. When Mr. William Collins came from the university, he called on his cousin Payne, gaily dressed, and with a feather in his hat; at which his relation expressed surprise, and told him his appearance was by no means that of a young man who had not a single guinea to call his own. This gave him great offence; but, remembering

his sole dependance for subsistence was in the power of Mr. Payne, he concealed his resentment; yet could not refrain speaking freely behind his back, and saying he thought him a d—n'd dull fellow; though this indeed was an epithet he was pleased to bestow on every one who did not think as he would have them. His frequent demands for a supply obliged Mr. Payne to tell him, he must pursue some other line of life, for he was sure Colonel Martyn would be displeased with him for having done so much. This resource being stopped, forced him to set about some work, of which his History of the Revival of Learning was the first, and for which he printed proposals (one of which I have), and took the first subscription money from many of his particular friends. The book was begun, but soon stood still. Both Dr. Johnson and Mr. Langhorne are mistaken when they say the Translation of Aristotle was never begun; I know to the contrary, for some progress was made in both, but most in the latter. From the freedom subsisting between us, we took the liberty of saying any thing to each other: I one day reproached him with idleness; when, to convince me that my censure was unjust, he shewed me many sheets of his Translation of Aristotle, which he said he had

fully employed himself about, to prevent him from calling on any of his friends so frequently as he used to do. Soon after this, he engaged with Mr. Manby, a bookseller on Ludgate-hill, to furnish him with some lives for the Biographia Britannica, which Manby was then publishing. He shewed me some of the lives in embryo, but I do not recollect that any of them came to maturity. To raise a present subsistence, he set about writing his Odes; and, having a general invitation to my home, he frequently passed whole days there, which he employed in writing them, and as frequently burning what he had written, after reading them to me. Many of them which pleased me I struggled to preserve, but without effect; for, pretending he would alter them, he got them from me and thrust them into the fire. He was an acceptable companion every where; and among the gentlemen who loved him for his genius, I may reckon Drs. Armstrong, Barrowby, and Hill; and Messrs. Quin, Garrick, and Foote, who frequently took his opinion on their pieces, before they were seen by the public. He was particularly noticed by the geniuses who frequented the Bedford and Slaughter's Coffee-houses. From his knowledge of Garrick, he had the liberty of the scenes and green-room,

where he made diverting observations on the vanity and false consequence of that class of people; and his manner of relating them to his particular friends was extremely entertaining. In this manner he lived with and upon his friends until the death of Colonel Martyn, who left what fortune he died possessed of to him and his two sisters. I fear I cannot be certain as to dates, but believe he left the university in 1743. Some circumstances I recollect make me almost certain he was in London that year; but I will not be so positive of the time he died, which I did not hear of until long after it happened. When his health and faculties began to decline, he went to France, and afterwards to Bath, in hopes his health might be restored, but without success. I never saw him after his sister had removed him from M'Donald's mad-house, at Chelsea, to Chichester, where he soon sunk into a deplorable state of idiotism, which when I was told shocked me exceedingly; and even now, the remembrance of a man, for whom I had a particular friendship, and in whose company I have passed so many pleasant, happy hours, gives me a severe shock.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

I. R.

THE REAPER, No. 26.

Of this exquisite poet, who, in his genius, and in his personal fate, bears a strong resemblance to the celebrated Tasso, it is greatly to be regretted that the reliques are so few. I must particularly lament the loss of the ode, entitled The Bell of Arragon, which, from the four lines preserved in this paper, seems to have been written with the poet's wonted power of imagination, and to have closed in a manner strikingly moral and pathetic. I rather wonder that Mr. Warton, who partook much of the romantic bias of Collins, was not induced to fill up the impressive outline.

THE END.

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*** The Index is placed at the end of Vol. I.

C. Baldwin, Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.